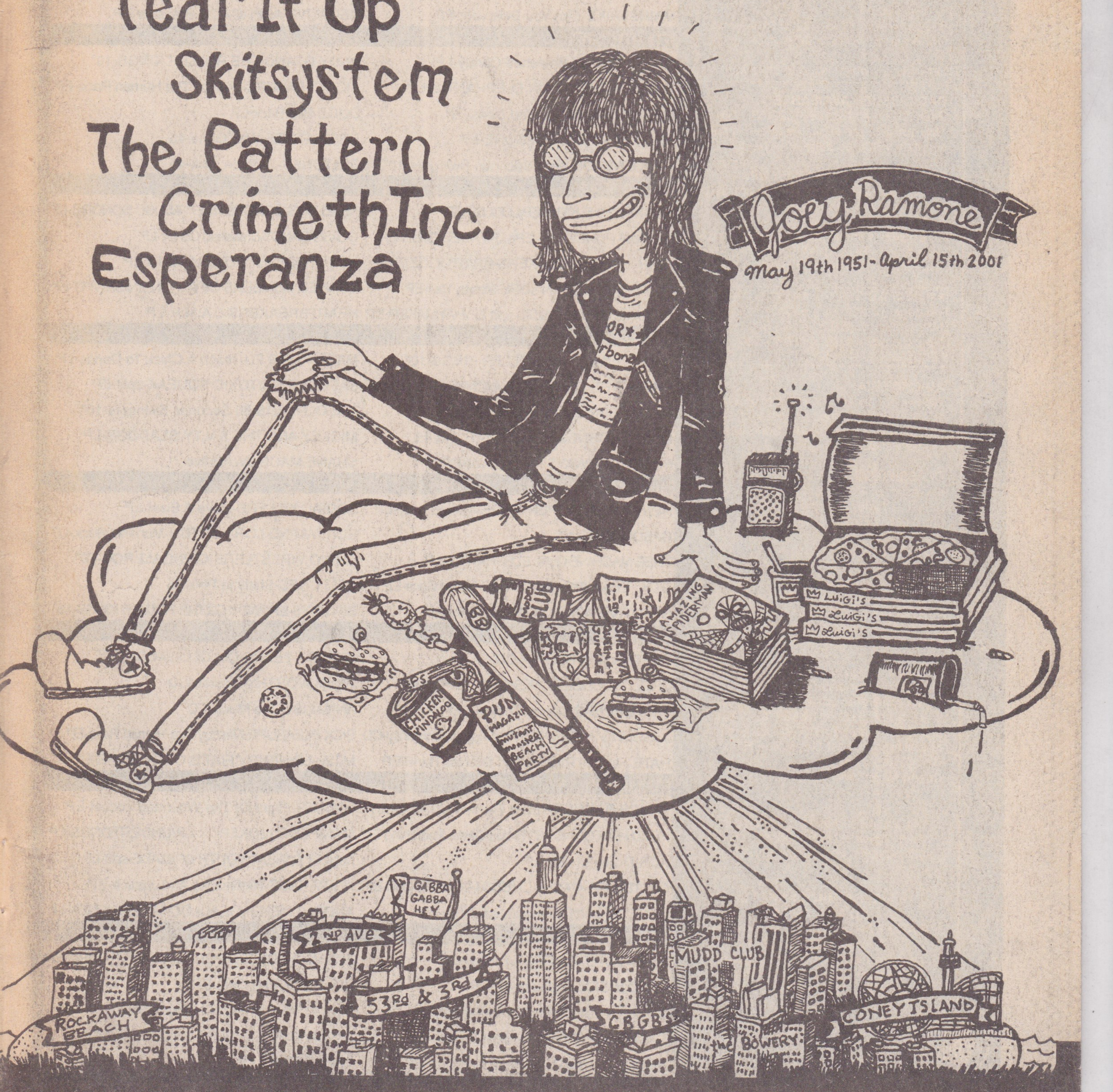
MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

#217 $3.00
JUNE 2001

Tear It Up
Skitsystem
The Pattern
CrimethInc.
Esperanza


Joey Ramone
May 19th 1951 - April 15th 2001
AMAZING SPIDERMAN
Luigi's
Luigi's
Luigi's
CHICKEN VINDALOO
PUNK MAGAZINE
MUTANT MONSTER BEACH PARTY
GABBA GABBA HEY
2ND AVE
53RD & 3RD
ROCKAWAY BEACH
CBGB's
MUDD CLUB
the BOWERY
CONEY ISLAND

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

TOP 10

For what it's worth (not much), here's some of the MRR crew's current Top 10 lists of stuff we review.

ROB COONS

- V/A-Barbaric Thrash Demolition Vol. 2-EP
- ACRID-Sea of Shit-LP
- MINOR THREAT/YOUTH BRIGADE-split-LP
- SHITLIST/CALLOUSED-split-LP
- MAINSTRIKE-Can You Believe It-EP
- BRUCE BANNER-I Love Fucked Up Noise-EP
- ZODIAC KILLERS-Have A Blast-LP
- ABUSO SONORO-Herencia-LP
- CRUCIAL UNIT-Premium Iced Tea-EP
- NEGATIVE APPROACH-Pressure-LP

JEFF HEERMANN

- GLASS CANDY-Smashed Candy-LP
- THEE MACHINE GUN ELEPHANT-2xLP
- DURGA DURGA-Painted Dead-EP
- HENRY FIAT'S OPEN SORE-EP
- GASOLHEADS-Sixty Seconds Swingers-10"
- ANDY G. AND THE ROLLER KINGS-10"
- SICK PLEASURE-Destroy The Human Race-EP
- DOGS-Bite Back-LP
- RESINATORS-Way Gone-45
- BELTONES-Shitty in Pink-45

TOM HOPKINS

- THIS MACHINE KILLS-EP/LOCUST-EP
- GUYANA PUNCHLINE-EP&LP/FADED GREY-LP
- HIGH SCHOOL ROCKERS-EP/STOOGES-LP
- HENRY FIAT'S OPEN SORE-Makes Your-EP
- FUTURES/DIOS HASTIO-split EP/HAYMAKER-EP
- HEAD HITS CONCRETE-EP/ABUSO SONORO-LP
- GLASS CANDY-Smashed Candy-LP
- NO PARADE-EP//FEDERATION X-EP
- FORMER MEMBERS OF ALFONSIN/SAWPIT-EP
- HEARTBREAKERS-L.A.M.F.-LP

CAROLYN KEDDY

- ANDY G. AND THE ROLLER KINGS-10"
- SHEEK THE SHAYK-Just A Chick-EP
- HENRY FIAT'S OPEN SORE-EP
- GREENHORNES-LP/RESINATORS-45
- BUFFY MEDWAYS-Til It's Over-EP
- MACH KUNG FU-Teach A Chick To Dance-LP
- SAFETY PINS/TOXIC SQUEAK-split-EP
- GASOLHEADS-60 Seconds Swingers-10"
- MICKEY AND THE SALTY SEADOGS-LP
- SHANE MACGOWAN-live

DULCINEA LOUDMOUTH

- HENRY FIAT'S OPEN SORE-Makes Your-EP
- GASOLHEADS-10"
- THEE MACHINE GUN. ELEPHANT-2xLP
- SICK PLEASURE-Destroy The Human Race-EP
- NEGATIVE APPROACH-Pressure-LP
- ZODIAC KILLERS-Have A Blast-LP
- SCREAMING LORD SUTCH-Munster Rock-LP
- RHINO WRESTLERS/CHINGALEROS-10"
- BELTONES-Shitty in Pink-45
- BIG BOYS-EP/ANDY G&THE ROLLER KINGS-10"

RAY LUJAN

- SIG TRANSIT GLORIA-CD
- CREETINS-CD/BELTONES-Shitty in Pink-45
- TIP TOPPERS-Dance With Me-EP
- JUGGLING JUGGLARS-Propaganda Immunity-CD
- HATE FUCK TRIO-My Girl Do Not Think-EP
- SKIN OF TEARS-Out Of Line-CD
- WOOLWORTHY-Blasted-CD
- ANNALISE-Too Much-CD
- SICK PLEASURE-Destroy The Human Race-EP
- M.I.A.-LP/HENRY FIAT'S OPEN SORE-EP

TIMOJHEN MARK

- BRUCE BANNER-I Love Fucked Up Noise-EP
- HEAD HITS CONCRETE-You Came Searching-EP
- ACRID-Sea of Shit-LP
- CAPITALIST CASUALTIES/MACABRE-split-EP
- CRUCIAL UNIT-Premium Iced Tea-EP
- LOCUST-Flight Of The Wounded Locust-EP
- MANIFESTO JUKEBOX-LP/UNDERTONES-LP
- MINOR THREAT/YOUTH BRIGADE-split-LP
- NO PARADE-Nightsticks And Justice-EP
- ANGELS NEVER/DEADLOCK FREQUENCY-LP

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

- MANIFESTO JUKEBOX-Desire-LP
- DEAD INSIDE-Release #2-EP
- GUYANA PUNCHLINE-Irritainment-LP
- TWO DAY THEORY-Modern Slaves-EP
- REMUS & THE ROMULUS NATION-EP
- FORMER MEMBERS OF ALFONSIN/SAWPIT-EP
- BIG BOYS-Frat Cars-EP
- NEGATIVE APPROACH-Pressure-LP
- MINOR THREAT/YOUTH BRIGADE-split-LP
- UNDERTONES-LP

SUBSCRIPTIONS: (postpaid prices)

- US: $3 each. 6 issue sub for $18. If you're in California, send $19.49 (tax).
- Canada: $4 each (air) or $3 (surface). 6 issue sub for $24 (air) or $18 (surface). (US dollars)
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- Japan, Australia, New Zealand: $9 each (air) or $4.50 (surface). 6 issue sub for $54 (air) or $27 (surface). (US dollars)
- Everywhere else: $8 each (air) or $5.50 (surface). 6 issue sub for $48 (air) or $33 (surface).

Let us know which issue to start with!

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
Back issues #146, 148, 150-163, 165-181, 184-216 are as stated above in subscription info. See page after next.

DEADLINES FOR NEXT ISSUE:
Scene Reports: continuously, with photos!
Interviews: continuously, with photos!
Ad Reservations: call to make sure.
Ad Copy In (with payment): by 15th of previous month–NO LATER!!!
Issue out: by 2nd week of following month.

★★ NEW **AD** SIZES!! ★★
1/6 page: (2 3/8" x 5") $25
1/3 page long: (2 3/8" x 10") $70
1/3 page square: (5" x 4 7/8") $80
1/2 page: (7 1/4" x 5") $125

AD CRITERIA:
We will not accept major label or related ads, or ads for comps or EPs that include major label bands. Send ads properly sized on paper.

CLASSIFIEDS: NEW PRICE! $2 for a maximum of 40 words. No racist, sexist or fascist material. Send typed if possible. Cash only!!! Expect a two month backlog!

COVER: Janelle!

SELL MRR AT GIGS: Within the US, we'll sell them to you at $1.50 each ppd, cash up front. Contact us for non-US orders. Must order five or more of the same issue.

STORES: If you have problems getting MRR from your distributors, try contacting Mordam Records at tel (916) 641-8900 or fax (916) 641-8889. Also available from: Dutch East, Get Hip, Smash, Subterranean, Last Gasp, See Hear, Cargo, Armadillo, Ubiquity, Choke Inc, Desert Moon, and Marginal.

Please send all records, zines, letters, articles, scene reports, photos, subscriptions, interviews, ads, etc., to:

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL
PO BOX 460760
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94146-0760
Phone (415) 923-9814
maximumrnr@mindspring.com
(use this mainly for comments
& letters. Use phone for ads
& other business stuff)

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

TOP 10

Please send us records (2 copies of vinyl, if possible–one for MRR and one for reviewer), or CD-only release. See records section for where to send tapes.

ARWEN CURRY

- AMERICAN NIGHTMARE-There's A Black-EP
- ABUSO SONORO/NOVIOLENCE-split-EP
- SHITLIST/CALLOUSED-split-LP
- DEATHREAT/DSB-split-EP
- FORMER MEMBERS OF ALFONSIN/SAWPIT-EP
- MANIFESTO JUKEBOX-Desire-LP
- SICK PLEASURE-Destroy The Human Race-EP
- OHEISVASARA-Pilaat Huomisen-EP
- THIS MACHINE KILLS-On The Move-EP
- A.D.D.C.-Savannah-EP

BRUCE ROEHRS

- THE BELTONES-Shitty In Pink-45
- THE AUTHORITY-The Fight!-EP
- U.S. BOMBS-Tora Tora Tora-45
- PATROL-EP/THE FARTZ-EP
- THE GOOD LADS-Beer And Sex-EP
- MINOR THREAT/YOUTH BRIGADE-split-LP
- SICK PLEASURE-Destroy The Human Race-EP
- FIRST OFFENSE-Army Of Youth-EP
- NEGATIVE APPROACH-Pressure-LP
- HENRY FIAT'S OPEN SORE-Makes Your Cock-EP

ANDREW SCOTT

- DOGS-Bite Back-LP
- RESINATORS-Way Gone/Gotta Go-45
- HENRY FIAT'S OPEN SORE-Makes Your-EP
- PLEASURE SEEKERS-What A Way To Die-45
- ZODIAC KILLERS-Have A Blast-LP/FARTZ-EP
- DRUNKEN CHOLOS-Livin La Vida Loco-CD
- GREENHORNES-LP
- SICK PLEASURE-Destroy The Human Race-EP
- NEGATIVE APPROACH-LP/NO PARADE-EP
- FORMER MEMBERS OF ALFONSIN/SAWPIT-EP

MIKE THORN

- MANIFESTO JUKEBOX-LP/NO PARADE-EP
- V/A Counter Culture-EP/AMEN 81-LP
- ABUSO SONORO-LP/VICTIMS-LP
- DISCLOSE/SQUANDERED-split-EP
- FORMER MEMBERS OF ALFONSIN/SAWPIT-EP
- DEATHREAT/DSB-split-EP/OHEISVASARA-EP
- SHITLIST/CALLOUSED-split-LP
- ATROCIOUS MADNESS-EP/EL DOPA-live
- V/A-Barbaric Thrash-EP/CRUCIAL UNIT-EP
- GUYANA PUNCHLINE-LP/V/A-Au Pied-LP

MAX WARD

- FUTURES/DIOS HASTIO-split EP
- HAYMAKER-Love The Music,Hate The Kids-EP
- MINOR THREAT/YOUTH BRIGADE-split-LP
- NEGATIVE APPROACH-Pressure-LP
- MAINSTRIKE-Can You Believe It-EP
- CRUCIAL UNIT-Premium Iced Tea-EP
- V/A-Intense Energy-EP
- DEATHREAT/DSB-split-EP
- IRON LUNG-live
- DOWN IN FLAMES/GATECRASHERS-split-EP

RYAN WELLS

- ANDY G & THE ROLLER KINGS-10"
- STOOGES-Declaration of War-LP
- V/A-Delinquentes-LP
- GLASS CANDY-Smashed Candy-LP
- BELTONES-Shitty in Pink-45
- DOGS-Bite Back-LP
- GREENHORNES-LP
- GASOLHEADS-Sixty Seconds Swingers-10"
- FEELINGS ON A GRID-live
- GOODS-live

REMA YOUNG / KENNY KAOS

- ZODIAC KILLERS-Have A Blast-LP
- ROCKET 455-Go To Hell-CD
- RHINO WRESTLERS/CHINGALEROS-10"
- DOGS-Bite Back-LP
- GASOLHEADS-Sixty Seconds Swingers-10"
- RESINATORS-Way Gone-45
- BELTONES-Shitty in Pink-45
- PATTERN-Finger Us-45
- HIGHSCHOOL ROCKERS-Let's Kill The-EP
- HENRY FIAT'S OPEN SORE-Makes Your-EP

ZINE TOP TEN

- Assasin & Whiner #13
- Tight Pants #8
- Get On The Stage #6
- Bitter Pie #7
- Hodgepodge #7
- War Against The Idiots #18
- Peops #1
- The Secret Life Of Captain Sissy #4
- Stand Apart #4
- All This Is Mine #5

ZINE SHITWORKERS

Sam Atakra
Aragorn
Michelle Barnhardt
Karoline Collins
Catherine Cook
Andy Darling
Mikel Delgado
Gardner Fusuhara
Doug Grime
Lance Hahn
Harald Hartmann
Missy Hennings
George Impulse
Carolyn Keddy
Melissa Klein
Gabe Lucas
Ray Lujan
Hal MacLean
Timojhen Mark
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Patrick Beckett
Otto Nomous
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Canderson
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Dirk
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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL MAXIMUMROCKNROLL MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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#143/Apr '95. Vindictives, Stinkerbell, Jesus Christ Superfly, New Day, Registrators, Youth Brigade, Pit.

#146/July '95. Riverdales, Head, Bristles, Aut Aut, Schleprock, Spanakorzo, McRackins, YAPO, 10-96, Empress Of Fur, Underhand, Nailed Down.

#148/Sept '95. Soda Jerks, Toe Rag, Thorazine, Scared Straight, Wizo, Opposition Party, Moody Jackson, Adversives, Opcion Crucial, Rebel Rebel, Teen Idols, Walking Ruins.

#150/Nov '95. NY Loose, Snap-Her, Sick Boys, Splatterheads, Pipe, Pregnant Man, Final Conflict, Rawness, Stink, Goblins, Smellie Fingers.

#151/Dec '95. Lowdowns, My White Bread Mom, Queen B's, Electric Frankenstein, Turtlehead, Serpico, Trick Babys, In/Humanity, Stains, Varukers, Pist, Terrible Virtue.

#152/Jan '96. Delilah Jacks, Battalion of Saints, Bottom Feeders, Turbonegro, Murder Junkies, Junior, Assfort, Retch Records, Com-Fract, Dead End Kids.

#153/Feb '96. Snort, Hatchetface, Little Ugly Girls, ADZ, Oxymoron, NOTA, Stun Guns, Surfin' Turnips, Gutfiddle, Karen Monster, Dimestore Haloes.

#154/Mar '96. Motards, Subincision, Stisism, Donnas, Stallions, Count Backwards.

#155/Apr '96. Hockey Teeth, Turnips, Pussy Crush, Cro-Mags, High Plains Drifters, Slight Slappers, Third Degree, Anti-Flag.

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splach 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids.

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal.

#157/June '96. Against All Authority, The Criminals; Wardance, Heroines, Brain Brats, Rudiments, Chinese Millionaires, Sons Of Hercules, Your Mother, Yellow Scab.

#158/July '96. Workin' Stiffs, The Gain, Ashley Von Hurter, Haters, The Process, Brother Inferior, Judge Nothing, Break-ups, Not For Rent.

#159/Aug '96. Smugglers, Brand New Unit, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, Round Ear Spocks, David Hayes/Very Small Recs, Man Afraid, Blind Side, Vox Populi, Death Wish Kids, Fun People, Fat Drunk & Stupid.

#160/Sept '96. Automatics, Boycot, Toast, Morning Shakes, Mormons, John Q Public, Sex Offenders, Ballgagger, Business, Apocalypse Babys, Good Riddance.

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts.

#162/Nov '96. Phantom Surfers, Candy Snatchers, The Stain, National Guard, Torches To Rome, Restos Fosiles, Two Bo's Maniacs, Snuka, Redemption 87, Torture Kitty.

#163/Dec '96. Last Sons of Krypton, Prostitutes, Wig Hat, Boys, Let It Rock, Enemy Soil, Vulcaneers, Half Empty, Zeros, Deadcats, Teen Idles.

#165/Feb '96. Blanks '77, Emily's Sassy Lime, Real Mckenzies, Millionaires, Dropkick Murphys, Other People's Music, No-Talents, Hives, Sea Monster, He's Dead Jim, Defiance, Bou Sou Nezumi, Freeze.

#166/Mar '97. Walking Abortions, Hickey, '77 Spreads, Sanity Assassins, Cards In Spokes, Joey Tampon & The Toxic Shocks, Adjective Noun, Suicide King, Lenguas Armadas, Trauma, De Crew.

#167/Apr '97. Grand Theft Audio, No Fraud, Gauze, Nobodys, Sloppy Seconds, Danko Jones, Viceroys, Forgotten.

#168/May '97. Cretin 66, Fishsticks, UK Subs, Distemper, Enewetak, Fields Of Shit.

#169/June '97. Hand Skin, Cluster Bomb Unit, Jihad, Purgen, Speed Queens, Remission, Halflings, The Old Man, Deface.

#170/July '97. Bristle, Mine, Tedio Boys, The 4 Cockroaches, Absconded, Meanwhile. Broken, (Young) Pioneers, Hoodrat.

#171/Aug '97. Strychnine, Idiots, Pelado Recs, Misanthropists, Racetraitor, Violent Society, Knuckleheads.

#172/Sept '97. Withdrawals, Judgement, No Motiv, Oppressed Logic, Truents, Left For Dead, Yellowskin, Weird Lovemakers, Smash Your Face, Flatus, Straight Faced, Klaxon, X-It.

#173/Oct '97. Hot Water Music, Fat Day, Los Tigres Guapos, Les Partisans, Bristols, My 3 Scum, Space Shits, Pessimiser Recs, Reclusives, Nick Qwik.

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity, Education theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes.

#176/Jan '97. Scared of Chaka, Voorhees, Stalingrad, Upstairs People, Squid Boy, Izgoy, Beltones, Sky Grain, 1,4,5s, Ducky Boys, JCCCamp.

#177/Feb '98. Superfly TNTs, Submachine, Dropout, Society Gone Madd, Pinhead Circus, Ann Beretta, Blackbird, Naive, Useless ID, Quarantine.

#178/Mar '98. Economics issue. Forgotten Rebels, Dirtys, Josh Collins, American Steel, Letterbombs, Gyogun Rend's, Go-Devils, Room 41, Tone Deaf Pig Dogs, Garage Rats

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, Stiletto Boys, All Bets Off, Bonecrusher, Summerjack, Cell Blck 5, DDI, Normals, Pirate Radio issue.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Umlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys.

#185/Oct '98. Traitors, Wimpy Dicks, Armed & Hammered, Dylan McKays, NME, Tezacrifco, Worm, Roswells, Raxola, Beatnik Termites.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, Third Party, No Class, Skabs.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs.

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets.

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres..

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone '90-'99".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#198/Nov '99. Hail Mary, Pressure Point, Bump 'N Uglies, The Victims, A//Political, Outlast

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil.

#200/Jan 2000. American Steel, Curse, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Comethus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, MRR #100-200.

#201/Feb 2000. Beerzone, Towards An End, Daybreak, "Best Punk Singles of the '90s," the WTO riots in Seattle.

#202/March 2000. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#203/April 2000. Spazz, Slang, *Slug & Lettuce* zine, *Suburban Voice* zine, As We Once Were, Red Angel Dragnet, Four Letter Words, Slampt Records, the Wednesdays, the Fuses.

#204/May 2000. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People.

#205/June 2000. Punks With Kids special. Skudz, 50 Million, Legion, Wilbur Cobb, Coalition.

#206/July 2000. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#207/Aug 2000. Harum Scarum, Raw Power, Unseen, Pekinska Patka, Hudson Falcons, Dementia 13, Confine, Allergic to Whores.

#208/Sept 2000. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion.

#209/Oct 2000. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone..

#210/Nov 2000. J Church, Profane Existence, Pezz, the Pre-Teens, the Templars, This Machine Kills, Subtonix, OB.

#211/Dec 2000. Fly & Seth Tobocman, Anti/Dogmatikss, Hissyfits, Aus Rotten, Media Blitz, Rocks, Hospital Food, Falsies, White Stripes, 9 Shocks Terror, Tijuana Bibles.

#212/Jan 2000. Avail, Born Dead Icons, From Ashes Rise, the Voids, the Guilty Pleasures, xLimpwristx, Chachi on Acid.

#213/Feb '01. Fun People, Onward to Mayhem, Ugly Pop, Midnight Evils, Atrocious Madness, Bread & Water, Josh Peach, Zodiac Killers.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#215/April '01. No Means No, Vitamin X, Injections, Y, Dils, Last In Line, Don Austin, Deranged Records

#216/May'01. Drooker cover, Propagandhi, Angelic Upstarts, Discordance Axis, Ruination, Photograpgher: Chris Boarts, Strap-Ons, Lynnards Innards

¡ACHTUNG!

INTERNATIONAL MRR READERS

¿THE POST OFFICE HAS DONE IT AGAIN?

YEP THAT'S RIGHT, THE PRICE OF INTERNATIONAL POSTAGE HAS NEARLY DOUBLED. PLEASE SPECIFY AIR OR SURFACE WHEN ORDERING!

Sorry this is so expensive, we're not happy about it either (however, zines shipped by surface should still arrive before it hits newstands). You can also save money by selling MRR at shows, bulk rate boxes of 20 are available. We are investigating cheaper methods of shipping so stay tuned!

NEW MAILORDER RATES

	one magazine (u.s. dollars)	two zines	three zines	four zines	five zines	subscription rates (six months)
Location	(3-5 days) Air/Surface (4-6 wks)	Air	Air	Air	Air	(3-5 days) Air/Surface (4-6 wks)
Canada	4.00/3.00	8.00	12.00	14.00	15.00	24.00/18.00
Mexico	4.50/5.00	8.00	12.00	14.00	15.00	27.00/30.00
Western Europe	8.00/4.00	12.00	13.00	14.00	15.00	48.00/24.00
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By the time you read this, you probably already know. Joey Ramone has died. Of cancer. And it fucking sucks. The man who was the voice of Punk Rock is gone. And will be missed by his friends and family. But more than that, he'll be missed by US. His fans. I don't mean we'll miss him like fans missed Elvis, John Lennon, or even fucking JFK. I mean us, as in the punk rock community, which to some, is like our second family. There was a time in this world that you could go anywhere, and if someone was wearing a Ramones t-shirt, you could just walk up to them and say "hi", and the next thing you knew, you had a new friend. This became common with other punk bands a little later. Joey Ramone, along with his band, and Tim Yohannan, the man who created this magazine, together helped form that community which some of us still hold very dear to our hearts. The Ramones, to us, were

The Four Horsemen Of Teenage Salvation.

They helped us get through those darkest of hours with their unique brand of anger, music, and humor. And they entertained us and gave us an identity to relate too which we so much needed. And now Joey's voice has been silenced. Fuck. WE are going to miss you, Joey. All of US. Rest In Peace, dear friend.

-George Tabb-

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ISSUE #3
$2

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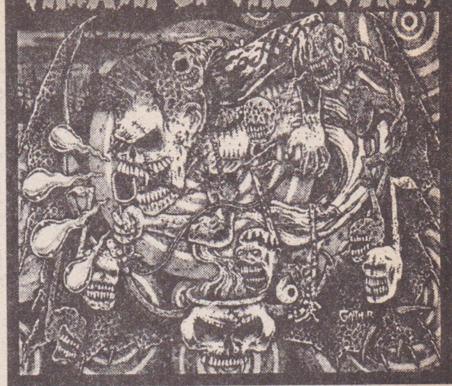

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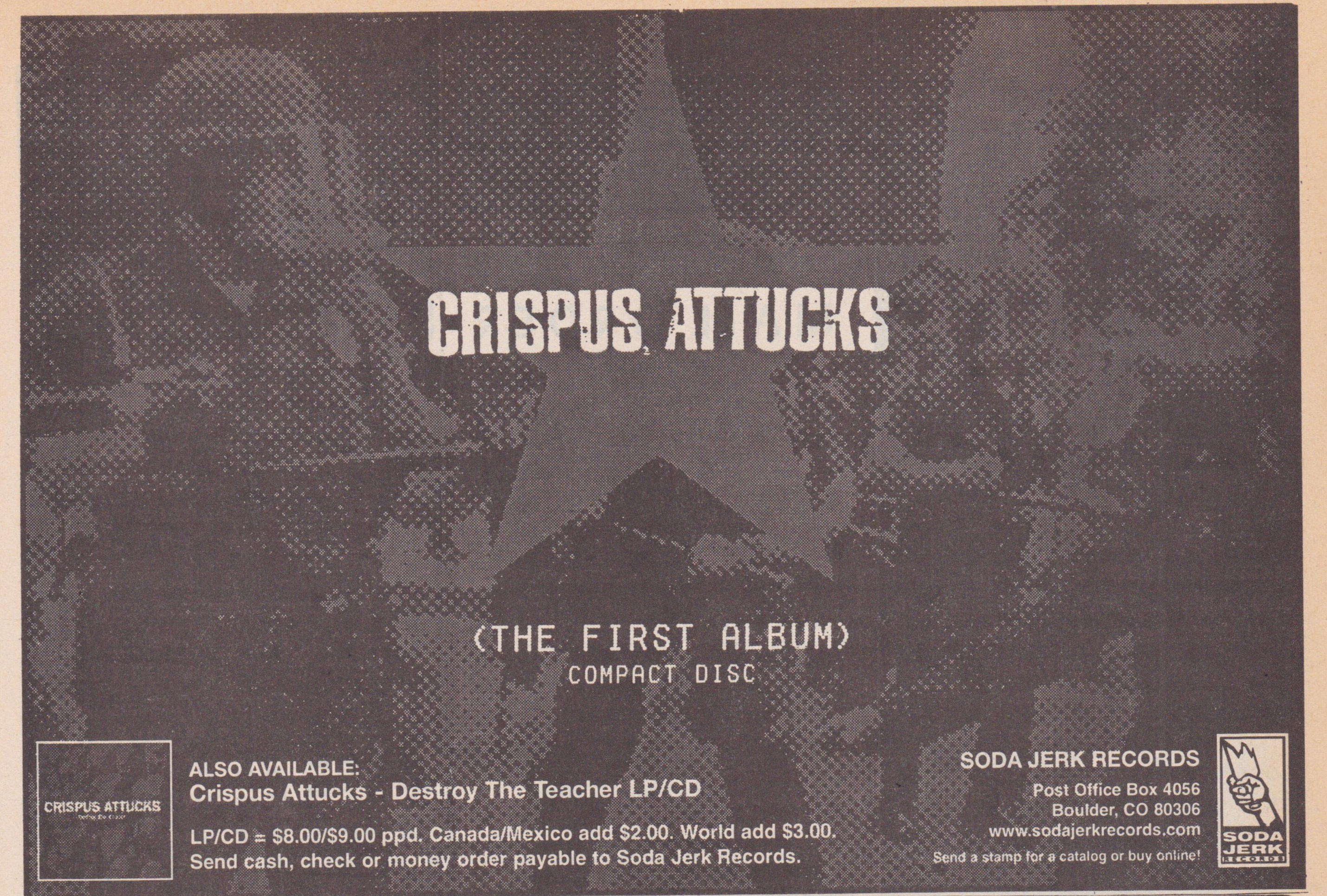

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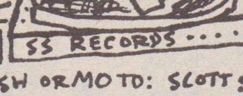

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LETTERS

Send letters to MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760, or to maximumrnr@mindspring.com. No response guaranteed.

Dear MRR & readers,

On March 20th a guard was stabbed multiple times with a screwdriver here at Snake River Correctional Institution in Ontario, Oregon. Do you want to know what really pisses me off? "That's horrible," and "poor guy." Poor motherfucking guy! That guy will be fine, that guy will get on with his life! What about 23 year old Orin Williams that stabbed him? Do you think he just woke up one day and decided "Hey, I think I'll stab a cop today?" Fuck *no!* The motherfucker only had a couple of years left on his sentence and now he's gonna pick up an extra twenty! Do you understand what it would take to push someone into throwing their entire life away like that? I know that punk-ass guard and Orin personally and the reason that piece of shit got stabbed is because society has allowed this country's prison system to function with little or no accountability for its actions, resulting in inexcusable abuses of power! I've never in my life encountered so many feeble-minded and uneducated people than there are working her at this institution. The problem is that hiring standards are so low that we get situations like we have here with this officer! He's only 24 years old, has lived in a farming community in eastern Oregon all of his life and he's a little scrawny motherfucker that looks like he's sixteen! Give him a badge and some handcuffs and you have a perfect example of a corrections officer today! This man would go out of his way to fuck with people during every free moment and every day he was here! Why? Because it is a common belief among officers that their job is to punish us at every opportunity. And the reason this elevates to a cop getting stabbed? No accountability! No accountability from the officer up to the state capitol, all the way to the government of the United States! I honestly think it's too out of hand to do anything about it now! Does the kid with a screwdriver have an answer? Maybe that personal vindication is enough for him! What about the millions of other people that will ultimately face the same injustice? For now young Orin Williams is a martyr for prisoners around the world, but I guarantee he would give that up for some respect and his life back! What do you think? I want to hear from you. Please contact me at:

S.R.C.I./ Wayne Holderman/ SID #12341718/ 777 Stanton Blvd./ Ontario, OR 97914-0595

Dear MRR,

Sharapov here from St. Petersburg, Russia. Many thanks for the review of our project *Eurobottle* in MRR 216, very kind of you. However, I need to mention some mistakes in it, probably caused by language barrier.

Eurobottle is a one-off compilation zine project, so it's not "#2". Igor Konik's zine is called *Don't Panic!* and not *Panic*. Lastly, the address where we pick up mail is Dmitrij Ivanov, PO Box 30, St Petersburg-9, 195009, Russia (you left out the post code which hopefully won't be a problem as we managed to have gotten the zine with review without it) and the email was supposed to be zilonis@newmail.ru (I have eventually created the one you mentioned, ziloni@newmail.ru). I think this is all by now, best wishes, see you around,

Sharapov

Hey—

Simon from Ugly Pop here, just wanting to drop a quick follow-up to our interview in MRR #213. We castigated Anomie (Germany) for the 100 records they owed us, and Uli came through with them after reading the piece. Hopefully we can chalk this one up to busy schedules and mixed communications, but it's all cleared up now.

Thanks,

Simon/ www.uglypop.com

Hey MRR!

It's been a while since I looked at your zine and it's changed quite a bit. No more MRR Radio, no more local scene reports *[sic]* but it's still a good read, what with all the extra columnists. Yes, change is good, I'm not all that hung up on format as long as it's readable. I notice you're doing pieces on older bands, that's cool. It's good to know where things come from.

And what's this? Tim Yohannon dead? when?! of what?

Peter Miller/ M.C.T. #42/ Medford, WI 54451

Peter,

Tim had lymphoma (can-

cer) and he died in April of 1998.
Jeff M.

Dear MRR,

This letter is in response to Rob Coons' "Screams" column and to the issue/problem of speculating on limited edition and colored vinyl records. I think he, as well as others who criticize this practice missed a key point. The common target of criticism is the ebayer or customer who mail orders multiple copies with the hopes of cashing in. Instead of praising Hydra Head for limiting their colored records to one per person, he should have berated them for putting the stuff out in the first place. If I was Lumberjack (HH's exclusive distributor), I would be pissed because they (HH) are taking away from store sales if they sell colored wax only via mail order. Customers don't need the plain old black version if they mail ordered color. This in turn reduces distributor sales.

Doing limited versions also costs labels some credibility. Everyone knows many labels just release limited versions to trade for other limited editions or worse, for old valuable records. How many different limited covers does the Demon System 13 LP have now? Labels have been doing this for years, it's an elitist thing. "My limited version for yours." I can understand this to a point though. There isn't much material reward from releasing true underground punk records, so filling some holes in your collection by trading your limited version 7" is really a minor consolation, but it's still crazy when someone gets a Necros 7" for the Eyehategod/Anal Cunt 7" on color.

The consumer is the big loser in the end. In terms of investment, after the hype and inflated price of a particular record dies down, you've got to ride that curve for a long time to realize any appreciation. How much did you pay for the Charles Bronson LP? They don't go for much on ebay anymore now, do they? And look at Slap A Ham. Only 2 or 3 early singles sell for much anymore, when several years ago any Slap A Ham title was a sure thing. The price on many records are topping out in months, selling straight from the label to the consumer via auctions. They've seen 5+ years of appreciation in often times less than a year. In the short term, there is no room for them to move up in price. You better love those records, because as an investment, you're in it for the long term. Collectors are better off saving what you'd spend on 3-5 new 'collectables' and get an old Kaaos 7" or Gauze LP. The music is usually better too. Hey, wait, there's music on these things? Well you can't listen to them when they're hermetically sealed in some warehouse in New Mexico anyway. Unless of course, it's the first of April and the archives are opened to the public. Sincerely,
Jonathan Peerpoint Sikes III/ investment broker and financial advisor

Dear MRR,

We understand why you are so vehemently opposed to our anti-industrial anarchism: If we didn't rape the world of all its petroleum, you wouldn't be able to collect hardcore/punk albums cuz there wouldn't be any vinyl. That would be a real tragedy. Please continue to review our zines.
AAA/ *Black Clad Messenger*

Dear MRR,

I've been a long time reader and over the past few months I've noticed the ridiculous amount of this "DIY hardcore" in your issues. I can't understand what the big craze about it is. Living in the Albany area I've been putting up with horrible bands like Monster X and Devoid of Faith (finally dead and gone); there seems to be very little if any musical quality in any of these bands. Yet there are mind blowing bands like Poxy and the Rotten Bois from Italy which you like to ignore. You label 99% of the street punk/ chaos punk/ oi that comes through "generic" etc... Well since it seems obvious to many that your "hardcore" is much more generic than what you criticize.

That brings me to another point, since when was it wrong to do something that was done before? There are many great bands out there that aren't the most original but still put out great music.

You like to do special issues, how about one of all the great 80s UK punk bands there were like English Dogs, Destructors, Mau Maus, Abrasive Wheels, the Skeptix and the Threats. I know this won't change shit but I had to touch on this issue. And a final note, fuck you too, all you crusty pc treehugging pieces of shit who run you mouths off, punks not dread.
Chris Lawrene/ Never Surrender Records/ neversurrender-records@yahoo.com

PS Blood for Blood is real fuckin' hardcore.

Chris,

Your reading comprehension is not so good (is my polite way of saying that you are a moron). Why don't you interview the Rotten Bois, or write the articles you wanna see? It is crusty treehugging pieces of shit like Mike Thorn who got off their asses and did a fucking interview, hence the material in the magazine.

Certainly Mr. Roehrs is very enthusiastic about oi, and our other street punk reviewers are clearly fans of the music, if sometimes possessed of high standards. Plenty of hardcore,etc. records are demeaned as "generic" in these pages. I think just about every, if not every reviewer agrees with you that the same old thing done with some verve makes for a great release. Jeff M.

Dear readers and MRR ,

You might've been trying to access www.coldsweat.s5.com for punk vinyl without any luck. The server was down more than working so i changed it to :www.coldsweatrecords.com. So if you're interested in hard to find and deleted punk/hardcore check it out. Thanks for your time.

Coldsweat Records/ Sydney/ Australia

Dear MRR and the world wide DIY punk scene,

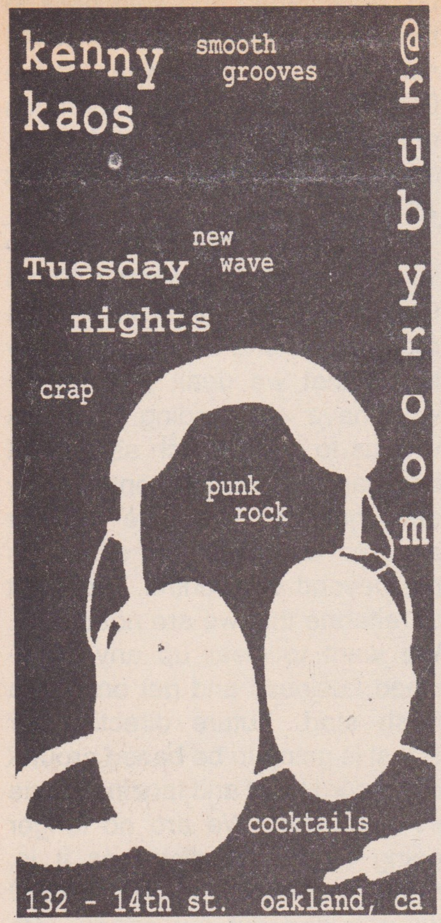
Greetings to all who still carry the "faith", who continue to be inspired by the ideals and energy of hardcore and haven't fallen for the lure of money thru the commidification of punk. This letter has been a long time coming and is an explanatory update of what has been going on in the realm of Spiral Objective in Australia.

We started out as a mailorder and distro in 1991 to provide folk in Australia with DIY music from all over the world, drawing inspiration from Blacklist mailorder (r.i.p.) in San Francisco. In 1994 we started up Spiral Objective Records to put out not only Australian bands who inspired us but bands from all over. We have since put out 23 releases and will continue to do so. Things were cruising along pretty well for us and our distro was moving along smoothly with four collective members, a list of over 3,000 titles and a dedicated group of folk on our mailing list. Unfortunately, as the law of nature goes, things tend to go in cycles and this happened in a very dramatic way. A right wing administration came to power and began to disassemble the social welfare system and industrial award system which took a toll on us we never could have expected. So many people on our distro list were of course in the "lower" income bracket, so when the money dried up, so did the orders. Not to mention the fact that so much of the music we carried was not very well known, combined with the fact that a lot of our "bread and butter" sellers were now appearing in commercial music shops and chain stores. Our collective shrank due to people moving on and personal situations and before we knew it Spiral was heading downhill in a hurry. We got way behind on our mail, on keeping up contacts, on our record label trades, on paying folk money we owed, on just about everything. I myself went through some big "life" shit and went overseas to India and Malaysia for five months to reconcile where I was in my life and what I wanted from it. I wasn't sure about Spiral, I'd put ten years into it and it didn't seem to inspire me anymore. I lost touch with the "scene" and went into hibernation, focusing on working on "my shit" as well as building a permaculture garden and orchard in my hometown. Punk lost its appeal to me, it appeared to be just another product, a fashion and a trend. The "bigger" "indie" labels looking like nothing but major labels in disguise. "Punk" and "hardcore" music filled up the chain store shelves and yet another youth movement was bought up, repackaged and sold back to the kids as "rebellion". But what I seemed to lose touch with was the DIY kids who were into it for much more than just money and fame, and who continue to put out great zines and music.

So, with this letter I want to let folk worldwide know that Spiral Objective is alive and kicking as a record label and fanzine; that any labels that we dealt with before who have outstanding business with us to get in touch as a lot of our paperwork has gone astray and that we apologise for our apparent slackness but situations got beyond our control. We want to reiterate that we are not ripoffs. We want to clear up any unfinished business and get on with a fresh start. Future direction for Spiral is going to be based around our record label and fanzine (issue #14 just out). We are no longer going to do the distro as it is, rather we're going to sell off what we can and out our energy into new projects. At present we still have hundreds of records in our little shed dating back quite a few years that we have not been able to sell. If any distros or labels we used to deal with want any stock returned please get in touch. For other folks wanting cheap hardcore records check out our website.

Thanks to everyone out there who have supported us in the past and who continue to inspire us now and who are working towards a world where our earth is respected and revered as it should be. DIY.

Greg/ Spiral Objective/ PO Box 126/ Oaklands Park/ South Australia 5046/ Australia/ www.spiralobjective.com/ spiralob@adelaide.on.net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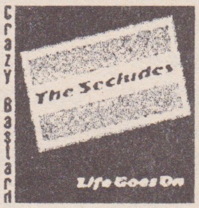
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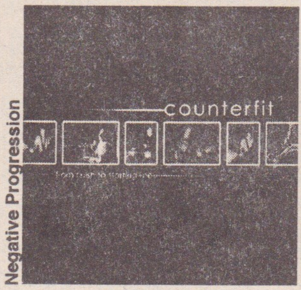
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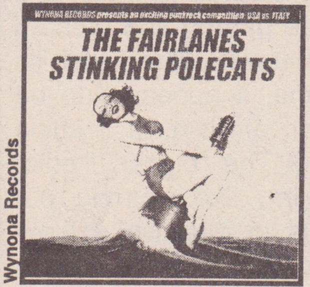
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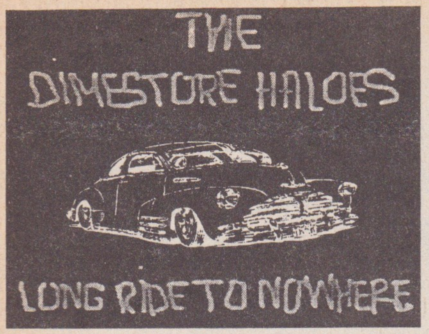

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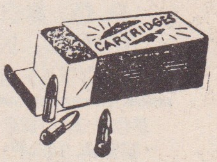

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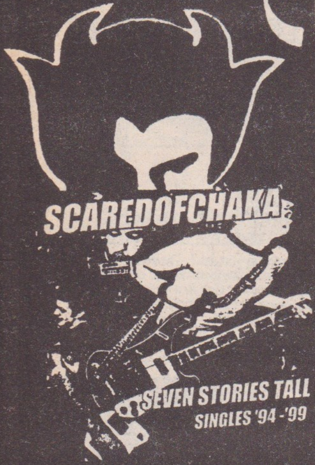
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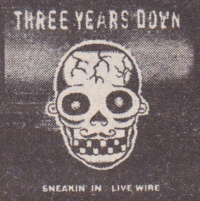
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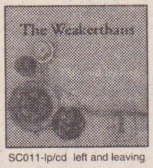
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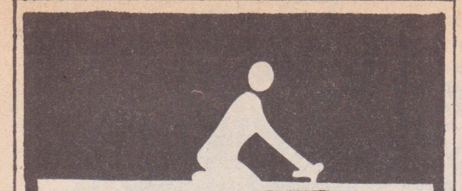

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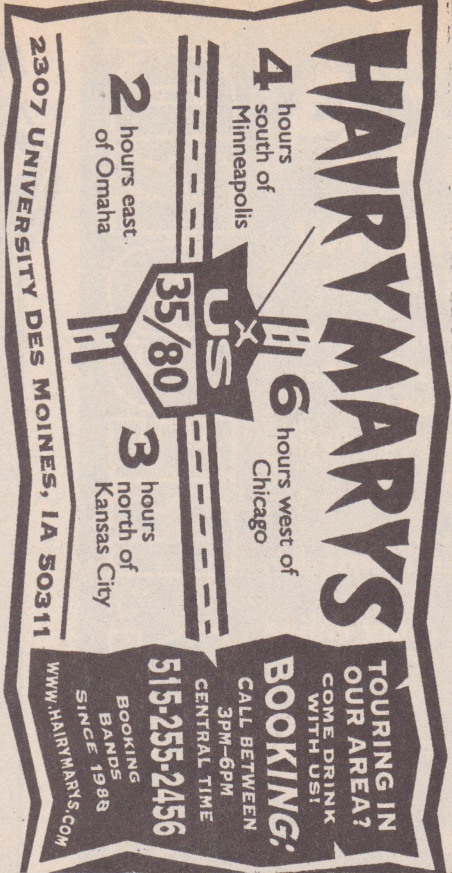

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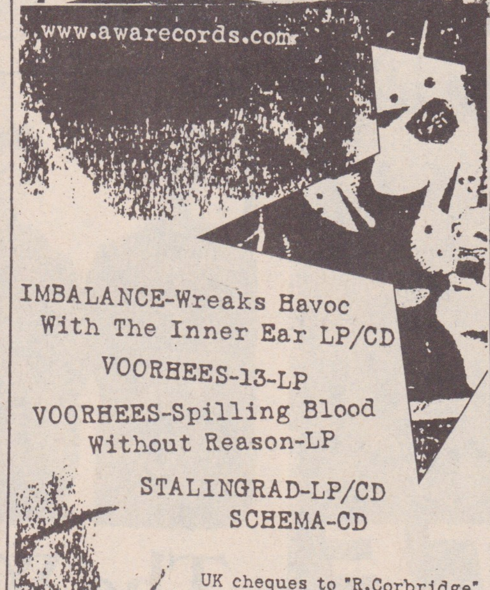

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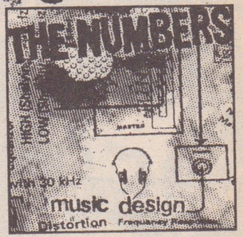
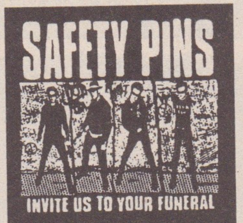


The Numbers- Music Design 10"

-What happens when the kids grow up you ask? The boards are a memory, the bars are a reality, and the Numbers release one of the most important records to come out of So. Cal. in a long long time. Here they are, Sunset Beaches newest (s)hit makers spewing forth a lethal dose of sonic, ear damaging shrapnel. Through brutally real vocals and frantic, reckless guitar solos, the Numbers attack back with 6 shit hot blasts that have already left Orange County shell shocked!! Are you prepared to be the next victim? Neither were we!!

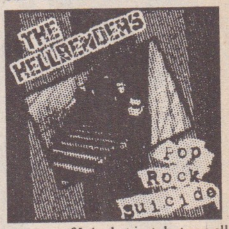
Hellbenders/Safety Pins- split LP/CD

-First up are the Hellbenders, demolishing nearly every pussy ass rock n roll band out there today. This is the band that everyone will be saying 'Where Was I When They Were Around?' Well here they are motherfuckers!! 5 tunes of bloody guitar pic, angst ridden Rock n Roll. Next up are those reckless degenerates the Safety Pins. They're back to invoke sonic subterfuge on the underworld screaming through 5 GG, LEWD, Dwarves style slashers. With a new second guitar player who only fuels this sick fucked up band, the Safety Pins maim you with every GODDAMN NOTE!!



Safety Pins- Invite Us To Your Funeral LP/CD

-The I don't Give A Fuck-ometer is totally in the red on this one!! After 2 completely smoking albums on Munster Records, these Spanish punks move over to Dead Beat for their debut American release. The Safety Pins are pure pissed off rage in songs like 'Suburban Twat', 'Plastic Punks' and 'Invite Us To Your Funeral!'. These guys bring a genuine sense of sheer anger and discontent reminiscent in early Jabbers era GG Allin. 13 songs on the cutting board floor including a cover by one of San Francisco's most hated bands... The Fuck Ups!!



The Hellbenders- Pop Rock Suicide LP/CD

-Every few years a bands will come out of LA, that just destroys all the bands in its path. Lotta bands playing out here, but very few grab ya by the throat. Well here they are...The fuckin' Hellbenders. They just play their meaty as fuck blood, sweat and broken guitars strings Rock N Roll. The dual guitars rip through the top on this one with the 2 guitar players completely feeding off of each other. 200% energy all the way right down to the seering Menace cover. Better act quick, 500 collector scum red wax almost gone!!

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COLUMNS

It's not that often that a wedding is punk. Nor is it that often that punks get married. Although both are becoming more common as more and more of us punks get older, find our life partners, and decide to take vows to declare our love for each other while celebrating with our friends and family. Which is of course what a wedding is supposed to be about.

Marriage has often been a debated topic in the punk scene. As something sanctioned by the church and or the state - it has been, and may well be, decidedly unpunk. However, I think that is changing as more and more people find ways in which to make their marriage unique, unconventional, and an alternative to the standard affair. It only makes sense that as punks who embrace the DIY lifestyle - we would spice up our weddings and make them more punk-spirited. And so it is that throwing your own wedding is remarkably in line with setting up the best show or gig of your life.

The fun thing about it - is that you can literally do whatever you want. Granted there are some outlines and some classic standards - and some key points one would likely want to address. But the bottom line is that you can declare your love, thus forming a bonding union, in a zillion different ways. Churches and courthouses may be the standards - but you can get married anywhere you want - outside, inside, on top of a mountain, on a moving train if you want. Anywhere. And technically - you can get married by anyone. Now granted if you have your friend Spike conduct your marriage ceremony - there will be nothing legally binding about your marriage - in the eyes of the state. And perhaps that doesn't matter, since most punks want to smash the state anyhow. But if you want to get it legitimate - there are a number of different ways one can obtain a license to conduct marriages which are not religious by nature. There are also many people who have the authority to marry you - but who's church or organization they represent isn't exactly religious. The fella who married Erik & me was a shamanistic pagan who did journeying. I met him in the "new age bookstore" here in Richmond. He was awesome. Totally understood what we wanted to do and helped to guide us in the right direction. Ultimately we wrote our own vows and he helped us to get certain phrases right.

I've known people who've gotten married under all different circumstances. And the thing that I think is the most important - is that you are doing it for yourself and your partner. You should do things the way you want, and the way you are most comfortable. Granted, if your family is important to you and to be an integral part of the festivities, you may want to do some things based on their wishes - but no matter what - it's not their wedding - it's yours - so do it for you and enjoy it. I say this cause I have seen people go through with strict Catholic weddings (for their families) when they are not religious let alone Catholic themselves. And it is painful to watch something that should be so important and self-reflecting - be forced and ultimately fake. If you are in a position of wanting to get married one day - remember that you can do whatever you want - and that you should. Have some fun with it and get your friends to help you.

Another misconception is that weddings are expensive. Okay. They are. But that is because our society has built up a hugely profitable industry based around weddings. And many things are expensive in a way that they don't need to be. Think DIY, that of course standing for the Do It Yourself - ethics - which many of us base our punk ideologies around and many of us also take to incorporate into the entirety of our lives. DIY weddings! I don't think there is anything better than when the punks get married at their own hands - and turn it into a doing-it-ourselves festival. As I said, it's like throwing the best "show" of your life. The bottom line is - we can do it all ourselves. We know how to do things at cost. Or at least how to come up with alternatives. I mean isn't that one of the basic principals of the punk community - that it's not about making money and that it's about doing it on our own terms. So with all that practice - we can apply it even to things such as getting married (or many other things - be creative - and don't ever forget your own abilities!) And we in turn have the extra satisfaction of knowing that our friends helped us out and that we did it all by our own hands and our own desires

So the reason all this wedding talk comes to mind now, is because two very good friends - Carol and Dave Brown just got married. They threw a hell of a bash - invited a couple hundred of their friends and family and had a hell of a punk event of a wedding. They had a flame theme. Carol had a custom made dress - with red sparkling flames - it was on fire. (Okay, not literally, but...) The boys all had black silky bowling style shirts with matching flames on them. Carol's nephew (just a baby) was in a leopard print one-suit. It was quite something. And that is to say nothing of the hundreds of punks that were there. Green hair, dreadlocks, manic-panic red, heavily tattooed arms, pyramid belts and creepers and some facial piercings here and there was sort of the norm. And even I can admit that having parents who enjoy all those artistic creative expressions on their kids and their friends does make this whole punk wedding with family thing a lot more feasible - and of course a lot more fun. Dave and Carol rented out a night club their friend works at got married in the early afternoon. It was the perfect set up. The food was all vegetarian and vegan and cooked by friends. The cake was vegan and had flames on it as well. I don't know that anyone from the professional wedding industry was hired for anything. What with so many artists and creative people to take things into their own hands - what more could you possibly need. It was festive, fun and really couldn't have been better. Even the local TV news was called, all based on the custom made dress and the unconventional wedding. They came, filmed it - and a few hours later when we were all at Twisters with one eye on the tv - and there were Dave and Carol and their flames on the local nightly news. Now that isn't something that most people can claim!!

Following the wedding ceremony and socializing reception - there was a hardcore show at the local venue. That was sold out and really, literally out of control. The bands playing on their own would have probably done really well - as it was quite a blow out of a hardcore fest. But add to it that it was Dave and Carol's wedding reception and there were a whole bunch more people there to continue the celebrating. Even those people who were supposed to be helping out got stuck outside waiting in a non-moving mob scene out front. It was crazy - nuts - and out of control. People even got turned away.

The thing of it was - it was such an awesome celebration with in the hardcore scene. And it's a nice thing when the world that you live your life in - day in and day out - is in turn is there to celebrate the landmark events in your life. It's such a good feeling to have people travel from afar to celebrate with you. And it's such an overwhelming feeling to know that all these people are of your very best friends and that they are there for you. Even if you have only a handful of people - either because those are the only people that are really truly important to you, or because you hate crowds - again the point is that you can do it on your own terms - in a way that feels good. You can grow the flowers yourself. You can cook the food yourself. You can bake the cake yourself. For that matter - I think the next wedding I go to or help give advice for - should be a pot luck - bring your own dish affair - I think that is really the way to go. I just don’t buy into the traditional theories that you have to provide food and alcohol for your guests - that that is why they come. Bullshit - they should be there for YOU - to celebrate with you - not to eat and drink your food. I’m all for challenging the rules at every turn.

The bottom line - is that we can make weddings punk when appropriate. Just like we can make pregnancy and child—rearing punk. (But that is a whole other subject, not to delve into now.) It’s really great to see people integrating punk with the whole of their lives in a way that keeps them involved. Whereas once upon a time people may have “grown up and out of punk” or felt “ousted” - it’s great to see those committed to the punk scene get older, and embrace and integrate these formerly traditional rites of passage into their punk lives. There comes a point where there is no separation or distinction and punk literally is a way of life. For those who feel that way, it’s good to remember that as we get older and get married and have kids - or whatever standards of life it may be that we cross - there is always a way to change the rules - to make up your own rules and to do things the way you want to do them. And maybe in the process you will make it punk or create a real alternative. I am in no way saying that everyone should get married. Nor am I saying that if you do - you should have a few hundred people come and have a show and a punk rock blow out. But if that approach is right for you - then embrace it. And if you are Carol and Dave - two awesome people very much in love and likewise loved by their friends - well then having this sort of festive celebration becomes damn punk and it’s really cool!! So congratulations to Carol and Dave!! Rock on!!!

Chris(tine) c/o Slug & Lettuce, PO Box 26632, Richmond VA 23261-6632

IF YOU DIE and GO TO HELL
WHO CARES?
mark murrmann

For the first time in four years, I have a proper CD player. It’s opened a whole new world of music to me. I’ve had a CD player before — a little boom box Mimi keeps in the bedroom with her, where her desk is. She listens to a lot of AMY MANN (she prefers the TILL TUESDAY version of “Voices Carry” to the GANG GREEN version), SLEATER KINNEY and girl group comps while working furiously on her position papers for her oral exams. While I have a lot of CDs, I never really got the chance to listen to them. Now I can.

Don’t think just ‘cause I’ve gotten a CD player that my opinion on vinyl has changed. It hasn’t. I still prefer records to CDs anyfuckingday. It’s just that now I can better justify buying box sets that will never in a zillion years make it to vinyl. It also means I’ve finally plunged into the slush pile of CDs people have sent me to write about. While there were a number of big stinky turds — as expected – a few of the discs I’ve had sitting on the floor next to my desk since December were actually really good.

We’ll get to the CDs in a minute. Right now, I’ve got bigger fish to fry.

If ANDY G. & THE ROLLER KINGS were fish, they’d be a fucking Northern pike as big as your leg. Jesus Christ, their debut 10” [Sympathy] fills that hole in my soul that’s seems to have only been gettin’ bigger and bigger lately. You know the feeling. Lots of new stuff coming out. Some of it’s even good, but nothing really fills you up, compels you to listen to it over and over, just keep chewing on it ‘til your jaw hurts. When the needle falls into the void between the end of the last track and the middle of the record, the quiet makes you uncomfortable. It’s a record that fills your lungs with air and, when it’s over, you’re left gasping, so you hurry, flip it over or play the same side over again.

This 10” had some mighty expectations to live up to. With Fabulous Andy G. (DEVIL DOGS) taking lead and Candy Del Mar (CRAMPS) on bass...everybody expects people in once great bands to come back for a repeat performance. Can you help but to expect greatness? The 10” kicks off with a swaggering song, “Dance Last Night” that’s followed up the rollicking “Summertime Girls.” Both songs—all the songs actually—recall the DEVIL DOGS enough to satisfy those of us who are still clinging on to those memories. But they’ve definitely got a sound distinctly their own. It’s hot and sweaty like being at the roller rink with your girl on a steamy August night. There’s a party in the grooves of this record...and few people know how to pull that kind of magic off like Andy G.

Switching gears almost completely, another stand out record recently released—and I hope you’ve already got it—is the LOST SOUNDS LP, *Memphis Is Dead* [BigNeck/PO Box 8144/Reston, VA 20195]. What the fuck is going on with that mess of vinyl? It’s brilliant, truly amazing. Just when you thought things were getting stale, that there wasn’t really room for anything new, here comes Jay and that gang to fuck shit up, Memphis style. Hallehluah. The creepy castle on the cover gives you a small warning of the damage that lies inside. We’re talkin’ serious eerie keyboard action woven through blurry guitars and a crashing set of drums.

It’s hard to wrap your head around this record. Though the songs carry a similar sound from one to the other, they’re each different enough to give you more than a headful to digest. Not that they sound anything alike, but the LOST SOUNDS take a similar approach as the WHITE STRIPES. They do an amazing job of borrowing bits from a number of divergent genres of music, and mix them a little for a totally unique sound. One song will sound a lot like WIRE. The next will sound like an OBLIVIANS outtake, while the one right after that will sound like a trainwreck between the BAUHAUS and the BASEBALL FURIES. Sounds horrible, doesn’t it? Take my word for it—they make it work. It works so well that I’m gonna go out on a limb and say this record will stand up to not just be one of the best of 2001, but it will be a true classic. A fucking classic!!!

The third standout album this month is none other than the new ZODIAC KILLERS LP, *Have A Blast* [Rip Off]. No shit. I complained about their last album not really having anything to hold onto. Well, this time around Lowery and the gang don’t give you a chance to grab on to anything—they come after you with a fury of pure punk rock. This record has everything the last one lacked—lots of well-placed hooks, cool riffs, but no excessive wanking. The songs aren’t as thin; there’s plenty to sink your rotting teeth into. The dual guitars give it a blistering snarl that’s direct, goes straight for your throat and rips you to shreds. You’ll lie there, loving every fucking minute of it. The songs blast by pretty quick (this plays at 45 rpms, like their first album), leaping off the vinyl with venom that is pure Lowery...but it’s not all Greg. What really makes this album works is you can tell this band really clicks. All the pieces fall into place. The backing vocals fill in all the necessary places without dominating the lead. The drums do a great job of keeping the songs moving, making a presence but not being stupidly overbearing. Ahhh...really, it’s just a great punk record. Fast, vicious, snarling, unrelenting, all that.

Three very different, but very great records, all worth your time (and money).

That said, here’s some more. Some are great, some are good, some suck.

JED WHITEY come blasting outta Australia with five meaty songs spread out over a big 12” record. They’re sorta heavy and really fucking loud, obviously having taken note from past masters of Australian rock ‘n’ roll. Jed Whitey are one of those rare bands who really know how to play loudasfuck rock ‘n’ roll without littering their songs with stupid LA glam rock licks. The cover of this record is a picture of a big muff pedal sitting on top of a pile of records. You can always tell a lot about a band who included pictures of other records on their own cover. MUDHONEY, the FIX, ANGRY SAMOANS, DICTATORS, POISON IDEA and CURTIS MAYFIELD...and a half-eaten hamburger on the back. That sums up this record better than I ever could. It’s limited to 300 copies—trade your collection of sparkly HELLACOPTERS records to get one if you have to.

Mickey Hampshire is back! For you greenhorns out there, Mr. Hampshire is part of the songwriting dynamo that made the MILKSHAKES. His new band, MICKEY AND THE SALTY SEA DOGS sounds more or less like what you’d expect—stark and simple gritty garage with a commanding backbeat. A few songs from their debut album, *Salt Water and Whiskey* [Sympathy] such as "Dig Myself a Grave" and "Love's A Lie" really stand out, and overall it's a good record, but I will warn you, it's depressing as fuck. If the above two song titles don't convince you, how 'bout these: "No More Love," "On This Cold Grey Day," and "Get Used to Loving Me." The title song is a slow, dirge like number that invokes the felling of someone writing a suicide note. Not so cheery, but then, from what I hear, England can be a grey miserable place. "El Naufragio," an OS MUTANTES-like Latin instrumental with a guitar drowning in fuzz perks things up a bit.

After losing the cash cow of their label, some people have been wondering what kind of direction Alternative Tentacles would take in the future. So far, things are lookin' better than ever...which really isn't so hard. I mean really, with a few notable exceptions, the AT back catalog has some pretty ugly warts. But things have started to change. Really. Their MIA reissue, *Lost Boys* is top notch. The first album in this two LP set stands as truly great hardcore...that is, hardcore that's as much punk as it is hardcore. The second album, which brings up the read of MIA's career raises the ghosts of hardcore's past—that scary period when lots of really great hardcore bands starting going for a melodic rock sound and just not hitting it.

Also on the AT front, I read that two of the better local bands, the PHANTOM LIMBS and the FLESHIES have recently signed to AT. Smart move! Let me recommend going to see the Fleshies if you ever get the chance to do so. They're one of the best live bands in the Bay Area right now.

Look for a collection of BABEEZ and NEWS material coming from Au Go-Go Records in the near future! Plus, Au Go-Go has promised a compilation of Brisbane punk from 1978 – 1983! As if that weren't enough to soil yourself, they're also putting out 7"s by the DIRTBOMBS and WALTER DANIELS!

Munster Records out does themselves again by issuing the never properly issued first FLESHTONES LP. Recorded for Red Star records in 1978 (though not issued until the '80s, on cassette no less!)

Get Back steps up to the plate by reissueing the 13th FLOOR ELEVATORS' classics *Psychedelic Sounds Of...* and *Easter Everywhere*.

In the don't ask, don't tell department, we see the first MC5 LP reissued in it's original form, complete with all the dirty words. MUSIC MACHINES' legendary *Turn On* LP has surfaced in reissue form, complete with all original artwork and liner notes.

Let's buzz through the singles really quick, shall we?

DO NOT pass up the PLEASURE SEEKERS 45 on Norton. This was SUZI QUATRO's first band. Big deal you say. Fair enough, but the title track here, "What A Way to Die," is one of the all time greatest garage songs EVER! No shit. It's just amazing and must be heard.

A new one by HENRY FIAT'S OPEN SORE! It's called *Hits Mot Folkgruppe* [Ken Rock] and is their first record all in their native tongue. Are they hardcore? Are they punk? Are they really fast garage rock? Who are these masked minstrels of mayhem? Who knows? Who cares?!? They're amazing!!!

Another Swedish band, HIGHSCHOOL ROCKERS swing way more to the poppy side of punk, but still have a good bite to their guitars. Like nearly every Swedish band, their second 7" *Double A-Side* shows they're tight & loud and the production is great. It's got a good mess of distortion smearing the vocals, giving it a garagy texture. Not only that, this record is so fucking thick, at first I thought it was a double 7". No shit. Anyway, it's catchy and fun and worth your $5 [URU/Svedeliusväg 16/S-611 38 Nyköping/Sweden/www.uruworld.com]

Jim from Rapid Pulse/Underground Medicine [PO Box 5075/Milford, CT 06460/www.undergroundmedicine.com] just put out two new singles. The PITS show their UK pride by serving up a pair of well-done streetwise songs. This is one of those singles that, when you listen to it, you think, "If this had come out it in 1978, it'd be a fucking classic." Seriously, they've got a brilliant melodic sound reminiscent of '78 UK punk—stuff that still had a good mean bite in the guitars, but is still definitely rooted around punchy, melodic chords. These two songs, "National Anthem" and "Introducing My New High" were taken from an album on Rhythm Vicar called *Introducing...the Pits*. Do yourself a favor and pick up this single and keep an eye out for the LP.

The other 7", by the SHRINKS, has a thinner sound, but nonetheless comes at you with four killer, fast-paced songs. This is one you really have to turn up loud to fully enjoy...you can tell the Shrinks know how to belt out great punk rock and they're probably good live, but this record suffers on the production side. Not that a record has to have a million dollar recording to be good, but the double guitars just kinda sound squished on top of each other, rather than bolstering one another. And the vocals sound flat. Snotty, but flat. There's a really great record buried in here. And still, it's better than 98% of the other turds floating in the record bin at your local record store.

Some records you put on your turntable and there's only one thought going through your head: "I need to see this band live." That's what's going through my head right now as the first ONE MAN SHOW LIVE 7" *It Don't Matter* [Call & Response/1526 Westerly Terr. #4/LA, CA 90026/brettschultz@usa.net] spins on my turntable. Frantic guitars, sweaty keyboard action, manic vocals! They've got it. Plus, on the insert, there's a diatribe about how a "live performance MUST BE entertainment." Amen! We'll see if they live up to their own words...supposedly they're coming up here soon. I'll give you a full report.

For a city of its size, very few bands seem to come outta Denver. GINA GO FASTER and the THIRTEENS are busting out of Mile High City on a split 7" on King Bee Records [PO Box 1164/Denver, CO 80201]. Both bands make ample use of heavily distorted guitars, but Gina Go Faster needs to do just that—play faster. And the Thirteens play faster but have a snare drum that sticks out like a Jets To Brazil emo kid at ABC No Rio, which sounds like a petty complaint, but it makes it hard to listen to the song as a whole. Both bands suffer from not having a sound that's their own, which is rooted in their over-reliance on a really simple, played-out three chord structure. Believe me, I'm all for simplicity in songs, but mix it up...or something. Neither of these bands is bad, just all that unique.

On the other hand, the NEW TOWN ANIMALS and the D'ELATEURS share a 7" [Zaxxon Virile Action 1731-6 Poupart/Montréal, Qué/H2K 3G9/Canada/www.zaxxonvirileaction.com], each shaking out two high quality punchy songs. On their first song, "Baby You're the Reason," they come off sounding somewhat like a sped-up version of the STITCHES. They follow that up with a commendable cover of "Little Rich Boy." On the flipside, the Délateurs taking a harder hitting style to heart. While the New Town Animals' songs have a solid melodic core, the Délateurs put the extra bite on their guitars, unleashing a stable of choppy, driving chords. If I had a criticism, it'd be that each band has one song that's about 30-45 seconds too long. My mind starts to wander after two minutes...

Probably fewer punk bands have come from Montana as a whole than from the city of Denver. Yet, Montana blesses us with a winning split 7". It comes my way from the FORTY-FIVES and EVERYDAY SINNERS [Corn Daddy/624 S. Higgings/Missoula, MT 59801]. The Forty-Fives have a bouncy but strong sound that brings to mind the HIVES a bit—they've got the organ pumpin' hard, backing up hyper-guitars and MITCH RYDER-like wild party action vocals. As their name suggests, the Everyday Sinners sound like they've spent their fair share of time searching the back alleys of Missoula for any kind of trouble they can stir up. In a one-two punch, they knock out a wild, heavy version of "You Can't Tame Me," sounding like they mean it. Exceptional!

I was really excited about the first ***Backseat Love*** compilation. And while the second installment has some really great bands/songs (ACCELERATORS, RUBBER CITY REBELS, RERUNS among others), I've been having a hard time getting worked up over this one. There are more songs (16 total), but one of those songs is the CHRONICS' "Test Tube Baby." How many fucking comps is this song on now? It's a good song, but not *that* good. Come on...instead of this, I recommend you check out ***Killed By Hardcore***. But then, the two comps are at totally different ends of the punk spectrum. I know I've been listening to more hardcore lately, especially drawn to stuff in the vein of early '80s punk/hardcore, so that probably has something to do with my inclination to play *KBHardcore* more than *Backseat Love*. *KBHardcore* collects, as you might guess, obscure hardcore from

1980 – 85. Remember how great it was when you first heard Killed By Death? That such great, vicious music could have been made, forgotten and then found again? Well, this record gives you that same feeling. It's especially nice to hear after years of half-assed, padded-out KBD comps.

A new one by the GIZMOS called "The Midwest Can Be Alright." [Gulcher] These six songs are by the latter-day Gizmos, the Dale Lawerence-led Gizmos. The Gizmos from the *Hoosier Hysteria* LP. You know? Slower, poppier, but really great. Aside from the title song, "My Baby Loves Crime" is a winner.

Two not-so new CDs from Pelado [521 W. Wilson #C103/Costa Mesa, CA 92627] by bands you know and (possibly) love: the CHEMO KIDS and TEEN COOL. The Chemo Kids disc, *Radiation Generation* hits the gas and never really slows down. Lots of NEW YORK DOLLS/JOHNNY THUNDERS influence coming through in their noisy, semi-sloppy (in a good way!) songs, plenty of snotty attitude. Thankfully, they play considerably faster than 98% of the other bands out there with a Dolls fixation. Don't let the dorky cover scare you away, this is actually a good CD.

TEEN COOL's 7" on Mortville stands as a forgotten classic, so I had high expectations for their new CDEP, *Adolessons*. Listening to these six songs now, I'm bobbing my head, thinking, "This is good..." but to be honest, in the two months I've had this CD, I've only listened to it maybe three times. Why is that? These songs are a bit slower than before, still brimming with snarling guitars and sneering vocals, but it seems almost like Teen Cool have been tamed since their 7" on Mortville. Those songs sounded like a caged animal trying to get free. Here, they're still vicious, but seem more content in their cage. Listen and you'll understand.

After getting and listening to the new CRIMSON SWEET CDED, *Foil Beach* [Crimson Sweet/PO Box 20506/Tompkins Sq. Sta/NYC, NY 10009/www.crimsonsweet.com], I'm left with the question, "When's the album coming out?" These five songs show New York's answer to DEAD MOON have fine-tuned their sound, tightening up all the loose ends. Booster's vocals have multiple personalities, going from distant, almost shy to sounding somewhat like Poly Styrene to just being rightinyourfuckingface, screaming. This gives Crimson Sweet personality like you don't often hear in a band. As a three piece, they keep the music relatively simple, strongly rooted in rhythm, but changing tempo fairly often, not following any kind of staid pattern of music.

Three new CDs from Smog Veil [774 Mays #10/PMB 454/Incline Village, NV 89451/www.smogveil.com]. LES BLACKS AMAZING PINK HOLES were band with burning guitars from the shores of Lake Erie, circa 1984. The CD starts slow, sludgy even. But by the fifth track, they pick up on a great punked-up EDDIE COCHRAN-like sound. The live songs included (17 in all) sound great. Not essential, but a cool document for those obsessed with the Cleveland scene. My biggest beef is that there's absolutely no history of any kind included.

The comp *Pie & Ears* has a horrible cover and a dumb title, but a good idea behind it. This comp collects tracks from Cleveland area bands from "then & now." Then, of course refers to the "heyday" of punk, 1977 – 1984. Of course, besides making educated guesses, you can't tell which bands are from "then" and which are from "now." Many of the songs have no dates associated with them. Aside from all that, there's some really great stuff on here, proving the Cleveland punk scene went way beyond the PAGANS (who are having tons of stuff reissued on Crypt in May!!!). Mind you, there are some really shitty tracks too (the WOMBATS track comes to mind), but overall, the wide array of styles is refreshing. It's nice to hear a comp that's not all shitty bar bands belching heavy metal riffs and calling it punk.

Finally, Smog Veil released two STEP SISTER recordings, *Sugar Sweat 8-Track* and *Second Hand Smoke* on one CD. I have no idea if these had been previously released or not...but they sound like what I imagine drinking a gallon of water from the Love Canal would feel like. Burns going down and keeps on burning all the way through your digestive system. The vocals sound like a rusted circular saw cutting through sheet metal and the guitars do a great job of sounding every bit as menacing. Lots of hits and misses spreadout on the disc—the slower songs are just painful, but when Step Sister hit the gas peddle, they really hit it.

The DEFENESTRORS from France [Pilon c/o Bruno Barthes; 335/341 rue Lecourbe; 75015 Paris; France/pilon@noos.fr] caught me off guard when I first put their (debut?) CD, *Confessions of a Psychocat* into my player. From the first song until the last, they rip through great TV KILLERS-like songs. Garagy but hurried and hard hitting. They waste no time getting to the fucking point. Their songs start fast and end abruptly—BOOM—then they kick into the next one. Almost leaves you breathless. It's CDs like this that make me glad I finally got a CD player.

North Carolina ANTISEEN. These three words together should give you a good idea of what to expect from the DEAD KINGS' CD *Murder City or Bust* [Dead Kings/PO Box 9680/Charlotte, NC 28299-9680]. These boys from North Carolina are absolutely bruising, in the kind of way that fans of Antiseen will love...as a matter of fact, Jeff Clayton (of Antiseen) makes a guest appearance. This CD, while being really well done, has way too much metal (a-la MOTORHEAD and SABBATH) going on for me. Just as I say that though, the song "Run You Down" totally sends chills up my spine. They work in JERRY LEE LEWIS-style piano banging into the song with stunning results. Astounding, tight and loudasfuck, but overall not my cuppa joe.

If you're aching for some more traditional garage rock 'n' roll let me turn your attention to the IRVING CLAWS new CD, *Pajama Party* [Get Hip]. As their name might suggest, they have a cartoonish pin-up image rumbling through songs like, "The Sniffer," "Teenage Curse," and "Wigglin' & Jigglin'." They're poppy and feisty, super catchy in a way that brings the HI FIVES and/or the SMUGGLERS to mind.

As the blues punk scene gets more and more crowded it's hard to ignore the IMMORTAL LEE COUNTY KILLERS. On their first full-length, *The Essential Fucked Up Blues!*, this mighty duo from Alabama make room for themselves by playing louder and harder than most. Their name invokes a dark image that's completely confirmed by their blurry, humid sound. The stark drum set rolls like a locomotive leaving a trail deadly, thick black smoke. And the guitar is a beast unto itself. Chet Weise proves himself a true maniac by attempting tame the wild motherfucker wriggling 'round in his sweaty hands. This album sounds like two hundred bees swarming inside your head, stinging you. It's like bingeing and purging, gettin' saved at a rock 'n' roll revival, speaking in tongues and shitting yourself in front of a whole congregation. Pure fucking mayhem.

After listening to that CD twice in a row, I need to go take a shower...until next time, keep your music loud!

PO Box 11906/Berkeley, CA 94712/icki@mindspring.com

josé
palafox

Notes on being a "terrorist"

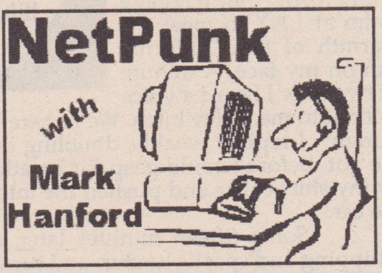
UC Berkeley— March 15, 8pm. As I was walking away from the event where the leftist-turned-reactionary David Horowitz was speaking, I was stopped by two UC Berkeley police officers and John Suria, a member of the white racist Berkeley College Republicans. According to John Suria, he asked the UC police to arrest me because I had supposedly made "terrorist" threats on the building in which Horowitz was speaking. He got his wish and made a "citizen's arrest." I was charged with PC 422, "making terrorist threats" and taken to Berkeley County Jail where I spent a night and day in jail. My bail was set for $20, 000(!). Suria told the UC Berkeley newspaper, the *Daily Californian* (3/20/01, p. 1) the following: "I witnessed a crime, I told police, and I wrote up a two-page, detailed, chronological statement. I told police flat out, if he denies he made a threat, I will take a polygraph test." According Robb McFadden, chair of the Berkeley College Republicans, also quoted in the same article, McFadden stated that Suria was planning on filing a restraining order against me. "(Suria) is very bold," McFadden said, "he's not intimidated by anyone, but he said there was something crazy about (Palafox)."

Let's be clear that I never threatened anyone and that these fucking reactionaries (both the white-racist motherfuckers and the UC police) have for long known me on campus and all the activism that I have been involved in since my undergrad years (I'm now a grad studnet). They hate me and I hate them. What happened to me is no different than how the Klan and the local pigs in the South (and the North) worked hand in hand during the Civil Rights Movement. The law was never meant to protect people of color and activists, just the opposite, it has been used to lock people away, especially those "terrorists" who fight against the Empire. So I was not that surprised when this happened to me. What to make of this whole thing? All I have to say is the following: THE HARDER THEY COME, THE HARDER THEY FALL.

By the way, this also goes for those liberals who defend "the freedom of speech" of KKK-style cross burning, Nazi-propaganda, and those like David Horowitz who recently put adds in newspapers basically defending the institution of slavery (read about the controversy in the *NYTimes* 3/21/01, p. A-1; *LATimes* 4/10/01, p. A-3). I'm usually not this cynical, but sometimes I feel like some white folks just don't fucking get it. Did any of you read Larry Livermore's "response" in *Hit List* March/April 2001 (V.2, N.5) to my "open letter" (see MRR December 2000, #211) that was directed to him? I'm tired of these debates. It's time that (progressive) white folks school other white folks on white supremacy and white privilege.

Time is precious these days; I just came back from Arizona and now I'm leaving for NYCity (doing a workshop with Christian Parenti at the Socialist Scholars conference in early April) and also working on our historic anti-FTAA border demonstration (late April)... Other shit I'm doing, I have been jamming out with my old friends who once did Crashworship in San Diego. These Bay Area kids who play similar stuff to Crashworship now go under the name ExtraAction. Much fun to play again but this will never be like the early Crashworship days.

Gotta run.



I've got a slew of e-mail in the last month recommending some of these sites for your web surfing pleasure. Keep those e-mails coming, because then this column practically writes itself! E-mail me your fave web haunts at netpunk@diehippiedie.com.

We'll start off this month with Gods of Porcelain and Plumbing, which is actually a 15-minute film you can download for free online. The film deals with religion as a product, or toilet bowls as religion, or something like that. Take a look. It's fun, and you should be able to watch it over a 56k or better connection. You'll find the film at http://www.geocities.com/fojomo1/ .

The film itself is actually hosted at http://www.ifilm.com/, which has a whole collection of videos in categories ranging from action and comedy to experimental and erotica. Lots of interesting stuff here, if you have a decent connection.

I wanted to mention Dungpeople - the Malayasian DIY Network last issue, but I couldn't get their website to come up. It's seems to be working now, though, so I'm mentioning it now. While there are still some areas that are under construction and some outdated stuff, you'll find some info on the punk rock happenings in Malaysia. Visit it at http://dungpeople.port5.com/ .

The same folks that put together this site are the same group that put together the site for Luk Haas' Tian An Men 89 Records page. Also in need of updating, you will find detailed descriptions of the limited edition records on the label. Tian An Men 89 is at http://dungpeople.port5 .com/tam89/ .

As long as we are talking about limited edition records, I might as well mention a few record-collecting sites that I ran across while looking for a few goodies to add to my pile. Ignoring the fact that it is part of the Revelation Records web site, the "trade board" is worth a look if you are seeking that ultra-rare slab o' vinyl and you have stuff you want to get rid off. The trade board is on the Revelation site at http://www.revelationrecords.com/swap/ . They also blacklist dishonest traders, so you can feel fairly comfortable in dealing with the people on the board.

Papapunk also has a collector scum site that he mailed me about. The coolest thing about his site is that he has a bunch of information and scans of early Dangerhouse stuff. Give yourself a history lesson at http://papapunk.friendpages.com/ .

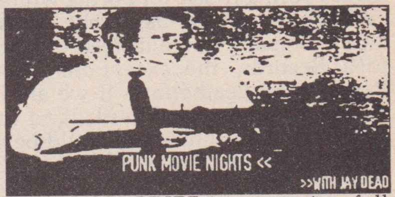
The final collector site I'm going to toss at you is that of the Record Collector's Webring. While not exclusively punk rock, you'll probably find something you're looking for at one of the dealers or collectors in the ring. The main page for the ring is http://r.c.webring.8m.com/ where you'll find links to each member of the ring. Happy hunting.

For those of you into dirty rocknroll garage punk (and really, who isn't), The Daylight Lovers homepage has quite a bit of info on this Canadian band. There are a bunch of free soundfiles and a video clip, band bio and interviews, a message board, and a few other things. Slick looking site. Check it at http://www.upath.com/daylightlovers/ .

I also got e-mail about the Lehigh Valley Punk Rock page (http://firstpress.net/lvpunkrock/), which is a page oriented towards all there is to do in Lehigh Valley, Pennsylvania. There is a list of bands from the area, with links to their pages, as well as information on where to find good eats, shop at indie merchants, hang out, etc. It's sort of a local scene BYOFL. Very cool format that other scenes have done. Most of them don't do it this well, however.

I'm gonna wrap up this month with a mention of LiveJournal, a place where you can keep an online diary for everyone to read — sort of like Cometbus, but probably not as good. You can sign up for a free account at http://www.livejournal.com/ and start telling your thoughts to the world. If you have anything interesting to say, drop me a line.

Again, my e-mail address is netpunk@diehippiedie.com and you can check out my columns, when I get around to putting them up, at http://www.diehippiedie.com/netpunk/. Until next time, I'm outta here.



GOOD GRIEF • Andrew Dickson

Of all the underground films that have graced the desk of this columnist in the last year, *GOOD GRIEF* is without a doubt the best written, most well directed of the lot. *GOOD GRIEF* is a genuine full length feature that pulls off the near unheard of accomplishment of stringing together three solid acts, where as with most films that have been submitted to our Berkeley HQ we'd be happy to get one good act to go along with all of the refuge from one too many days spent improvising camera angles and asinine dialogue. You wont find anything that obviously wrong with Andrew Dickson's story of nerdy gamers (They play a game called Monsters And Mayhem), albeit the acting abilities of some of the talent is far below even junior college theatre standards. In fact, *GOOD GRIEF* could easily be recast and and with a bigger budget it would be probably be one of the best coming of age films since *THREE O'CLOCK HIGH*, or *BETTER OFF DEAD*. Hold up, I've gotten way ahead of myself.

GOOD GRIEF centers around a character by the name of Chuck. Chuck is nerd in the worst way. He gets bullied by the football team, who lift him up and dunk his head in the high school boy's room toilet (Does this ever really happen?). When Chuck goes to see the really bad emo/new wave band at the all ages performance space, the hippie looking guy at the door charges him $6 even though there is a big sign that says the show is $5. Chuck can't win. The only thing Chuck is good at, and the only thing he really seems to care about, much less understands is the game him and his nerd friends play called Monsters And Mayhem. He has spent six years building the strength of his character, whatever that means. One day, after Chucks parents explain that they can't afford to send him to college, or actually that they can but they just think that it would be a waste of money to send a loser like Chuck to college, Chuck and his friends decide to skip a trip to the beach for the summer, and instead they set out on a treasure hunt. The treasure is a gold statue that some gaming author has buried some place in the US, and in order to find the treasure the group of nerds will have to use all of their gaming skills that they've spent most of their high school years honing. Some how, and not very believably I'll admit, Chuck convinces all his friends to go on what amounts to a wild goose chase that never really looks too promising from a treasure hunting standpoint.

Andrew Dickson has assembled a likable cast, but *GOOD GRIEF* runs into a number of problems that many of the films we receive here at PMN headquarters have in common. Acting is always inconsistent, and that is never going to change with films of this nature, but more telling is the lack of diversity in the kinds of individuals being portrayed. Dyed goth hair, extreme emo fashion, and even an occasional nod to lesbianism or bi sexuality (Which appears in almost every narrative I've reviewed in this column thus far), doesn't hide the fact that the characters in these films are middle to upper middle class caucasian males and females who live very white bread, conservative existences. The exception being that they are into what these films loosely define as punk, or underground music and culture. Honestly, MTV's definition wouldn't be very different from those found in underground films from the past year. *GOOD GRIEF* is able to overcome this disability by having an actual story to tell, and by having writers, filmmakers, and cinematographers (!!!) who are not only competent, but most likely on the verge of being great successes at what they do. *GOOD GRIEF* is a film that is not to be missed by anyone who reads this column on a regular basis.
(Andrew Dickson, 503-872-9792, andrewdickson@earthlink.net, www.goodgriefmovie.com)

SIGHT AND SOUND: THE HISTORY OF THE FUTURE

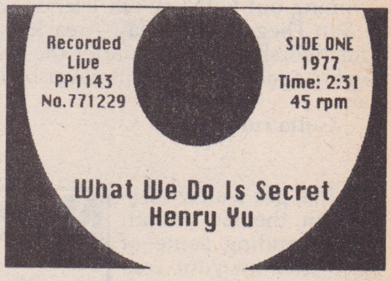
You won't find a more pretentiously emo title than *SIGHT AND SOUND: THE HISTORY OF THE FUTURE.* If this is our future, then kill yourself now because it's going to be even more ugly and boring that the present, and the soundtrack is going to be one notch below Chinese water torture. Mike D of the Beastie Boys once reviewed a Soul Asylum LP by describing it as - and I'm definitely paraphrasing here - a boring white band who makes boring music for boring white people. The same could be said of almost every band that appears on this video (The video tape is actually white instead of black) that was put out by No Idea Records, the exceptions being Melt Banana, Asshole Parade, and Leatherface. If we are lucky, this will only be the future in Gainesville Florida, and that way at least we will be able to avoid a future that could be even worse than the miserable one we are already headed for. Other bands that appear on this video are: ARMY OF PONCH, BURNMAN, CAMP KILL YOURSELF, CRUCIBLE, DISCOUNT, HOT WATER MUSIC, LOAD, SMALL BROWN BIKE, TRUE NORTH, THE WHITE DOVE FRISBEE TEAM.
(No Idea, PO BOX 14636, Gainesville, Florida 32604, www.noidearecords.com)

THAT DARN PUNK • Jeff Richardson

This film must have cost a fortune to make. That's relative to underground standards of course. The packaging alone is better than some major studio video releases. This film is so totally fucking LA that I was able to rekindle my contempt for the southland just by watching this film. That is something listening to the horrible nineties punk music that came from LA didn't even accomplish outright. *THAT DARN PUNK* stars Joe Escalante from the Vandals (Who used to be decent) as Dirk, an older punk musician who plays in a really bad LA style melodic punk band called the Big Tippers, and who desperately wants to grow out of his old ways as a womanizing local rock star. At stake is a current relationship with a girlfriend who he may actually love. She is an artist, of course, and not just some shallow tramp or psycho like the rest of the women Dirk comes into contact with. Dirk knows that he must commit to his girlfriend, and when she has to travel up north to the Bay Area for an art show, Dirk realizes that this time alone may be his last chance he'll have to grow up before his girlfriend leaves him. She is special after all. You know, she's an artist, and not just like all those other slutty, psychos who Dirk runs into on a daily basis while hanging with his band, or playing shows, or even shooting videos, but everything just seems to go wrong.

THAT DARN PUNK is slightly more than informed by films such as *AFTER HOURS, SOMETHING WILD*, and not to mention almost any Kevin Smith and or Quentin Tarantino film. The problem being that neither Joe Escalante or Jeff Richardson are on a talent level anywhere near the aforementioned group, and the success of *THAT DARN PUNK* requires that they at least attempt to carry the film on their shoulders. Joe Escalante isn't without screen presence, and he may work out eventually as a supporting character in some future, better thought out film. This is not to say that Jeff Richardson's film is not without it's positive points. First of all the fact that this film was shot on 16mm almost makes it worth watching alone. The cinematography is top notch, and the fact that they claim to have completed this film for around $21, 000 strikes me as impressive, although I'm also slightly skeptical about those figures. There is a killer segment that takes place in the desert that could have made one hell of short film when taken out of the context of the rest of the feature length it's a part of. As with all of the films I review here, it goes without saying that you'd be better off supporting films like THAT DARN PUNK before turning on a network television show, or renting some major studio piece of garbage (Exceptions being any of the films I referenced in this review).
(Kung-Fu Films, www.thatdarnpunk.com, PO BOX 3061, Seal Beach, CA 90740)

Please send all relevant items to: Jay Dead, PMB 419, 1442A Walnut Street, Berkeley, CA 94709. You can check out my past Punk Movie Nights columns at www.wethepunx.com ro you can always order some back issues from the fine folks here at the MRR compound. Cheers!



Break My Face / Slash Your Face

As instructed by the boys from **Break My Face** (www.breakmyface.com), I put on a blindfold as I exited the revolving door from the baggage claim at LAX to meet the warmth of the California sun on my face. A minute or two later I heard a voice call out to me. "Hey bitch. We're here.You're going in the back." "Ungh", I replied weakly, doubling over from a hard punch to the gut. Before I could gasp for breath one of them grabbed me by my shirt collar and pushed me into the cramped backseat of the car.

Some fifteen minutes later, dizzy from a mild pistol whipping and spastic lurches and turns from the **BreakMyFace**-mobile, the car finally slowed down as a I heard a garage door open. We had probably arrived at the secret **Brain Transplant** bunker. It wasn't until after the door was closed again when the blindfold was removed. My eyes hadn't quite adjusted to the light but I hazily made out a Velvet Underground poster propped against the far wall. In one corner, stacks of INSULTS LP's languished horizontally. "Don't these fucks know how to store records?", I thought to myself. Two grinning mugs appeared. "Welcome, bitch.", they greeted in unison. "The ground rules are: You are to wear these gloves when you flip through records here. You are not to look out any windows. You are to carry the blindfold on your person which we can use at any time. You are to withstand mild pistol whipping at our whim." I nodded weakly. They then stood up to lead me up the stairs to the rest of the compound.

One, who I'll refer to as BTX, was tall, indeed even taller by his poofed up hair. It somewhat resembled that of Limahl, the lead singer of Kajagoogoo. My guess was the guy was a "night bather". It was easy enough to guess cause I was one too. A night bather takes his shower at night and sleeps on his newly washed hair. You never quite knew what your hair would look like in the morning. Other than that, BTX was a rather handsome guy. The cleft on his chin looked like it had been used to sharpen ginsu knives.

The other, who I'll refer to as EV, was a short squat pasty looking guy. His only distinguishing features were a set of killer dimples. Otherwise he resembled H. Ross Perot in almost all respects, except his clothes. Funnily, he wore creepers that very much looked like mine, although it had a tag with the british flag on it. Ironic, since this commie claimed to be a U.S. punk fanatic. He probably had the Swede flag tattooed on his arse. His head smelled a bit too. I shuddered to think what sort of dry cleaning bill I'd rack up if I let him take a nap on my chenille pillows.

Apparently BTX and EV had either had a late night or forgotten to take their Geritol because even though it was only 2pm, they both wanted to nap. They took me upstairs to what appeared to be a bank vault, a stainless steel door with a large wheel for a doorknob. Emblazoned on the front was: "Secured by Tony of Hawaii Security Systems". After BTX punched in the code, he pulled out some keys to unlock another set of deadbolts securing another door behind it. The stench of aged xerox and mildewed paper circa 1979 whooshed into my face as the vacuum seal was broken. Inside was a guest double bed and countless boxes of 45's and fanzines.

EV hopped into the double bed, winked, and purred lustily. "Come here, bitch." I had forgotten about EV's homosexual tendencies, in particular his voracious appetite for geeky male record collectors. "Uh, no thanks. I mean I already have the Uncalled 4 record." I had heard about how EV had cornered a third of the Uncalled 4 pressing and used it to bait to us poor scum. Judging from the dwindling stack by the edge of the bed, he should have been well spent.

About an hour later, we all woke up about the same time. EV wanted to go to Melrose avenue to pick up a wig. "I wanna be a real bitch someday, but I gotta start somewhere." After I was blindfolded and pistol whipped again, we left the compound. Melrose was crawling with high school students let out from Fairfax High school across the street. I stopped to ogle some cute Japanese girls, but BTX steered us into the Goth shop. The owner seemed to recognize him. "Hey, I got that glitter-phase Lou Reed acetate you were looking for, man." BTX's eyes lit up. "No shit, bitch. Can I put it on my credit card? I get frequent flyer miles for it." EV began manhandling the wigs. "I like this blue one. Can I try it on?" I didn't really have the heart to tell him he looked like shit, but luckily the synthetic materials in it appeared to aggravate his balding condition so he had to abandon that idea.

After a pitstop for coffee, we stopped at Head Line Records. It was there we ran into Thrashhead, the store's poster boy. While he regaled EV with stories about constantly being outbid on eBay, I watched BTX run his finger along the spine of the Grim Klone LP on Raveup. "The typeset on the back of this record brings tears to my eyes", he sighed. I saw EV pull out an Uncalled 4 single with a wink and hand it to Thrashhead as we headed out the door.

BTX wanted to stop off at the Hawaiian store. Ever since he had heard the Fuckin' Flying A Heads, he dreamed of going to Hawaii and getting soaked into the punk scene there. Nevermind that the A-Heads had disbanded over 20 years ago. I went in with him to look for a good Hawaiian shirt while EV took a leak against the side of the building. This was one of several leaks EV would have to take over the next hour or so. Apparently coffee was one of the no-no's on his bladder control list.

A rather meager score at the Record Surplus after dinner. I walked out of there with a Black Flag Damaged with the MCA distribution on the back cover unmarred by the Anti-Parent sticker, The Point 12" (pointless psych), and the Peter Dayton 12" (post-La Peste drivel). With EV's bladder at the bursting point, we hurriedly headed back to the compound. After we each pounded a beer, Geritol withdrawal set in once again and the boys were sleeping peacefully by 9pm. I could only shake my head in disbelief as BTX had to sleep with his body draped over his record boxes so that the rest of us freaks would not raid his collection. I thumbed through a copy of Chris Stigliano's great 1990 'zine PHFFFUDD. By the time I got to Tim Adam's embarrassing rag The Pope, I was ready to sleep next to EV on the double bed.

The next morning we had breakfast at the Farmer's Market. I had trouble chewing my bacon since the bruises from all the pistol whipping of the prior day had begun to appear on my jaw. EV's strict vegetarian diet seemed pointless as his doughy body glistened in the morning sun. "Let's go get donuts, bitch", he demanded. BTX took us over to a donut stand which seemed to be quite popular with the locals. After wolfing down two of them, he became quite animated and eager to sing. On our ride back, the two of them began singing in unison though hardly in tune. "26 dollars and a six pack to my name !!" Fortunately as they wrapped up side 1 of Damaged, we arrived back at the compound.

In the afternoon, we went over to Nicole Panter's house. She looked a bit like the actress Rosanna Arquette, a pretty woman with blonde highlights. She had a cozy little place with interesting art on the walls and indian pottery organized on a side table. Nicole had most notably been the manager for The Germs back in the day but had gone onto many other things. There were no traces of her punk past to be seen. Indeed she looked more like the creative writing teacher and yoga enthusiast than any punk maven. EV's donut binge had yet to wear off. His questions surrounded peanut butter, which Darby had used onstage to purvey the sense of humor found in a lot of early LA punk. EV really wanted to know: what brand of peanut butter Darby used and whether or not there was corporate sponsorship involved. After Nicole regaled us with about an hour of stories about the old scene and tidbits of gossip about the people, past and present, and flipping through her exhausted little stack of 45's, we headed back happily for another nap.

As evening rolled in, BTX and EV seemed to let their guard down somewhat. BTX said he would retire the pistol for the rest of my stay, as long as I would mix the drinks for the evening. EV, visibly disappointed with my lack of sexual prowess, said he would not try to force himself on me tonight. He even volunteered to help me make the drinks. We made a big fruity vat of rum punch and drank ourselves silly.

By 10pm, we were rip roaring drunk. BTX muttered "Fuck the blindfold, bitch. Let's go." I could barely see anyhow. Away we zoomed toward The Garage.

The headliner for tonight was The Dogs (of the Slash Your Face variety), playing their second time out in recent memory. Their first show, played a few months ago was rumored to have been killer. This time they took the stage with a different drummer, who I was told had been their last official drummer when the band broke up in the mid-80's. The other part of the power trio I immediately recognized: Mary Kay and Loren Molinaire. The band photo on their 1978 Slash Your Face picture sleeve was so fucking boss and totally unforgettable: Mary Kay looking prim and proper like the girl next door while Loren had the toughest don't-fug-with-me scowl.

As they launched ferociously into their set, the crowd went wild. Mary Kay is an incredible bass player and it was obvious their songs are more complex than your average three chord rock. This was highlighted by the cool chord changes on their "Slash Your Face" anthem. She was dressed to kill in a pair of jeans with leather laced up the sides, and tough but sweet as she smiled, her mullett swaying back and forth to the rhythm. She still had her good looks and her youth intact. Loren was the consummate showman, with tough guy patter. His hair was still peroxided, though thinned from the early days, but his energy level was undiminished. They romped through a longer set than their previous gig, covering all of their 45 tracks. Clearly "Slash Your Face" was the kicker. These guys are are good as it gets, not just as far as reunion bands go, but even against the kids.

That night I peacefully had the bed alone, since my snoring had driven EV down to the couch downstairs. In the morning, I was awoken by BTX running the hose out on the patio. "Oh Yes !!!", I heard from out the window. Even though I had been instructed not to look out any windows in order to retain the secrecy of the **Brain Transplant** bunker, I had to look. EV was naked, bent over and dripping with what appeared to be the peanut butter sauce leftover from the previous night's Thai food. BTX stood behind with the hose at full force. A Darby reenactment of sorts ? I quickly shut the blinds.

After an afternoon of hanging out with Bob, an old original from famed record store Moby Disc, some more napping, and a pistol whip or two, it was time to leave L.A. just as most television viewers were tuning into the Academy Awards. Next record scum rendezvous point: the WFMU swap in May.

Post Partum

As always email to specialcharge@yahoo.com. Thanks to Loren of the Dogs and Aaron at Dionysus for getting us into the gig.

Thanks to Jesse at <Dave Hill Distribution> for hanging out during my trip to Portland last week and swinging me some cool wax.

TECHNOLOGY REPORT

SAM McPHEETERS

GREMLINS OF BLABBER

Even in this enlightened era when humans can crash a pod into Mars, it's comforting to know that the world remains ripe with the most basic of mysteries. Right now there are no less than four major scientific enigmas, stubbornly refusing the largest of research budgets, lurking over the head of every cell phone user. That modern science can't solve even one of these riddles is proof enough for us cellularphobes. Am I among the anti? Even at this late date, I hold opposition to cell phones in the inner vault of my ever-eroding core beliefs. (Disclaimer; I also felt deep moral outrage at seeing the first Dead Kennedys compact disc in 1987, and I boycotted microwaves from ages 10-12 because I didn't want to eat "radioactive food"). Here goes:

1. CAN CELL PHONES BLOW UP GAS STATIONS?

This is the hardest one for me - unlike the other three, it requires a quick judgment call on *making a scene.* If you look around most US gas stations these days, somewhere underneath the filthy squeegie bins and unleaded notices, you'll usually find a small printed warning for motorists not to place calls while pumping, under penalty of explosion. The danger? Every activated cell phone transmits brief pulses along its circuits for maintenance - even a phone in someone's pocket could theoretically ignite gas vapors and detonate the underground storage tanks. These decals are discreet as a legal compromise - the oil companies want to protect their asses in future lawsuits, but, hey, no one wants to spoil the fun of pumping gas. So it's a rare warning sticker that appears at eye level. Meaning, I'm over here having a fucking coronary every time I see one of you chatting it up while I'm at the opposing pump. Why not just throw a lit cigarette down your tank? Is it really my job to shriek at you to turn that thing off before you kill us all??

Ok, the odds are actually higher of an ordinary static shock igniting a fireball. And if any kind of spark will do the trick, warnings should probably be posted against biting down on a Wintergreen Lifesavers while pumping gas. There's also evidence that activated cell phones have slowed or stopped fuel pump price counters, so there may also be some veiled self-interest in these warnings. If only Kinkos had placed similar notices on their exploitably flawed counter keys ("warning: tampering with this device could ignite your copy machine"), perhaps none of us would have tasted the joys of unlimited free copies from '94-'96. But who has the guts to be the Neil Armstrong of this particular potential scam?

2. CAN CELL PHONES MAKE YOU CRASH YOUR CAR?

Anyone who has had to deal with Guitar Face knows the hazards of multitasking. Guitar Face is what us non-musicians have to deal with every time we attempt to hold a conversation with one of you band member types while you're softly strumming some Queensryche riff. One moment you're an engaged, talkative adult, the next moment - blammo! - slack mouth, glazed eyes... Guitar Face. This is the facial version of what a computer does every time slowed processing makes it crawl to a halt. It's funny how the human brain can handle putting on one's pants while holding a conversation but apparently cannot handle playing a guitar while holding a conversation. The question here is if talking on the phone while driving is more like putting on pants or more like strumming a guitar. Studies are conflicting, although most people agree that it takes more computational power to hold a conversation with someone you can't see, since your brain is working harder to compensate for the lack of body language cues (I'm not sure how that jibes in car phone conversations with computerized voices). And the more brain cells you use to decipher verbal nuances means the less brain cells for stop signs and pedestrians. But none of the laws are consistent. In New York state, for example, phoning while driving can be legal in one county and illegal in the next. And the poor shmoes who continue to drive around with the early-to-mid-90's fake car phone they still think is a status symbol... it probably takes even more computational power to simulate a conversation for the benefit of passing drivers, so do these people get tickets?

I remember reading a few years ago about two Russian immigrants in New York who pointed a "scanner" out their apartment window at cars passing on the Van Wyck Expressway, captured random motorists' cell phone numbers and used the numbers to clone black market cell phones. Question; If I bought one of these mysterious devices at Radio Shack, captured the number of a random chatty motorist, followed their car, called them while they were pumping gas and managed to blow up their gas station, would I be prosecuted for just manslaughter or the full Murder One?

3. CAN CELL PHONES MAKE YOU CRASH YOUR AIRPLANE?

This one doesn't cause me much stress, and not just because my immediate pre-flight mind is usually preoccupied with midair collisions, pilot rage, seat-to-ass disease and/or the urge to blurt out a bomb joke. No, the nice thing about this situation is that I'm not required to make a scene my own self - there are always trained airline professionals on hand to deal with the offending callers, usually in terms far out of proportion to any actual danger. And unlike the life-endangering boors chatting at the Exxon pumps, the life-endangering boors on a flight can be tossed in federal prison if they don't hang up. A Saudi man (as I make a point of mumbling loudly every time I board a flight) recently received 70 lashes for making a call during takeoff.

What is this danger? Again, no one's quite sure. Certain devices in the cabin can interfere with certain devices in the cockpit. But only sometimes, and not in any way that makes sense. The airline ban is backed only by "anecdotal evidence", not hard science. Disruptions in the cockpit are based on strange electromagnetic conditions that are almost impossible to repeat in a controlled environment. WW2 pilots used to call these types of problems "gremlins". Not banned by the airlines are the gremlins stowed in portable voice recorders, pacemakers, electric shavers and hearing aids, although these devices pose the same threat. I've read that passengers with hearing aids have been shuffled from row to row until their flight's autopilot worked again, the same way people sometimes have to stand in different parts of a room before they can get a clear signal on their TV.

For the swell of people that grew accustomed to making lots of flights AND lots of cell phone calls in the 90's, the ban is treated with frustration and incredulity - "what, we can crash a probe into Mars, but I can't call my drycleaners?" Cell phone calls are also legal on private flights, and airlines still offer their own quadruple priced seat-back phones, so the whole setup looks suspicious to consumer rights groups, which translates into bitchy passengers, which translates into bitchy columns.

4. CAN CELL PHONES GIVE YOU HEAD CANCER?

How did this one manage to bump "nuclear war" off the number one spot in the top ten of radiation fears? Lymphoma, tumors, memory loss, super powers... name any alleged radiation-induced health problem, and chances are cell phones will be creeping up the culprits list. But the manufacturers have been smarter than their cousins in the tobacco industry and are working overtime on an aggressive public relations & scientific studies two-front offensive. Cancer rate studies, like cockpit interference, is highly susceptible to claims of circumstantial evidence. Many of the studies currently underway are funded by phone companies and compress all the back & forth of every unproved health scare of the last twenty years - cholesterol, Alar, power line radiation. Hands free "earbuds", for example, were praised last year as a sure way to avoid dangerous radiation to the brain. This year they're suspected of increasing exposure. In February, the UK issued a leaflet warning children under 16 to use mobile phones only for "short and essential calls", but acknowledged elsewhere in the same leaflet that there were "significant gaps in our scientific knowledge". Personally, I'm waiting for the studies of health effects from mobile phone related embarrassment. I was at a show in Los Angeles last year when a frank conversation between two Spanish speaking women blurted over the PA. Maybe the fact that I couldn't tell what was being said added to the mystique, but I was sure sweaty with thankfulness it wasn't me up there. Based on my own anecdotal evidence, at least half the people I know with cell phones have some story of overhearing a conversation they shouldn't have. So who's overheard them?

I picture myself a year from now, driving around town with my shiny new cell phone like every other clod, having a gay old time chatting away, oblivious to the pedestrians leaping out of my path. Meanwhile, in a nearby nightclub, a roomful of people, some of them perhaps not even strangers, is treated to the following;

SAM: ... so it just, like, you know, hurts...

UNIDENTIFIED VOICE: Yeah.

SAM: ... and it's all red, I mean really swollen.

UNIDENTIFIED VOICE: Yeah, yeah... that's rough.

SAM: I mean, I don't know. Should I see a doctor about it? The itchiness is just driving me crazy. And of course I can't scratch it in public...

UNIDENTIFIED VOICE: I don't know dude, I just don't know...

PETE
MENCHETTI
TFC

Did you miss me last month? It's a shame I was unable to write my column, because I was **just** back from a great trip – no, better call it a *journey* – to Morocco. I had a lot to say, but I had a horrible case of writer's block. Maybe because I was experiencing sensory overload – Morocco is quite a striking place to see. Or perhaps it was the shock of 'going home' to Naples (Italy) – a place that is more than striking, it's a kick in the ass.

Morocco – if you get the chance, GO. It's a **cheap** place to travel, $15 per day does one good. The people are **great**: the friendliest, most hospitable I've experienced anywhere. It was my first taste of the Arab world – and I have only good things to say about the people. It's a real shame that Arabs are villainized in film and in the American media. In fact, I was a bit scared because I grew up in the USA and deep in my brain is a programmed fear of Arabs. Also because I arrived two days after British and American planes bombed Iraq (so, who are the real terrorists??) I worried that the mostly-Muslim Moroccans might be less than friendly towards westerners because of this perceived attack on their religion.

Sure enough, one of the first Moroccans I spoke to was fiercely Anti-American. He ranted and raved to me in a mixture of bad English, Italian, French, and Arabic about "the America fuck bastards!" Good thing I made it a habit, while in Morocco, to (sorta) lie and say I was Italian. (Why 'sorta'? Because all of my family comes from Italy and because the question was usually posed like this: "Where do you come from?" To which I could honestly answer, "Italia!", having just come from Rome.) So instead of a spit in the face, I was treated like a brother – Arabs regard Italians as brothers, because it is believed that they have very similar lifestyles and mentalities. If, after Morocco, you go to Sicily, which was ruled by Arabs for more than a century, you'll see that it is largely true.

Turns out, this USA-hater was an exception – especially fortunate for me because at times I had to show my passport! Most of the Moroccans I met were as hospitable as I'd read they'd be. I must acknowledge in particular: Ali B – a friend of a friend who became a brother in an hour, introduced me to many fine people, and traveled with me all over; Ikbal – a cool cat from Fès who I met in the mountain town of Tafraoute. After knowing me for less than 24 hours, he gave me the key to his home in Fès. His mother cooked for me, and his friends showed me around the city! And I was hesitant to go to Morocco alone because I thought I might be **lonely**...! I was never alone in Morocco.

Unfortunately, I have absolutely zero to report on the Moroccan punk scene. I don't think it exists at all, in fact. If someone out there knows something, write me, I wanna know!

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Naples is the coolest place on the planet. I've been here more than two months, and I can't recall ever being told what to do (or not to do). Except for the poliziotto at the Global Forum protest, who smacked me with his stick and told me to go my way. He probably wasn't from Naples though. In general one has much more liberty in Italy than in other countries of the world – Naples is like an exaggeration of this concept. If there is a rule, Neapolitans will find the quickest way around it. Unless it's **physically impossible** to do so, they will park cars on sidewalks, scribble or piss on monuments, set up shop, drop trash, eat, sleep, drink, kiss, and yell – even in the middle of the city at 2am. No one stops for red lights – in fact I think it would actually be dangerous to stop for a red light in Naples, because the person behind, unaccustomed to obeying traffic signals, is likely to rear-end you! Surprisingly, I've seen few accidents. **Systems** in this town are very fucking out of place – but somehow, things just kind of work.

It can be really frustrating at times – but part of life here is learning to avoid frustration. For example, if you happen to plant your foot in one of the many piles of dogshit that adorn the sidewalks here, or if a bird shits on your head, Neapolitans believe that **good luck** will come your way. I would have to say now that getting all bent out of shape about this sort of thing is pretty fucking silly. Shows how I've changed since I wrote my last column two months ago, in which I bitched and complained about stepping in shit. Anyways, it goes without saying that Neapolitans are really exceptional people.

This city should be every punker anarchist's wet dream utopia. The punk scene these days is pretty weak, but it's ready to fucking happen!! Hey, bands: Naples is only two hours from Rome, but few of you bother to play here – why?? Probably because you believe without question the paranoid shitheads who run their mouths and give Naples its horrible reputation for petty crime. (Like most big cities, you do have to watch your back here, but unless you're a complete moron you'll be okay.) There are plenty of cool clubs and a coupla squats that put on shows. If you want to play, contact me and I'll try to help.

Coupla weeks back there was a giant protest in Naples, against the Global Forum. It was the most violent protest I've experienced – from both sides! Many protesters were suited up like riot cops complete with shields, helmets, and sticks. It started out like every large protest I've been to: loads of people in the streets with spirits high and smiles on their faces. And then after a long march through the center of Naples: the big standoff. At first it looked like the cops were backing off (the protesters numbered more than 20,000). Then all fucking hell broke loose, with both sides swinging, protesters throwing bottles and bricks (one of which whizzed by my ear), and cops throwing tear gas grenades. A lot of people got **fucked up** – protesters, cops, journalists, and innocent bystanders.

I can't really say I was 100% behind this protest – I was mostly an observer and took a shitload of photos. The protesters wanted to, WTO-style, stop this Global Forum, whose plan was to, according to the official website, discuss ways to make governments around the world more accountable to the people utilizing the power of the internet. Sounds like a great idea to me – the internet can make it cheaper and easier for a government to publish information, cast votes, and gather the opinions of the public without asking them to go to boring fucking meetings. Sure, there are problems, like the obvious fact that not everyone has a computer with internet access, the possibility of hacking and corruption, etc. But I believe they planned to address these issues during the conference. It's not something I want to prevent!

The organizers of this Global Forum made two big mistakes: 1) holding the conference in Naples, where there are few people (compared to other western cities) who have computers or understand them. 2) Calling it the "**Global** Forum". Using the word 'global' is like an invitation to anti-globalization protesters. Apparently, every squatter-commie-anarchist in Italy accepted it. I honestly doubt they understood what was really being discussed in the conference – but the possibility that the powers-that-be might discuss ways to further globalize our world was excuse enough for the protesters to organize and mobilize. And despite my hesitation, my being firmly against globalization was reason enough for me to risk a brick in the face.

It was really an amazing scene – the big scuffle was near Castel Nuovo in Piazza Municipio – the site of many battles throughout history, as I'd seen depicted in paintings in museums.

It gave this protest more of a **war-like** feeling. There is one particularly striking photo, which is up on www.stickerguy.com/diary: the air filled with smoke, chaos in the street, with this centuries-old castle in the background which has seen it all.

In the end, as I ran away with tear-gas-filled eyes, I was left wondering what the hell the protesters had accomplished on this day, with all the blood, chaos, and destruction. I gotta say: not too much. There is a war against globalization, without a doubt. But this conference should seem to the majority of educated people like an undeserving target. In a way I'm glad they were unable to stop the conference because I personally **want** governments to do what the organizers are seeking to implement. In my opinion the folks at Adbusters have the right idea: this war against globalization is a battle of the **mind.** The real struggle is to make the people believe that globalization is a bad idea. Fighting cops in the streets, however valiant it may seem, accomplishes little. We need to be more clever. Just think: if the cops, who are also people, don't believe in globalization, how hard do you think they're going to fight to defend it? I definitely had this impression in Seattle – that many of the cops were sympathetic to the protesters and reacted less violently.

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Attention bands around the world: after having studied several languages, I'm pissed off. If you're native tongue isn't English, why the fuck are you singing in English?? Some Italian groups I've asked have answered, "for commercial reasons." For fuck's sake, you're in a fucking punk rock band, fuck commerce! Others have answered, "Because English is the international language," citing fears that they'll never make it out of Italy if they sing in Italian. It's true that English is the international language, and I don't have a problem with the fact that people all over the world are studying it – but LOS CRUDOS (a band who did everything right) has already proven this theory wrong. Every one of their songs was written in Spanish, and they made it all over the world – because they fucking rocked. They put English translations in with their lyrics – great idea, this way the words can be understood more internationally. Music is something that gains from diversity, and what is more diverse than another language? We have hundreds of languages in this world, what an incredible waste if everyone sings in English! To know how to communicate in another language is a beautiful thing – even in a language like Italian, which is relatively close to English, you really have to express yourself differently. Imagine what it must be like in Mongolian, or Arabic. Most of the non-native English-speaking groups have horribly flawed lyrics anyways…! Just try to read the insert of your favorite Japanese band and you'll see what I'm talking about.

I'll sign off this month with some of my favorite phrases from Neapolitan, the dialect (that is really a language) of Naples, with their literal translations in English (note that when used they're not necessarily meant to be taken literally). Of course, most of them are **bad words** because those are always the first you learn! And the most fun…

- **Sfaccimma e merd'**: "sperm & shit stew." When my friend explained the meaning of this phrase, he made a motion with his arm as if he was stirring a large pot of it)
- **Va fe bucchino**: "go give a blowjob"; go suck a dick
- **No me caca' o' cazz'**: "don't shit on my dick." A harsher way to say, "get off my back" or "don't bust my balls"
- **Quella zompapereta e' mammeta**: "your mother jumps over farts." Apparently in the past this was one of the worst insults you could give someone.

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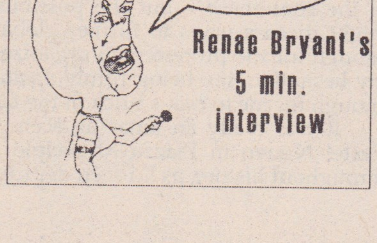
Have you ever used brass knuckles?
Renae Bryant's
5 min.
interview

Before I embark in my normal tirade, I want to apologize for having missed my May column. I am so busy and do not, to this day, have a computer in my home that it makes doing my column some months extremely difficult. Do not misunderstand me. I love writing a monthly column for MRR and consider it an honor to do so. When I first met Tim we sat at an Indian restaurant and I gushed my life's story to him, at his request. He told me then that I should write a column, but I really didn't have the confidence. I didn't feel worthy. I knew how to write scene reports and interviews, but really didn't think I could add anything to the columns' section. It took a year of Tim's prodding to motivate me to write my first column in 1996. The column was called the 5 min. interview because the concept was that I would do 5 min. interviews with people that every day people wouldn't normally have the pleasure of meeting and interview them. The column kept that format for three years. Now, I regularly break into diatribes and rarely interview. I consider myself extremely fortunate to have this venue to share my humanity with others and meet so many amazing people either through email or in person. I am always disappointed in myself when I miss a column because I have wasted an opportunity to communicate with others. Some of my best writing has not been done for On The Rag or UC Riverside, but for MRR. So, without further ado....

I had two bands from Sacramento stay with me in March which also (thanks to poor planning on my part coincided with my finals at UCR). The first band to stay with me was a girl-fronted PJ Harvey-ish four piece, Angoramachinegun. This band is made up of two of the members of Diseptikons, a member of Koi and a talented classically trained harpist who sings and plays guitar. Regardless of what their intentions are this band is bound for greatness. (Yes, I am envious but envy can be a great motivator.) They played all over southern California and made converts of all who were lucky enough to see them. They won me over with their simplistic intensity immediately. As you guessed they will be the band replacing Media Blitz for the five band split, so otr is looking at a July release for this project, finally. Diseptikons arrived at my house two days later and stayed for eight days. These guys are my adopted brothers. I trust them so much that I made keys to my house for them and they came and went as they pleased. It is refreshing to be able to deal with a punk band on this level. Diseptikons play hardcore in that SOIA/DRI fashion and slay me every time I see them. I get the same feeling I got when I played with AFI at Gilman in 1995, I knew they would be fucking huge and Diseptikons have that quality also. Please look for my interview with them in a future issue of MRR.

While the bands were out in March I was going to shows every night all over So. Cal. I realized although contrary to popular opinion that we have an amazing overall scene here for music. Especially the good 'ole Riverside/Inland Empire. Here bands of all genres can play together and the crowd is extremely open minded. I was proud to see this and to be a part of it. Even Los Angeles surprised me. Toast at Al's Bar rules, and although I wish somehow it could be Al's All Ages Bar it is still a fantastic place to play and see bands. The Voodoo Glow Skulls have branched out into promotion, running a label and management. I am so happy that they have stayed in IE to give something back to community. I better stop, I'm starting to sound like a scene report. I suppose it's about time I contribute one of those. Before I stop I have to mention a few bands/people that deserve a mention: Third Grade Teacher (one of my new favorite girl-fronted bands), DJ Tina Bold at KUCR, Nikki T., Johnny Cheapo (Jose from Fighting Cause new band, and his ever supportive self), Ralph with Tiger Mask, and the gals from Killing Zoe and Black Helicopters. Speaking of Toast you can find an interview with yours truly in LA's GLUE magazine regarding sweet OTR records, in their spring music issue. I even got to do a fun photo shoot with the amazing pin-up girl/photographer Rosana (that does all the beautiful photography for Sympathy).

March also took me to the Tamara Bane Gallery in LA for the Sorayama exhibit/private reception with the artist. I was in a complete fucking stupor the whole time I was there. I like to think of myself as artistic but I am always humbled when I see genius. Sorayama is one of few genius erotic artists. My panties get wet just thinking about his work. As an added bonus amazon Julie Strain (Olivia model, Judge Julie, Soft porn queen, Penthouse Pet of the year) was there just walking around. She rules and is truly breath-taking. I literally had a taking of the breath experience when I saw her. It wasn't the first time I've been in the same room as her but it was the first time I saw how fucking tall she is. I'd have to climb her, you know?!? Anyway.....

As much as I love the "Inland Empire" I was appalled one night when I watched Fox Undercover to learn that the Peni white supremist prison gangs think Riverside is ripe for their infiltration and living. This makes me want to vomit. Another reason to be even more vocal in our fight against racism, homophobia, and mysogynism. Mobilization and coalition building should be on the minds and agendas of all activists. It is definitely on my mind and I am always looking to connect with others of like mind. Next column I'll share with you some activists that I have met who are. Let the networking continue! So with that, I end this column. You can contact me at webmistress@ontherag.net/po box 251 norco ca 92860-0251

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I am a skeptic. Not necessarily in the philosophical sense, but in the sense that I don't believe in ghosts, alien abductions and so forth. It's not that I am dogmatic about it. If, for example, a UFO were to land on the Whitehouse lawn and, after being asked to be taken to our leader, a little green man had a long conference with Dick Chaney, I might begin to seriously consider the possibility that the aliens were real. But the fact that your aunt Helen swears she saw a bunch of flashing lights in the sky on her way home from a bar is just not going to cut it.

While his sort of skepticism more or less comes naturally to me there are some good reasons for it. One reason that is especially popular is Occam's razor: roughly, the idea that, all other things being equal, a simpler explanation is more likely to be true than a complex one. Paranormal explanations (there is an intelligent alien civilization that can travel across space, probably at greater than light speed and who is both interested enough in people and technologically crude enough that they abducted Joe Bob) are usually much more complex than more mundane explanations (Joe Bob had a bad dream).

Occam's razor is fine, as far as it goes, but in this case I think there is a better tool. In a nutshell, there is rarely good epistemic reason to believe in the paranormal, i.e. our reasons for accepting belief in the paranormal are usually not good. In "Of Miracles," Scottish philosopher David Hume argues that we should not believe any testimony of miracles, unless the falsehood of the testimony would be more of a miracle than the miracle being reported (an unlikely state of affairs). Why? It's pretty simple. Our past experience, including knowledge and experience of the laws of nature, has proven to be a more reliable guide than the testimony of others. When somebody reports an experience that is genuinely fantastic, it conflicts with our past experience and perhaps even the laws of nature (so far as we know them). The two grounds for judgment-eye-witness testimony and general experience—have come into conflict and so we must choose to follow one. Since past experience has proven to be more reliable, we should chose past experience.

Obviously, evidence of the paranormal nearly always comes in the form of testimony. I would include videos, photographs and any other such evidence that can be misleading for all of the same reasons personal testimony can be misleading, for example by being faked.

Now in spite of all of my skepticism, I've always been interested in this kind of stuff: aliens, ghosts, religion. So I was quite interested when I recently saw an episode of John Edward's show "Crossing Over." Edward claims to be a medium, that is, someone with the ability to communicate with the dead. During the episode I saw, Edward came up with some truly impressive bits of information during his readings-not the stuff you usually see from these folks; "You had a male friend or relative who died of either cancer or a heart attack some time after WWII." Two possible explanations came to mind. Either the whole thing was staged and the audience was in on it, as they are on David Copperfield's televised tricks, or Edward is able to research some of his guests before he reads them.

I did some research on Edward over the net and discovered some interesting pieces. One was for NEW YORK NEWSDAY, in which a skeptical reporter looked into Edward. He saw several impressive readings, checked up on those who were read to make sure they were legit and eventually brought in a respected attorney who's personal relationship to the reporter was indirect. Edward, who knew only the attorney's first name, appeared to contact a death row client who ad been executed. Without much fishing (yes or no questions), Edward said that the spirit had brought about his own death and that the death made headlines (it had been a somewhat well publicized case). He was also able to say that the spirit and attorney had worked together with another person who had a 'Hirshc' sound in his name and who worked in television. The other lawyer on the case was named Hirschorn and does, in fact, do regular work in television.

Of course, this is more testimony. The reporter could be in on some scheme with Edward, although he would be putting himself at great professional risk were this the case, and the attorney could simply have been made up. I did some checking and, as her name comes up on several legal and death penalty related sites, the attorney who was read, Joan Cheever, seems to be a real person and one who's reputation would seem to matter more than anything she could gain through knowingly participating in a ruse to promote a psychic. Nonetheless, there are a number of ways in which the testimony in the article could have been faked. For example, the reporter could have given Edward the information ahead of time.

Ok, I'm running a bit low on space so I'll kind of breeze through the rest of this stuff. One article in TIME told of a guest who thought he had been hoodwinked, that Edward had information ahead of time. He and others were discussing dead relatives, and after an impressive reading, this guest thought that perhaps the show's microphones had picked up these conversations and that they were then relayed to Edward. However, after this article was published, according to the NEW YORK POST, Edward's producers began asking that the audience not engage in such discussions before the show. The article also alleges that some audience members filled out cards with information about themselves prior to the show, which, with the right resources could be used to get relevant info fast. Additionally, the TIME article claims that the show is edited, so some of Edward's misses are cut out, and so it looks as though Edward is interacting with guests in ways that he actually is not.

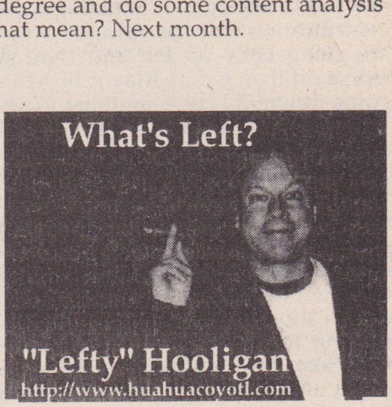
Another POST article is similar to the NEWSDAY piece. The author takes a skeptical friend to the show and the friend is shocked when Edward names his grandfather, Aloysius, and correctly implies that the friend is wearing his grandfather's wedding ring.

Perhaps most impressively, Edward was one of several mediums to participate in a University of Arizona study in which mediums, asking yes or no questions, were able to make claims with an accuracy of 83% compared t 36% of a control group of guessers and extrapolators. The mediums and the people being read were unable to see or furtively communicate with each other.

The possibility remains of course that Edward and the others are master extrapolators. Even with yes or no questions, they have a Sherlock Holmes-like ability to draw correct conclusions from small bits of information.

This has interested me enough that I'm going to make some use of my Political Science degree and do some content analysis of Edwards show. What's that mean? Next month.

skipyskip@aol.com



Congratulations to the Earth Liberation Front!

That's how easy it is to get an FBI file by the way. Just praise a domestic terrorist group that's caused millions of dollars worth of property damage, none of the members of which the FBI has managed to identify, let alone catch. Folks who wrote positive things about the Weather Underground in the 1970's often got knocks on the door by Bureau agents interested in having a little "conversation." This was as much intimidation as information gathering on the FBI's part, one aspect of the Bureau's CoIntelPro efforts to disrupt the civil rights, anti-war and other leftist movements of the day.

Today's FBI has been brought to heel and made more respectful of citizen rights. Yeah, right. More likely, they know I'm an inveterate troublemaker who's caused them to waste time and resources starting bogus files on my various pseudonyms over the years. As for the ELF, their pronouncements indicate they're anti-capitalists of a leftist variety and not fascists. To date, they've taken great pains not to harm people in carrying out their actions. So I say, let the ELF prosper. Let more ski resorts and warehouses storing genetically engineered crops burn to the ground. And let the FBI suck eggs and fail miserably in hunting down these guerrilla defenders of the planet.

Now personally, I'm a city boy. I enjoy living in urban areas with access to live music, theater, park exhibitions, movies, political demonstrations, great food, street life; the full panoply of human activity. I live in Oakland, the thirty-ninth largest city in the US, right across the bay from San Francisco. I've vacationed in New York City almost every year for the past twelve. I've visited various other American cities—LA, Chicago, Seattle, New Orleans—as well as a few European ones—London, Amsterdam, Berlin—and with the exception of San Diego, I've never met a city I didn't like.

Cities are lively, vital centers of human expression and culture, as opposed to the suburbs which are wastelands almost without exception. I'd have no problem razing every suburb to the ground and returning that misused land to open wilderness. Nor do I see a problem in cultivating urban life alongside expanded wilderness areas. Even though I grew up in southern California's car culture and enjoy having my own set of wheels, I think automobiles should be universally banned. Cities should be made completely accessible to foot traffic, bicycles and public transportation, and wilderness should be accessible only with great difficulty. I'm appalled at all those yuppies driving hunkering, four-wheel-drive, off-road Sports Utility Vehicles. The greatest challenge these SUV owning asswipes are likely to face is driving over a curb, and needless to say I was an avid supporter of the Mission Yuppie Eradication Project which advocated trashing SUV's in order to slow gentrification of San Francisco's Mission district. And I take great delight in the apprehension and fear that life in the big city—in particular black urban life—inspires in alt.reactionaries like Larry Livermore and Jeff Bale.

I've always taken an active interest in the urban environment where I live, in the spirit of that much overused slogan "think globally, act locally." I do volunteer work for a local non-profit that gives rebuilt computers to low income families and cash strapped schools. Now that Jerry Brown has declared his intention to run for a second term as Mayor of Oakland, I plan to work for his defeat. Not in the electoral arena aside from my vote, but I expect to do a little anti-Jerry postering and graffiting. Jerry has attempted to usurp every aspect of city government with his own hand picked political appointees. His efforts to build a military charter school in Oakland met with so much local resistance he had to go to the state level to get his charter granted. And Brown has opened up the city to developer scum like Joe O'Donoghue, initiating a process of rampant dot.com gentrification that has ravaged West Oakland. Now that IPO's are going belly up left and right, West Oakland is arguably worse off than before Mayor Brown's meddling. Jerry Brown is going down, if I have anything to say about it.

I also have an ongoing intellectual interest in municipal theory. Marx and Engels wrote in the *German Ideology*: "The antagonism between town and country begins with the transition from barbarism to civilization and runs through the whole history of civilization to the present day." It was the basis for the division of labor, class distinctions and the transformation of different modes of production, and they noted: "the existence of the town implies the necessity of administration, police, taxes, etc., in short of [...] politics in general." I've also done the usual reading in libertarian municipalism—from Mumford through Goodman to Bookchin—on the self-organizing capacity inherent in urban life. And I have a fascination with Paolo Soleri and his architectural concept known as arcology. Soleri envisions organically compact cities built a quarter to a half mile vertically into the air but only covering a square mile of land to house the population of say, San Francisco. While I wouldn't demand a reverse Khmer Rouge policy of forcibly herding the entire American population into such futuristic arcologies, I am entranced by the amount of land this potentially would free up to return to wilderness.

You see, I'm not into city life because I hate nature. Quite the contrary, I've enjoyed hiking and camping in what remains of this continent's wild lands ever since I was a Boy Scout. I used to trek days into wilderness to fast and drop massive quantities of psychedelics when I was a hippie, but that's another story. Suffice it to say, I know full well what folks like Muir and Abbey meant when they attributed a profound spirituality to wilderness and wildness, having experienced aspects of communion and transcendence through them myself. Which is exactly the point. We're destroying wilderness so fast that pretty soon the spiritual experiences offered by nature will no longer be available. Hence my support for the ELF at this column's opening.

Of course, far reaching population control and the widespread availability of contraception would also be helpful in restoring wilderness, but I think it's absolutely essential to make urban environments once more livable expressions of human community. In this I'm a classicist. The ancient Greeks called a city-state like Athens, Sparta or Thebes a *polis*, and they considered it quintessentially human to be part of an urban community and thus a political animal. Simply put, I consider urban living to be fundamental to human civilization and culture, none of which I regard as necessarily inimical to a healthy environment or deterministically bound to lay waste to wilderness.

Clearly then, I have no sympathy for the anti-technological primitivism of John Zerzan, *Fifth Estate*, Theodore Kaczynski, et al. This school of anarchist thinking simply continues a very tired debate that foists the moldy, 17th century straw man known as "the noble savage" against the equally extreme notion that primitive life was, to quote Hobbes, "solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short." That humanity existed for perhaps two million years in highly decentralized hunter-gatherer societies that often had commendable features such as relatively classless, leaderless, communal social structures is admirable, and has been cited *ad nauseam* by anarchists and libertarian marxists, myself included, to illustrate the joys of what Marx called "primitive communism." Hunter-gatherers rarely worked more than 15 hours a week each to live collectively in relative affluence, yet their lives were clearly subject to culling by high infant mortality and even minor natural disasters. Further, recent studies have challenged the myth of the ecological primitive (*The Ecological Indian: Myth and History* by Shepard Krech III) and prehistoric matriarchy (*The Myth of Matriarchal Prehistory* by Cynthia Eller), contended that tribal hunter-gatherer societies were and are extremely warlike (*War Before Civilization* by Lawrence Keeley), and suggested that both human prehistory and history proper are characterized by widespread bloodshed, patriarchal oppression and ecological destruction.

These problems in paradise aside, anarcho-primitivism is crippled with an endless regression in search of a first cause, and an original sin. What caused primitive humanity's fall from grace and our eviction from the Eden of harmony with nature? Was it civilization, or agriculture, or hierarchy, or technology, or language, or...? It's ironic that we owe the hothouse absurdity of such scholastic arguments to the ten thousand years of civilization condemned as entirely evil by anarcho-primitivists.

Me, I prefer the devil I know to the devil I don't know, meaning I'd personally resist efforts at bringing such a dubious primitivist vision into being. Nor would I be alone, so that any organized effort to return to some fanciful hunter-gatherer past would make the Khmer Rouge look like boy scouts. Zerzan's praise for lone bomber Kaczynski is the anarcho-primitivist equivalent of General Curtis LeMay's sentiment to bomb 'em "back into the Stone Age," and it begs a basic question. If the evil of human civilization could arise out of paleolithic prehistory once, what would stop it from doing so again? Enter, stage right, ultra-deep ecologists like the Gaia Liberation Front or eco-fascists like Pentti Linkola who consider humanity itself to be the problem, either to be ruthlessly policed by an international green dictatorship or removed from the world ecosystem altogether. Even in the "best" green fascist scenario this boils down to the liquidation of, not just yours truly, but also most of humanity, to include anarcho-primitive intellectuals like John Zerzan and his crusty punk followers.

By no means am I apologizing for civilization's unrelenting record of ecological devastation, violent governmental usurpation, ruthless class domination, racial and sexual subjugation, colonialism, imperialism and wholesale martial slaughter. Rather, I consider it crucial to base any struggle for liberation in the context of this history, and of the prehistory it's rooted in, instead of attempting to negate both with a chimerical return to some mythic golden age. For if "[t]he history of all hitherto existing society is the history of class struggles," and if the reality of human prehistory is one of unending tribal warfare, then humanity must seize its history in a revolutionary act of self-emancipation that doesn't attempt to revive a doubtful prehistory, but rather transforms the very nature of history through the creation of a global communist human community. Corollary to this, cities have frequently figured as the principle arenas for cutting edge liberation struggles throughout history; from the city-states of the ancient world, through the medieval free cities and the republican cities of the Renaissance, to the urban uprisings of the Paris Commune in 1871, Petrograd in 1905 and 1917, Shanghai in 1967, Paris again in 1968, etc. It's the usual infantile commie claptrap you'd expect from "Lefty" Hooligan, except that I'm far from marxist and anarchist orthodoxy by denying the ultimate integration of town and country. Ideally, I'd have a much reduced human population living in compact cities surrounded by bioregional agriculture amidst resurrected wilderness.

I can support the ELF then without wishing to reduce humanity to nomadic bands of paleolithic hunter-gatherers. It's quite enough we have the troglodytic knuckle draggers at *Hit List* passing off their neanderthal politics as "nasty attitude" and giving the Stone Age a bad name. By the way, I don't reject anarcho-primitivism out of some misguided, vulgar marxist notion of "stages of development" or "historical progress." The simplistic, unilinear schema that humanity deterministically progresses through ever more advanced stages of social development and modes of production—primitive communism, ancient slave, feudalism, capitalism, socialism—is a direct legacy of Stalinism, and has little to do with how Marx considered things. The contentious idea of Oriental despotism and an Asiatic mode of production advanced by Marx in a variety of contexts at least establishes that he was multilinear in his approach. His remarks on how the Russian rural commune might serve as the basis for a Russian social revolution to move from Asiatic communalism directly to socialism and thus entirely avoid the ravages of capitalism demonstrates Marx wasn't wedded to a rigid, strictly serial stage theory either. These subtleties were clearly overwhelmed however by Marx's indefatigable believe in historical progress, embodied in his theory of historical materialism.

I don't have much use for either stages of development or historical progress. We could easily reduce ourselves to a state of hunter-gatherer primitivism through nuclear war or ecological disaster. And each Marxist developmental stage representing a class society—slave, feudal, capitalist—generated lower class movements intent upon immediately achieving various forms of socialism or communism. The history of western Europe is what did happen, not what had to happen, and things happened differently in other parts of the world before capitalism finally took over the planet. This is hardly orthodox, no matter what Marxist school of thought to which one happens to subscribe. Then again, the only people who dare accuse me of Marxist orthodoxy are folks like Larry Livermore intent on distorting my opinions and finding me guilty by bogus associations. Next column, I hope to discuss the main currents of Marxism in more detail.

...ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS...

EMAIL FROM MEXICO... You asked me a question about punk rock millionaires. I deleted your message by mistake. Email me again, and I'll answer your question.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... You can find the "lost" Hooligan column at http://www.huahuacoyotl.com. To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. I can be contacted at hooligan@sirius.com.

PR
POP STICKO!
Ray Lujan

Here we go again. Like I mentioned last time I'm gonna stop listed every mailing address. It just gets tiring and I have my doubts if anyone bothers writing labels for info. So here's the new system. If it's what I deem a known label such as Fat or Kung Fu, I probably won't list anything since you can probably find it at your local mall. Secondly I'll list a web or e-mail address of non-mall labels. If there is no choice, I'll do a street/mail address. I'll definitely list something from new unknown bands and labels, so interested parties won't be helpless. This format will be followed loosely with mood swings so don't debate me on what is a big/mall label, non-mall label, or new unknown label. We can work through this minor change I'm sure.

First up is the BIG IN JAPAN CD on Honest Don's. This is a great powerful punky pop release from this new combo. Featuring Zac of Zoinks and later Screeching Weasel fame and the rhythm section of the great SoCal band The Gain. This has an energetic Elvis Costello meets The Figgs sound. Good loud guitar production and quirky mod tendencies make this one of the year's best. The ATARIS new full length "End Is Forever" on Kung Fu Records is their best release yet. One of the few bands that can do the "Love gone wrong" pop punk thing and not sound tired these days. This Descendents-esque band is becoming quite popular these days and their material warrants it. A solid release with a little variety and a little Jawbreaker mixed in too. A band I've liked from the beginning keeps bringing it. The new PROPAGANDHI "Today's Empires, Tomorrow's Ashes" CD on Fat Records is more of their hyper melodic hardcore. Their songs just keep getting better and better without losing their social political bent. This is a little heavier than the last full length, which only adds to its intensity. May be one of punk's last great bands, at least for now. DIESEL BOY has a new CD "Rode Hard And Put Away Wet" on Honest Don's. Fresh from their appearance on TV's great "Freaks And Geeks", this semi-local keeps the strong pop punk coming with just the right amount of humor. These guys do a good job of keeping it fun in the pop punk vein with enough tempo changes and guitar lines to make interesting. Great hooks to boot. The BELLRAYS are back with their second LP "Grand Fury" on Upper Cut Records (uppercutrecords.com). Certainly more produced than their debut LP, this rocks just as hard as the last. Many of these songs have been a part of their live set since they became noticed. A full on soulful blast of punk and heavy blues tinged rock with some weird jams mixed in. A great band! The PHUZZ are back with a CD "American Pop" on Beach Recordings (1230 Market St., PMB 135, San Francisco, CA 94102). This reformed SoCal band has a more pop sound now or at least a more produced pop sound. Gone is the sloppy fuzzy sound for a more tight power pop direction. There are some enjoyable songs here. Just don't pay attention to the righteous review on the CD back cover name dropping the Raspberries and the Beatles. The MARBLES have a new CD "Seduction" on Break Up Records (PO Box 15372, Columbus, OH 43215). This is good gal fronted punk pop with a new wave bent a la The Flipsides or The Hissyfits. Very 80's sounding from a label that's starting to get a good rep on the pop front. Ten tracks that could have been in "Valley Girl". Strong stuff.

Changing gears to the much neglected reissue front, Captain Oi (www.captainoi.com) is cranking out the classics as usual. First up is The CROOKS "Just Released" CD. This reissue is from a lesser known mod band circa 1980 doing great Lambrettas and Secret Affair type of stuff. If you dig the 1980 mod revival, there isn't much out there so you better grab this. Also out are reissues of the two VAPORS LP's on CD. The debut "New Clear Days" and the follow up "Magnets" with bonus tracks on each. These have been out in the past but never with 7" bonus tracks. From the band that brought us the hit "Turning Japanese", I was really into the debut and it's 7" tracks.

"Magnets" is slower but still worth it since this band was so short lived. Continuing with the Captain Oi, we have the SHAM 69 "Rarities 1977-80" CD. This was on vinyl a while back but with fewer tracks. A pretty demo heavy release that is good quality for this type of release. I'll take any Sham 69 up to "The Game" era any day! One of punk's all time greats version of "Odds And Sods". Also re-ished are the first two DICKIES A&M records "The Incredible Shrinking Dickies" and "Dawn Of The Dickies". Two separate CD's with bonus tracks. Possibly the inventors of pop punk, if you don't have these in some form you are not a real punk rocker. Two discs full of hits and scarce in their entire original format until now. Also out are the first two 999 LP's on CD "999" and "Separates". Never one of my favorite bands back in the day, this does sound better to me now. Two CD's with bonus tracks of good pub rock punk from the band best known for "Homicide". Lastly on Captain Oi is THE YOBS "Christmas Album" CD. Better known as THE BOYS, this reissue also includes bonus tracks. A disc full of punked out Christmas songs from the early 80's, if you liked their early "First Time" stuff this is recommended. Dionysus Records (PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507) has two long overdue CD's of LA punk. First is THE CONTROLLERS CD with tracks from their 45's and "Tooth and Nail" comp and post/side groups. The Controllers stuff is classic! "Slow Boy", "Do The Uganda", "Neutron" and so on. Even a couple rarities from cassette. On the wanna offend front are THE ROTTERS and their "Pull It And Yell" comp CD. All the rarities are here "Sit On My Face Stevie Nicks", "Sink The Whales Buy Japanese Goods", "Amputee". Not exactly date music but still great stupid punk. You can't go wrong with these two releases if you're a collector or an early US punk fan. Another for the US collector fan is the "History Of Portland Punk Vol. 1" on Zeno Records (www.zenorecords.com). Includes great singles by the Wipers, Stiphnoyds, Neo Boys, and my personal fave Sadonation with their classic "Mom And Pop Democracy". Also tacked on is the "10-29-79" live LP. Vintage Portland punk circa 1980 that is pretty great. Another great thing about this collection is that all 45 tracks are included. From the UK, the DRONGOS FOR EUROPE "Return Of The Pink Monster" CD on Data Records (www.datarecords.com) is good 1981 brit punk. This sounds like something that would have come out on Crass Records and Rough Trade back in the day. Very underproduced with it's almost Mob like peace punk quality. A comp of everything this lesser known band did on the other side of the tracks from the expected brit punk sound.

Back to modern times, THE STEREO have a new full length "No Traffic" on Fueled By Ramen (www.fueledbyramen.com). A band that is doing some great punk influenced pop. Reminds me of The Weakerthans with their eclectic sound although The Stereo is more power pop. Songs good enough to be on your local modern rock station. I enjoyed this for what it is. May be the next Goo Goo Dolls? The FLATUS "Blindsided" CD on Black Pumpkin Records (www.blackpumpkin.com) is good pop punk mixed with melodic hardcore. Sometimes sounding like later Bad Religion and sometimes like a power pop band with punch. A good release. The THUG MURDER "The 13th Round" CD on TKO Records (www.tkorecords.com) is great all girl punk. Imagine Shonen Knife or The Gymslips with a pissed off kick ass approach. This is street punk I can dig. Fans of girl groups and punk a la The Toy Dolls will dig this. A fresh punk release. The SISSIES "Look Back And Laugh" CD on New Disorder (115 Bartlett St. San Francisco, CA 94110) is great Slampt style indie punk. Kinda Raincoats or Tiger Trap and kinda poppy garage, this is a fun release from a band outta Indiana with gal vocals. Lastly is the SERPICO "Everyone Vs Everyone" CD on Boss Tuneage (PO Box 19550, London, SW11 1FG,UK). This banded is fronted by the great Wiz of Mega City Four fame so you know it's gonna be good. Along the ways of the MC4's later more intricate stuff, I would have preferred a new MC4 release but like with Leatherface I'll take what I can get. From one of the forefather's of the late 80's brit pop punk sound, another great release!

That will do it for this month. In order to catch up on the reissues I held off on the ever growing emo pop releases, which I'll hit next time round. Keep sending me stuff at PO Box 7963, Berkeley, CA 94707. Every little bit helps especially with the indie stuff that doesn't have a chance in hell of making the regular review section. Also my e-mail address is popsickoray@yahoo.com. But no more lame rock bands sending me web links to their MP3's. Later.

Mykel Board sez:

YOU'RE WRONG!

I'm more at home than a proctologist at a political convention. I sit relaxed with a buncha girls at Sara's birthday party. It's in the backroom of Sweet & Vicious, a bar in Soho. A Brooklyn Lager in one hand, my other casually drapes around the back of the couch, creeping ever closer to the neck of Bernadette, my conversational partner.

She's a feminist, she tells me.

That gets me hard. There are few things more satisfying than getting a blow job from a feminist. But that's for later. Right now the conversation drifts... as it always does at high-alcoholic parties.

"So you're an English teacher," she says.

"Yep," I tell her. "I work for a Japanese company. All my students are Japanese."

"You speak Japanese?" she asks.

"Hai," I answer, "sukoshi. I lived there for two years."

"I could never live in Japan," she tells me. "It's so sexist. Did you know that they force women in offices, no matter what their job titles, to serve tea? Did you know..."

"What's wrong with tea?" I ask.

"Nothing's wrong with tea," she answers with a tongue-click that says, "Stop being an idiot."

"No," I tell her, "I'm serious. Why does feminism always assume that the stuff girls do is bad and the stuff boys do is good? Why couldn't it be a privilege to serve tea? You think doing market analysis is so much cooler? Couldn't there be a feminism that wants to make men more like women, rather than women more like men?"

"Hah," she says, "you don't know how awful it is being a woman in today's world."

"You think it's better being a guy?" I ask. "What's with you? Guys get AIDS. Then, all of a sudden AIDS is a feminist issue? What do you want? No matter how bad things are for guys, girls want a piece of it. It's sick."

"You just don't see," she says. "It's not about guys or girls. It's not about who's better. It's about equality. Women don't have it. Just look at the work place. We don't get equal pay and almost no places have daycare so you can keep an eye on the kid while you work."

"Daycare? Work?" I ask. "You think work is a privilege? Jezus fuckin' Christ! I'd stay home with the kids if I had a choice. Daycare? You want to bring the kids into a corporation before they're toilet trained? That should be a right? Come on, that's a curse!"

"Yeah right," says Bernadette. "You're just being sexist. If men can work, then women should have the same right."

"Oh yeah?" I say. "In some alternate universe there's a *masculinism* where men fight to have the same rights that American women now have—and American men don't."

"Yeah, right." Bernadette says again, pissing me off.

"Follow me!" I yell, grabbing her by the wrist.

"Fuck you!" she yells back. "Just like a man, using force to get what he wants."

I'm not listening. I'm a man with a mission, and like any missionary, I'm not gonna be dissuaded. Logically, Bernadette should be shouting "where are you taking me?" or calling for help or biting.

Maybe she does this stuff. I don't remember. In any case, I have nothing to show for it, like scars or bruises. I remember the look of horror and puzzlement that comes over her feminist face when I pull her into the mensroom. I remember the look of shock, when I drag her past the urinals, into one of the stalls. We go behind the toilet and into the wall. We pass through that illusion. Unscathed, we came out the other side. It looks the same, except that here, there are no urinals.

"What happened?" she asks.

I let her go.

"Let's go outside." I tell her.

Leaving the mensroom, we again go through the bar where Sara is having her party. There is no Sara. No party. There is, however, some sort of commotion on the street. We leave the building to check it out.

The street is filled with people. Somehow, we're no longer in Soho, but by Central Park, uptown. It's Broadway. Horns are honking on the side street. Cops are everywhere. A sea of blue borders a huge group of angry protesters, marching down the middle of the street.

It's a demonstration. A kind of protest parade. Scores of men, mostly youngish, mostly wear long flowing robes, or kilts.

Hey hey, waddaya say. We don't wanna work today!

They're chanting, fists raised. Marching in unity down the street.

We follow them a bit. One guy is being interviewed by a news reporter.

"So what exactly is it that men want?" asks the young woman. She points the microphone toward the young man.

"We want what you already have," he says. "We want the right to stay home, take care of the kids, live a real life. We want equality. We don't want to be bound by meaningless jobs making money for other people. We want the right to take care of those who we love. Why can women do this, and not men?"

"Who'll earn the money?" asks the reporter.

"Let women do it. Or better still, let's just do away with money. We don't care. That's not the issue. The issue is equality. If women can avoid having jobs, then we want the same right."

One of the few more regularly dressed men muscles his way in. He wears jeans, a t-shirt and what look like Indian moccasins.

"Wait," he says, "grabbing the microphone. It's important for people watching to realize that masculinists are not all jockstrap burning fanatics. Some of us are willing to go slow. Make step-by-step changes. But we do demand change."

The knit of puzzlement between Bernadette's eyebrows shows she hasn't quite figured out what's happened. I decide to show her.

Grabbing her wrist again, I pull her back toward the end of the parade. There, a large group of men marches. They wear what look like green nurses' uniforms. One of them holds a sign that says: ***Military Equality: If Women Don't Serve on The Front Lines, Why Should We?***

I go up to a young man in this group. He wears his hair long, shag cut, like Farrah Fawcett in the 1970s.

"Hi," I say.

"Oh hello," he says. "Nice turn-out today."

"Ummm yeah," I tell him.

He notices Bernadette and scowls.

"What's this representative of the matriarchy doing here?" he asks.

"Don't worry," I tell him, "she's completely supportive. Just because you're female doesn't mean you're not a masculinist."

"Of course, you're right," says the guy. "It's just that so many girls come here to gawk. They think every guy who's a masculinist must be gay. It isn't true."

"I'm sure," I tell him. "Er... we're not from around here. So if we ask strange or offensive questions, please forgive us. It's just that we're very interested in what you're doing. We mean no harm."

"Well, alright," he says. "If the boys around here don't feel uncomfor..."

"Boys?" asks Bernadette. "They look more like *men* to me."

"That's ONE!" shouts our new friend, not so friendly at the moment. "You've got two more and you're outta here! What's with this MEN stuff? Girls have been called "girls" since who knows when. *Girl* is young, cute, with a playful innocence. *Woman* is like, I donno, Whistler's Mother, or something."

Bernadette keeps a straight face, though I can see the gears turn beneath her forehead.

"So," continues our demonstrator friend, "if girls can be *girls*. Why can't we be *boys*? Is that too much to ask? Why should we be saddled with a formal, boring old fart word like MEN? It would be like the old days, when they forced guys to wear ties and dark jackets, while girls displayed every color of the universe. My Goddess, it's just not natural. What other animal has brightly colored girls and boring old boys?"

He speaks breathlessly. Like he's said it a hundred times. Like he's read it in magazines. Heard it in speeches. Memorized it by osmosis.

"Could you tell me about this march?" I ask him. " Er... sorry, I don't know your name."

"Name's Testofree," he says giving both Bernadette and I a peck on the cheek. "You can call me Testy. My dad was a masculinist. He thought it wasn't fair that girls got all the fancy names and boys were stuck with John or Michael. Some daring folks went as far as Jason or Joshua. Yuck! So Dad said he was going to experiment, give me a name that implied the same freedom that girls had. Now it's common place. Boys can have names as strange as girl's."

That's interesting," I tell him. "Testofree, huh? What's your last name?"

He laughs out loud.

"Wow! You really are from some other planet!" he says. "We got rid of last names years ago. You won't believe how it used to be. When people got married, girls had the right to either keep their last names or change them to match their spouse. I mean, POW! a whole history, all the sins of the past, all the nasty computer records, eliminated. Gone in a minute. Completely legal, even sanctioned... a worry free second chance with a new name. Boys were denied that privilege... until masculinism came along and said the whole thing was unfair. Nowadays, we don't have last names. Nobody does."

I nod as if all this were the most natural thing in the world.

"By the way," asks Testy, "where are you gals from?"

"Gals?" asks Bernadette. "We're not gals!"

"Mary Fuckin' Magdalene!" he says. "Maybe you aren't from around here, but are you from this century? We call any group of people, *gals*. Why should we limit that expression to girls? Boys also wanna be "one of the gals."

"It's really a long boring story to explain where we're from," I tell him, "but would you mind answering a few more questions? You'll really be doing your cause a favor.

"Sure," he says, "anything to help the cause."

"Could you explain this demonstration?" asks Bernadette. "I mean, what is it and why are you doing it?"

"Sure," he answers. "This is a continuation of the *Take Back The Morning* marches started in the 1970s?"

"Take back the... morning?" asks Bernadette.

"Yeah," replies Testy. "It's completely unfair. Mornings belong to girls. They can sleep late, play with the kids, have a leisurely breakfast, do as they like. But boys? Oh no! Boys were forced to wear the most unpleasant clothing: dark suits, stiff shirts, choking ties. Fortunately, that's changed."

He continues, "Still, boys have to pack cattle-like into public transportation and sit chained to desks all day. Sometimes we wake up as early as seven o'clock to be slaving away by nine. Most girls aren't even dressed by then. Obviously, it isn't fair. And we mean to change it."

"Do you have a leader?" asks Bernadette.

"We've got several leaders," answers Testy, "My favorite is Glorius Steinman, the greatest living masculinist... and editor of MR. magazine. He organized the first Take Back The Morning march. You may have read his book. It was called *The Myth of the Male Orgasm*. But that's another long story."

"Could you give us some more background on the movement?" I ask him.

"Well, it's hard to say where it started," he answers. "I guess the beginnings of modern masculinism were the early 1900s. The anti-suffrigor movement."

"Something to do with voting?" asks Bernadette.

"You're not so dumb," says Testy, with a smile. "Yeah, until that time, men had the duty to put x's on paper or some other way to *"choose a leader."* It was cowshit of course. Just a fiction to give legitimacy to a corrupt corporate government. Girls didn't participate in this fraud, but for boys, it was *a duty*."

I nod in sympathetic understanding.

"Well," he continues, "we weren't about to live with that inequality, so we protested. If girls were free from voting duty, we wanted to be free from it too. In the 1920s sometime, the sham ended. Boys were released from the great deception. Nowadays, political leaders are chosen by lottery. They're removed when enough people oppose them. It's much easier. No huge campaigns to finance. No undue corporate influence. No mud-slinging misleading advertising"

We're approaching a kind of grandstand. I'm surprised to see quite a few women standing there, applauding, cheering the crowd on. More than that, they're shouting at the guys.

One burly woman, who in another time and another place would work for the phone company, cups her hands around her mouth.

"HEY GOOD LOOKIN'," she shouts, "WACHA DOIN' TONIGHT?"

Testy turns and waves.

"It's great that times have changed," he says. "It used to be that boys would walk down the street without response. It didn't matter what we wore or how we carried ourselves. No one said a word to us. How can you live without social approval? Girls got it all the time. Strangers felt free to admire them—and out loud. Sometimes they even got sexual offers, just for strutting around. Boys? We never got anything but threats. Luckily that's changing now. Girls know we want equality, and a few are helping us achieve it."

"YO HONEY!" shouts another woman. This one is thin, with teacup size breasts, "PUT YOUR FACE RIGHT HERE!"

"See how far we've come?" says Testy with a big grin.

"Of course we're not there yet" he continues, nodding toward the women on the side. "They're liberals. You know, for equal rights as far as wearing loose clothes and shouting approval on the street. But they get squeamish when we talk about the right to abortion on demand?"

"That's a *man's* right?" asks Bernadette. "Abortion?"

"A *boy's* right," says Testy "and that's TWO! You got one more to go."

"Please don't be offended," I say. "Remember, we're from a different culture where people think differently. Please, educate us."

He shakes his head as if we're ignorant children.

"Abortion used to be a girl thing," he says. "Boys had no say. Like if a boy found himself in a fatherly way. He wants the abortion, but the girl wants the baby. The way it used to be was ***too bad for you, Mister!***

There was even a time where, if a girl refused to get an abortion, the boy still had to support the little accident. Can you imagine? A girl has a kid against a boy's wishes and *he* has to pay. Well, no more. The government granted abortion-on-demand rights about ten years ago... but there are still people who want to take those rights away from us."

"I see," I tell Testy. "Can you tell us a little more about the movement?"

"Sure," he says. "during the early 1960s there were some rumblings. Jockstrap burnings, Sit-ins at nail salons. Things like that. Then there was the strike for restroom equality."

"Huh?" I say.

"It's probably different where you are, but here it used to be that in girl's rooms, each... er... occupant had her own stall. One person. One private stall. Do what you gotta do, seated in private."

I nod in understanding.

He goes on, "But boys? Oh no, we had these horrible contraptions called 'urinals.' In order to take care of business, we had to stand up with who-knows-what stranger looking over our shoulder comparing equipment. Shoulder to shoulder, like cattle. You wouldn't believe the way it used to be. It was embarrassing, inhuman, and unequal. It was a struggle, but eventually they passed the 'one person, one stall,' law. Now, we all get to go in private."

We've marched downtown. The area looks familiar. We're just about to cross Houston Street. Going South. I guess the crew is headed toward City Hall.

"So, where's the future?" I ask. "What's left to be done?"

"Plenty," says Testy, "besides getting boys off the military front lines, and ending court divorce bias toward women, we're working on some really far-out stuff. Biological stuff. Science is developing the means to really have equality. Too often medical science concentrates on girl problems. Feminine deodorant, the morning after pill, PMS treatment. If women have it, there's a pill for it. We're demanding equality now. We want multiple orgasms, for example. And that's right around the corner."

Speaking of right around the corner, we're passing the corner where *Sweet & Vicious* should be. Instead, there's a bar called *Butch and Beautiful,* but it's close enough. I think it'll get us back.

We take our leave from Testy and head into the bar. Inside, a lot of men... er... boys... in very bright colors sit around gossiping. Bernadette and I shoulder our way through the crowd to the restrooms. We enter the one with a 'B' on the door. Back into the toilet stall we go. Back through the wall.

We come out and find ourselves back in the bathroom we left a few hours earlier.

"Wow!" says Bernadette, gazing wistfully at the toilet seat. "That was weird. But right now, get out of here! I gotta piss."

"Okay," I tell her, "but when you're done pissing, put the seat back up! Girls always forget to put the seat back up. I don't wanna piss all over it, ya know? Have some consideration."

ENDNOTES: [*Visitors to my website: www.MykelBoard.com or subscribers (email to: god@MykelBoard.com) will receive a few extra endnotes. There are just too many to keep up with.*]

—> *He died just in time dept:* I got a junk mailing from the *Parents Television Council,* a pro-censorship group that urges parents to threaten sponsors of TV "filth." The "honorary chairman" of that group is Steve Allen!

This is the guy who played piano while Jack Kerouac read poetry. This is the guy who opened TV up to all kinds of new ideas and new programming. Now, in his declining years, he's come to this? Luckily, he recently died before he could further embarrass himself.

In case you're interested, the PTC rates the following as the worst shows on TV. I suggest you buy their sponsors' products as soon as possible: *WWF Smackdown, Family Guy, Action, Buffy, the Vampire Slayer, The Beat, Ally McBeal, Norm, Drew Carey, Will & Grace,* and *Popular.*

—>*Keeping 'em on their toes dept:* The September 2000 issue of *Successful Meetings* magazine reports that meeting planners have to consider a new wrinkle in the meeting biz. Besides deciding on the color coordination between napkins and tablecloths, meeting planners now have to worry about DEMONSTRATIONS.

One planner interviewed said, "I got hives from worry. Ever since the WTO talks, planners want to be prepared. They don't want another Seattle."

Now, where is that Starbucks convention going to be?

—>*Aren't you glad you don't live there dept:* Free speech superstar, Ted Gottfried, forwarded me this from the NY Times:

On December 8 last year, the German Parliament endorsed outlawing the NPD, a rightwing German political party. Although they're not directly accused of terrorist activities or any other crimes, the ruling Social Democrat-Green coalition doesn't like these guys. So why not ban 'em?

It's a good thing Americans have freedom of speech and association. Otherwise the Democrats might get banned... Well, maybe those freedoms are NOT such a good thing after all. Wouldn't it be nice if we could get the Democrats and Republicans to ban each other? What a wonderful world *that* would be!

SCREAMS FROM THE GUTTER

Rob Coons

I am starting to hear some rumors about a big wrestling match this summer between Tony Erba of GORDON SOLIE MOTHERFUCKERS and Devon Morf of WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?. It looks like the WHAT HAPPENS NEXT? and LIFE'S HALT tour will coincide with GORDON SOLIE MOTHERFUCKERS last show ever, which will be sometime in June. Supposedly Devon is going to challenge him to a match and show once and for all who is really the top wrestling belt holder in all of hardcore. I have heard that Devon is obsessively training nonstop for this match at a Muay Thai kickboxing school. But if I were a gambling man I would still put my money on that madman Tony Erba. I think a swift knock to Devon's head with a folding chair should bring him back to his senses. At this point it is all rumors, so stay tuned for any further hot gossip.

As always there have been a ton of killer shows in the Bay Area over the last month. After waiting for years and years I finally got to see PINHEAD GUNPOWDER. They played a little neighborhood bar about a block from my house. The place was ridiculously oversold and after crawling out from under the stampede of fans during the first few songs I could actually enjoy their set and thought they totally kicked ass. Even with people falling all around them and having no room to play, they ripped through a barrage of songs without missing a beat. This past month also brought us STATE OF FEAR who were 10 times better than I ever expected them to be! I also caught SHITLIST (Who is ex-HAIL OF RAGE and has an upcoming record on Six Weeks) and they also fucking tore the house down. Probably the biggest surprise of the month was Detroit, Michigan's WALLS OF JERICHO. People have been telling me to check this band out for sometime now. For some reason I never got around to it, but I kept hearing how good they were. Well I finally got to catch them at Gilman Street and they were fucking awesome! This band made up of ex-EARTHMOVER members cranked out some seriously sick and twisted metalcore with lots of killer time changes. They had a fucking powerhouse female on vocals. Her endless energy and solid stage presence totally brought her own band and the crowd up to another level.

LIAR – "Liar's Hell" CD - Fuck yeah! LIAR has been one of my favorite bands for a long time now. Every one of their records kicks total fucking ass and this is no exception. They really stretch the boundaries of straightedge music and have created their own original sound. (Definitely original as far as straightedge music goes!) Musically, LIAR have a lot more in common with KREATOR than say all the generic 4th generation EARTH CRISIS rip off bands that are still plugging around today. Even though they have slowed the pace of their music down a bit with this release, they will still fucking wreck your world with a barrage of wild charging metal. You better pay attention as they tear through time change after time change, with tight head busting riffs. As with all their recordings the production is immaculate and their lyrics center mostly around straightedge and a strong stance against the destruction of the environment. Obviously I think this record totally rules, but if you have never heard LIAR before I suggest you get their "Invictus" record first. It is no joke when I say that is one of my favorite records of the last decade! Rumor has it they will be doing a tour of the USA and Japan this year. Let's fucking hope so!!!!! (Alvaran Records, PO Box 10 01 52 44701 Bochum GERMANY / www.alveranrecords.com)

SASHA – "Demo + New Stuff" CD – Well after seeing these guys live down in San Diego a few months ago, I have been waiting to get my hands on their demo CD. I finally got it in a roundabout way from a friend of mine and needless to say it totally rips! This is great rhythmic hardcore that lurches all over the map from slow tortuous grinding moments, to rapid-fire chaos. The vocalist has a great throaty scream, that is super scratchy and harsh. I hear they have two bass players now so I can only imagine that they are even more of a force to be reckoned with. And if I remember correctly they have a split LP coming out soon, so be on the lookout for that. The CD ends with a couple of techno tracks (???) and a ton of hilarious prank calls. I unfortunately don't have any band or contact information. I know they have a website, but I can't remember the damn website address. Sorry! (No Contact Address)

V/A – "Hard Core Ball 5" CD – Straight Up Records fucking do it again with #5 in their ongoing series of recognizing hardcore bands from around the world. This time around they harness 25 international bands that span from Argentina to Italy and all the way back to Japan. You get CRIVITS, EVERYDAY MADNESS, SLANG, BD UNION, PLASTIC PRIDE SEPARATION, VITALITY, DOOMSDAY DEVICE, EF, REAL REGGAE, INTENSITY, OUTLAST, WITHOUT LIMIT, DIFFERENTES ACTITUDES JUVENILES, RESNEMENT, ENDALL, RIGHT 4 LIFE, COMIN' CORRECT, DOWNFALL, WAKE UP COLD, RED SHIFT, ACREDINE, DISCOURAGE YOUTH, ENDSTAND and CHILDREN. They range in styles from straight-up NY style moshcore, to fast youth crew hardcore. I have all 5 of these compilation CD's and I am pretty stoked on all of them. Support you international hardcore community and seek out these releases! (Straight Up Records, Kowa Bld 2F, Minami-2 Nishi-1, Chuou-Ku, Sapporo 060-0062 JAPAN / www.straightup-rec.com)

OLD MAN GLOOM - "Seminar II: The Holy Rites of Primitivism Regressionism" and "Seminar III: Zozobra" CDs – From what I understand, the current line up of OLD MAN GLOOM contains members of CAVE IN, CONVERGE, and JESUIT. Now that I have got your attention let me give you the lowdown on these two new releases. The "Seminar II" release contains 17 songs, which range in style from slow and hammering metal-laced grind to ambient electronic wizardry. In concept OLD MAN GLOOM remind me a lot NEUROSIS, even if they really don't sound like them. Powerful yet lengthy songs that drone on and on pulling the listener into a varied landscape of sound, and then quickly whipping you upside the head with a full-on blast of rage and force. Their "Seminar III" CD is just one long song of the droning ambient stuff. In all honesty I don't really know why they put out the second CD. The "Seminar III" CD is only 25 minutes of music, whereas the "Seminar II" CD is about an hours worth of material. If anything they should just sell it as a CDEP for less money. But with that small complaint aside, I am stoked to finally hear OLD MAN GLOOM. They supposedly don't play many live shows, but I would love to see them. I am sure it would be devastating! (Tortuga Recordings, PO Box 15608, Boston, MA 02215 / www.tortugarecordings.com)

HANGING ROTTEN - "Demo" Cassette – Fucking rad! This 9-song demo tape rips it hard with almost all the songs being short brutal blasts of mayhem. They slow it down once or twice with two longer songs of some rhythmic EYEHATEGOD style sludge, but apparently like to keep the fucking speed meter pegged with raging blast beats. The vocals are gargling and brutal. And the lyrics are simple and pissed. One of the songs contains an almighty total of 13 words for lyrics! I guess they let the music speak for itself. (Hanging Rotten, 153 Duke Street, Granite Falls, NC 28630)

SO WHY WORRY #4 – Zine – Not sure who long this particular issue of this zine has been out, but I know it has been a while. Nevertheless there are solid interviews (though some where a bit short) with GODSTOMPER, TOMSK-7, FROM ASHES RISE, MRR's own Hirax Max, Be A Freak Records, DILLENGER ESCAPE PLAN, DEAD BODIES EVERYWHERE, MURDER SUICIDE PACT, BURIED ALIVE, LAS CRUCES and BOY SETS FIRE. I liked the fact that the interviewer asked questions like "If you could give a vital organ to save a life, whom would you give it to and would you even care to be a donor" and "Have you ever thought of or committed the act of suicide?" Those are good questions that gives really good insight into the person being interviewed. And of course there is a review section, touching on all things grindy. Not a bad issue, but I am curious if there is one that is more current? (Gil Russell, PMB 774, 160 North Coit Road, Richardson, TX 75080 / grindcore_gil @hotmail.com)

CORRUPTED – "La Victima Es Tu Mismo" EP – Now I know you are asking yourself, "does the world really need another CORRUPTED record?" Well of course we fucking do! This time CORRUPTED keep things rolling with two more songs of savage doomcore. It is all slow and painful, with some gnarly throat mincing vocals. They just steamroller you with a combination of a hissing guitar, hypnotic bass lines and strong drumming. Sheer fucking power! They always rip hard and if they are actually still a band I think it is about time for another tour in the USA! (View Beyond Records, c/o Pavel Tusl, PO Box 26, 34901 Stribro, CZECH REPUBLIC / vbeyond@atlas.cz)

"Fuckin' sack of shit, you don't fuckin' get it. You cannot disguise your fuckheaded kkkristian lies. Anti-Homosexuality? You're fuckin' shit to me. Your god is dead (we ate what we couldn't fuck) rotting in your head."

SWALLOWING SHIT - "Christian Metal"

As always thanks for reading my mental gibberish. You know the drill: PO Box 13085. Berkeley, CA 94712. Email me at xgoatcorex@hotmail.com.

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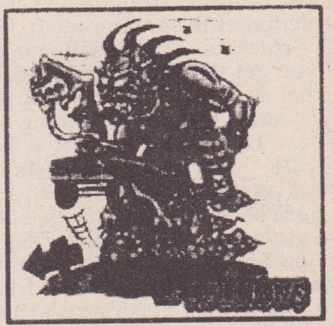
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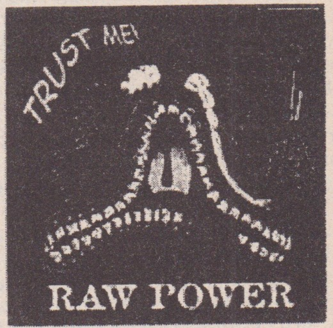

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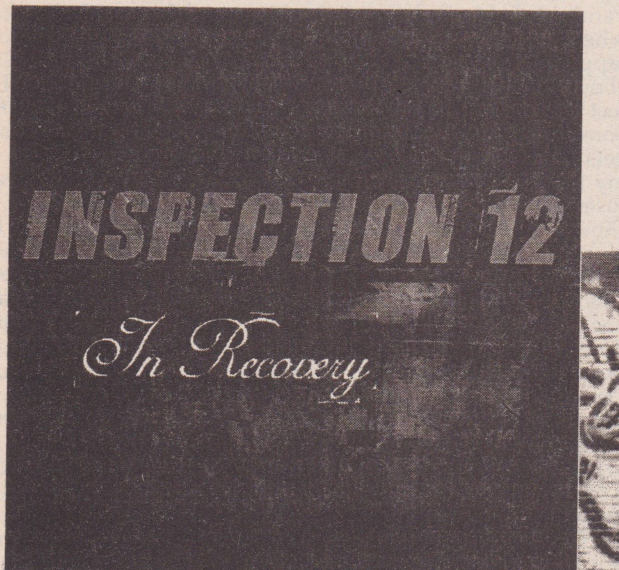

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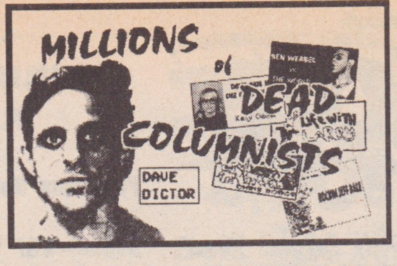

Carmen Selectra

Well I turned three years clean and sober yesterday and I am feeling pretty good. Feeling hopeful and such and staying clean isn’t as much a challenge as is my fight to stay as creative as possible, and not let myself get too sedentary with work and school. I decided to call the hospital that I did my rehab with. Two things about moving away from where one has been a drug addict. One is that you don’t run into your old drug buddies and those places you’d meet up with your drug of choice. Those “triggers” as they say in the biz. On the other hand, your not around the people you went through recovery with. I really bonded very tightly with many of the people I recovered with. I miss them and wonder where they are all the time. One person I think about all the time is my mulatto drag queen friend, Carmen Selectra. In rehab, some of the more straighter people would be uncomfortable around her cross gender lifestyle. They would try to object to her flashy skirts, her exotic makeup, to her being there with her cross gender perspective. She would snap her fingers and wave her hands slowly back and forth and declare, “ Honey, you don’t know everything.” She was great and fearless and our recovery group was split into two camps the phobes (non gender bender appreciators) and us. The phobes were mostly men, mostly in their forties and older. Carmen’s people were mostly the young and middle aged females and myself. Carmen and I were the freaks and those middle aged gals were quite the cagey lot. They were scripts (pills) people. They did Vikadin and Valium and other pain killers.

Part of rehab is copping to how low, you did go, in the pursuit of your drug of choice. Carmen had plenty of sex with stranger stories, and I exposed myself as the guy who did drug deals with my son, at the movies, at the library and exposing him and other of my loved ones to danger, police surveillance and getting our house tossed and searched, those types of tales. These women had long elaborate scams going on with the ten or so Portland area hospitals involving fake accidents involving themselves and their children who would help them pull off these scams. They would teach they children how to fake pains for the scripts mommy needed. Carmen and I would listen to these stories shake our heads and grin. We had nothing on these middle aged women who needed what they wanted. These confessionals were supposed to make one feel guilty but that was lost when Carmen would declare “getting it on girl.”

At the Adventist Hospital Rehabilitation Center we were only allowed to watch one hour of television a day. When on drugs, I avoided tv like the plague. Happily to this day I believe myself to be rather selective on what I watch. In rehab, I was turned onto E.R. by Carmen and the other women who had never missed an episode of this hard hitting dramatic show about young doctors, fighting for people’s live in the trenches of a Chicago County Hospital. Carmen could go on and on about the storylines, the subplots, the sick family members, broken and current relationships of the staff. Who used to see who and what happened to their relationship. She loved Dr. Mark Green, the wire rimmed, selfless, up and coming star physician who sacrificed his marriage and family for his job. His father, long estranged, visits and is soon found to be sick and dying of cancer. But meanwhile he meets an English woman doctor, they fall in love, she becomes pregnant and they buy a house before it is diagnosed that Dr. Green has, yes, brain cancer. And it’s a terrible scare, but he is able to beat this as well. This would seem absurd if it wasn’t so riveting to us fans, surely I’ve been sucked into this matrix. These are Carmen’s people and I”ve bonded with it. And it pleased me to hear Selectra say and as well realize she could sense my range “she could see me being a doctor on this show and that when I got cleaned up that I might consider becoming a doctor”. Well to this day I’m obsessed with E.R. Oh I know it’s not as good as in the old days with George Clooney, as Dr. Doug Ross, the headstrong woman’s man who often is at odds with the administration of the hospital and their cost cutting, stuff shirt ways. He can’t handle it in the end and as we know he moves on to a movie career in Hollywood and takes Juliana Margoyles (the popular and big hearted Nurse Carol Hathaway) with him. The show is truly hurting without them but as long as Dr. Green is saving lives at the E. R., I’ll be there for him.

Well, I called the rehab hospital the other night and I spoke to Nurse Betty, who is the head nurse over there and she was excited to hear from me. “Honey your still clean she said to me. Yes I am Betty”, I replied. “ Well that is sure good.” We exchanged some chit chat and gossip and I asked about Carmen. She said she hadn’t seen her as of late and that she heard she was back on the street. Oh well, I thought. It really made me sad though. I hope she is alright. It’s not so much if she’s using or any of that but just I miss people. I miss a lot of people who I’ve known and loved through the years. I hate this meet people, fall in love with them and lose touch with them thing. Anyway what can you do?

Well its Thursday night and if you are an E.R. fan than you know it’s our night. I’m getting into the show wishing I could be with some of my old E.R. buds but I’m not. I’m alone at my parent’s house watching the show solo. Living with my parents, takes on a whole set of neurosis, most of which have nothing to do with me. It has to do with them and seeing how people who have been together for decades and decades get on with each other. At times they can be so irritated with each other. Even when they agree about something they seem to disagree about why. It can be tense at times. My mom wonders out loud to me if she has done the right thing, being in this imperfect relationship. I love them both, and I totally agree, it is an imperfect world. I’ve had a hard time keeping a relationship going more than for a few years nevertheless five decades. Anyway, ten minutes into the show my father decides to join me. I love the man. He’s 79 years old. He’s letting me live at home while I finish my master’s degree, save some money and get ready to shove off with my kid. Every now and then he asks me to do a chore where basically I’m holding a flashlight for him while he talks to me about things going on with his grandchildren or one of my other brothers. Its very sweet and is a nice thing for me to be able to do. But every now and again he gets grouchy over some media thing or another. Last year he pointed his finger in the air and told me my civil rights buddy was up to no good again. Soon I was to learn my ol buddy is Al Sharpton. News to me but I silently listen to his diatribe about some New York City political thing. Weird my father is this old liberal but every now and again he gets a hair up his butt and goes off on the decline of the western civilization tangent. So I’m in the middle of my lonely E.R. episode and my dad drops in on me. This is not when I want to deal with his need to vent but I can’t control this. After a moment he is looking at me, pointing his finger about my white haired rapper buddy. At first I think he is referring to Vanilla Ice. My kid loved the Teenage Mutant Ninja movies when he was 6 years old. But as he talks about a video about a rapper spitting on people’s french fries, I realize he’s talking about Eminem. True another one of my son’s heros I think. I correct my father and tell him it was onion rings not fries. Sometimes I can’t resist a cheap shot even with loved ones. He gets red in the face and my mom decides to rescue me and asks my father to take her to Sears down the road to pick up some fuses. Off they go, I’m glad I can watch my show in peace. The show is an old one where Dr Doug Ross (George Clooney) begs Nurse Hathoway (Ms.Margoyles) to give him another chance. “You’ve had your chance”, she reminds that charmer George Clooney. He begs that, “he was so much younger and immature back then,” (such a clever come back I think). After being turned down by his ex and being told by a top boss, a cold hearted, head of pediatrics that he is getting his walking papers, Dr. Doug on the way home spots a kid drowning and stuck in a storm drain He risks his own life in a heroic effort that saves the child’s life and wins back his job by the another spineless, self serving, top administrator that for publicity reasons can not let a hero be fired. And its so ironic because these young health care people are truly heros every night. The show ends, Dr Doug tells Dr. Green that he’s gonna tell these phonies just what he thinks but at the last minute, thinks the better of it, after Dr. Green begs him not to throw away his career. It seems so ho hum as I explain it but if you knew these people the way Carmen, my old gal friends from rehab and I do, then I believe you’d truly understand.

So I soon realize my parents quick trip to the Sears is taking longer than I thought. I wait about 30 more minutes and then I hear their car. When they enter I realize they are irritated with each other. My dad had left the car lights on when they went into the store. So when they returned it was to a dead battery. Sears was closing and low and behold a young man with bleach blond hair, just like you know who, stopped and asked if they needed a jump. My father had started to say no when my mother overruled him and insisted on getting the jump start from this young man. They got the jump start and home they came. My mom also can't resist a cheap shot and she had to remind him that you can't judge people by their covers or their bleach blond hair look alikes out there. My poor father just quietly took it. Then my mom did something that shocked me a bit. She snapped her fingers, waved her hand slowly with her finger in the air and said Joe, "you don't know everything."

Hey you my old friend write me!!! at mdcops@hotmail.com or P.O. Box 142., Glen Cove, N.Y.,11542

CrimethInc. Workers' Collective Bullet-in

"We have planned too frequently on not having enough and not enough on having plenty." —Raoul Vaneigem, *The Book of Pleasures*

Recently I was talking with an older friend of mine, Richard. He was telling me about his barnstorming adventures in the 1970s, when he had quit his job and the airforce, had fixed up an old biplane and had gone field and farm hopping across the Midwest summer selling $3 rides. Most people had never seen a barnstormer except for a few old timers who remembered the pre-WWII barnstorming golden days. The most common comment he received was of course, "I wish I could be doing that." And invariably Richard responded, "Actually, you can." This would make the passenger uncomfortable naturally, but Richard was insistent. "Only a lucky few can live like that," they would say, "The rest of us have to work—we have responsibilities." Telling this story Richard commented, "According to these people, adventurous, exciting lives are like Snickers bars. There are only so many Snickers in the world, and you have to work to have money to buy the Snickers and then free time to eat it, and if you're eating a Snickers bar you're one of the lucky few, because the rest of the world is so hopelessly poor they'll never enjoy that candy bar. So they see adventurous lives the same: only a lucky few can afford these "vacations;" perhaps the independently wealthy or the upper-class or a few vagabonds skirting their "responsibilities," who God will surely punish in the end. But, Finn, let me make it absolutely clear, adventurous lives, not "vacations," but true adventures, are nothing like Snicker bars. The Snickers company and travel agents and deodorant salesmen and an army of corporations and employers will try to convince you that there is only one way to see the world of things around you: Scarcity. But what I've considered the most important things in this wide world refuse to obey the economy of scarcity, no matter how we might pretend otherwise."

For days and weeks after our talk, walking around town I thought of what Richard said about adventure and scarcity. I knew he had a good point, but I had a hard time articulating what I felt. And what else escaped the capitalist law of scarcity besides adventure? Did he mean emotions, like love, or other things as well? I thought about my own adventures, the most exciting moments of life, and certainly I could see that generally economics had played only a minor role. Sure, if you can't imagine adventure or excitement beyond a tourist trip, it's difficult to see how economics can recede to the background. But generally the most exciting moments in my life were when I was "poor" and traveling and simple supply/demand/purchasing power shifted to something more like generosity/luck/skill. Clearly it takes little imagination when you are hungry to think of going to the supermarket or a restaurant to find food. But if you don't have a job and no money and you are on the road, then indeed some imagination is essential. It's the same trying to find a place to sleep, not to see the possibilities in terms of available hotel rooms, but in the generosity of strangers or to realize the endless amount of sleepable places all around us, from building tops to bushes, which at least for those of us raised in bedrooms, we never knew how to see before.

Richard was talking about a different way of seeing or interacting with the world. I sat down at my desk and attempted to sketch out a diagram of what I was learning: How imagination connects to our ability to *see* the Resources around us that help us achieve our Wants and Needs. Punk rock is about this process, about imaging new ways of interacting with the world. Dumpster diving is a good example: food that is considered "waste" by capitalism is recovered and reapplied into often delicious meals, scraps of wood become tree houses, a hundred tossed Blockbuster tapes become the first run of a radical video—and all for free! Merely some skill and ingenuity and a little luck on the punk's part, and presto, trash is turned into treasure. But punk was also applying this interaction to travel: thousands of punks roam the Earth every year, staying on strangers' floors, forging bus tickets, sharing food in distant lands, playing music and sharing life, not because of some economic motives, but rather because of a simple interest in making the world anew.

Next I went to the library and looked through a stolen stack of books on "Scarcity." Most of them were tiring and useless, but there was one gem: *Stone Age Economics*. The first essay, "The Original Affluent Society," was especially interesting. Anthropology generally considered Paleolithic Man (that is hunter/gatherers) to be the "poorest" of all stages of human development. It reasoned that because these primitives were constantly moving, either to follow animals or to leave the diminished supply of fruits and roots and nuts to seek out more, they had no opportunity for accumulation of possessions, nor "free time" for the development of "culture."

However, the author of *Stone Age Economics* sketches a different view: rather than look back from our late-capitalist, bourgeois perspective, where primitive man has simply failed to learn the technology of advancement (agriculture, etc.) yet, and thus is "impoverished," to instead attempt to see the Paleolithic world through Paleolithic eyes. To do so, he sought out a number of early 19th century proto-anthropology texts, where mostly European travelers kept some sort of record of their visits with "surviving" Paleolithic communities. Notably, the only places where such communities were still existent were the most difficult places to survive: rainforests and deserts. The evidence collected by these Europeans is fascinating. Life, even in these extreme climes, was far from "brutish and short," but was on the contrary a society of *leisure*. Aboriginal groups in the Australian outback were observed to engage in any "labor" (chasing animals/ gathering plants) on an average of two to four hours a day. The rest of their time was spent sleeping, gossiping, whittling, and eating. The "work" was hardly related to our modern conception of labor, but rather was something that embodied a combination of physical and mental skill that was, well, pleasurable. In fact the aborigines did not distinguish between "work" and "play" at all. Clearly these "primitives" were not worried too much about subsistence, but why not? As it is so neatly laid out in the "The Original Affluent Society," Paleolithic Man wasn't counting on not having enough. To his eyes the forest, which surrounded him and of which he was always a part, had "plenty." There were always enough acorns or deer, it was just a matter of using some skill and "luck" to acquire them. As one European wrote, "A pristine affluence colors their economic arrangements, a trust in the abundance of nature's resources, rather than a despair at the inadequacy of human means." This is called Abundance.

Somewhere along the way, a sedentary alternative to the nomadic hunter/gatherer came into being, crop cultivation began, and with developing techniques, so did the accumulation of material goods. In the process an important shift occurred from being in the world to having *things*. Paleolithic man had nothing. What is there to "have" when everything in the entire world is considered yours? Why hoard mangos, when there are mangos all over? A Neolithic man toiled in the field to produce a surplus, while his chief had a whole goat herd, which was more than the one paltry goat he owned. But owning one goat was certainly more than his neighbor, who only had a chicken, had. And if you have a chicken, that means that your neighbors have one less chicken: scarcity. And those hunters? They had nothing, barely the clothes on their backs.

Two distinct ways of seeing the world existed alongside one another. As has been clearly demonstrated elsewhere, the "logic" of agriculture eventually "progressed" into its present form of late industrial capitalism. Meanwhile hunter/gatherers tutored by life and not by anthropology *rejected* the Neolithic well into the last century, with all its attempts to own the Earth coercively, in order to *keep* their leisure. Although surrounded by cultivators they refused to take up agriculture themselves 'mainly on the ground that this would involve too much hard work.' The !Kung bushmen responded to the Neolithic question with another: 'Why should we plant when there are so many mongomongo nuts in the world?' True, one couldn't always have the 'luck' to find mongomongo nuts everyday and for a time people would go hungry, but even the hunger had a certain pleasure, because one never knew what tomorrow might bring. When there was food they feasted, when there was hunger they laughed at their suffering. The !Kung were not simply restraining their material desires or taking some cultural vow of poverty. The words imply a suppression of desires never really broached. Economic Man is a bourgeois construction. It is not that hunters and gathers curbed their materialistic 'impulses'; they simply never made institutions of them.

Our society and economy practically function on these 'institutions.' From day one we are taught to think in terms of *lack of* and *work*. Everything is seemingly regulated by Scarcity: Our love relationships are plagued with the idea of limits and diminishing returns and investment. Joy is desperately guarded as we brace for the return of toil and banality. Time is parceled off and sold to the highest bidder or else is lost in the hustle. Every day the Earth is quantified a little bit more by someone trying to carve it up and sell it to you. And your piece? Well, you'll have to work for that. Our society institutes scarcity, in a manner completely unparalleled and nowhere else approximated. Where production and distribution of all the things once 'ours' are arranged through the behavior of prices, and all livelihoods depend on getting and spending, insufficiency of material means becomes the explicit, calculable starting point of all economic activity.

Consumption is a double tragedy: what begins as inadequacy will end in deprivation. Bringing together an international division of labor, the market makes available a dazzling array of products: all these Good Things within a woman's reach – but never all within her grasp. Worse, in this game of consumer free choice, every acquisition is simultaneously a deprivation, for every purchase is a forgoing of something else.

Yet scarcity is not an intrinsic technical property of means or resources. It is rather a *relation* between those resources and ends. Abundance is simply a different, equally real relation between means and ends.

Punk has made some important steps in its movement away from thinking in terms of scarcity and limits and instead considering *possibilities*. Everything we have achieved and our future successes depend on our ability to create possibilities. Playing the 'it's impossible' game gets one nowhere, at the best it gets you conciliatory Snickers bar. So! As far as I understand this, it will encompass at least these three things:

1 A reassessment of the world around us. We must always attempt to see all objects and opportunities, especially the most mundane, as possible resources in changing and interacting with the world. Imagination will play a crucial role in this. If anything is truly unlimited and 'abundant' it's Imagination – priceless. This also means that nothing is off limits for pillaging. Let's be brave enough to take the best pieces, even from our worst enemies, let nothing escape our heretical inspirations: Religions, histories of China, movies, books, Old Radicals, bit of poems: take what we need for today and run with it.

2 A reconsideration of our materialistic desires. Punk has developed a substantial critique of this so far. Well done, let's continue! It's a difficult issue, because from day one we are taught to be possessive of everything, to hoard and hold things, people, good days, memories. We cling desperately as it all slips through our fingers. How many records can we own, and does it really make sense? All our attitudes of *having* would do well to be scrutinized. How poor we become the more we have.

3 A re-fusion of work and play. Many of our societal responsibility feelings will be challenged by the idea that we demand total pleasure in our efforts: pleasurable means, pleasurable ends. But Leaving toil behind and trusting our wits and luck in the forest might be difficult as well though. Aren't relationships built on hard work? Doesn't food get put on the table by the sweat of the brow? Helping one another live in a toil-free world is very important element in beginning to build our lives and trust on Abundance. I'm not suggesting our lives will or should be free of suffering and heart-ache, hunger and loneliness, only that they will be easier to bear and learn from. They to shall continue to be building blocks for the 'other' world that we are learning to live in more everyday.

Abundance surrounds us and creeps up through the cracks with sly kids in supermarkets, wild kisses in the night, in dumpsters, in kindness, hitchhiking, in abandoned fruit orchards, laying on a grassy hill side with a book in your hands, water from a stream, and in cool breezes on hot summer days. We don't have to be breaking our backs in these fields, despite everything they say to convince us otherwise and all the whips cracking. All around us the forest awaits still for any one to dare to remember the field can be left behind, to set out and to trust her luck.

-Finnegan Bell
CrimethInc. Hiking Club
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PS: The latest and last issue of Inside Front, #13 is out and will keep you busy for a long time. This one comes with a comp CD. To order see Gavin at www.stickfiguredistro.com

REWIND
erin yanke
po box 1115 portland, or 97207

Let's start off with a big thank you to Doug and Jacqueline for taking over the column for months on end. I was away from the big ol pile of demos, at an adult job in Chicago. But here I am, back again...

ALISON RANGER play emo and alienated music, with changing tempos, the screamer vocalist, and the more talky vocalist. The piano player makes this band stand out more from their contemporaries, and makes the songs even sappier. The CD cover is beautifully printed. ($6 PPD, 6 songs, lyric sheet. 1110 Cotswold Lane, West Chester, PA 19380.)

BEND OVER BACKWARDS play a combination of slow and thick, sonic crusty stuff that busts out in the middle of the songs to the fast part, you know, about three hundred sixty beats a minute. Also, maybe the low E string is tuned low to get even darker notes out of the thing...Two guys switch off on guttural vocals, like BY THE THROAT or bands of that sub genre. The recording is great. (6 songs, lyric sheet. 815 NE Emerson, Portland, OR 97211.)

THE BLUE BLOODS are a guitar centered basic punk band, not too fast, not slow. Musically very similar to the DEAD END KIDS. The vocals are the shouting singing style, gruffer than LEATHERFACE but same sort of style. Lots of wo-wo-wo's in the back up vocals. They've got English pub-punk influences. (11 songs, no lyric sheet. 22 Clinton Ave., Danvers, MA 01923.)

ERIK CORE is a guy playing acoustic guitar and singing, sometimes with back up vocalists. Really political and really good, this guy reminds me of Tommy Strange, with less cigarette smoking. Maybe it's just the anger, the working class themes and the song about San Francisco. He calls it acousticore. (15 songs, no lyric sheet. P.O. Box 21470, Oakland, CA 94620.)

THE HALF EMPTIES are reminiscent in THE FREEZE "Guilty Face" e.p. but with better production, and vocally they have the same effects and tempo as NAKED RAYGUN had. Powerful and catchy and really good. ($5 ppd.12 songs, no lyric sheet. 110 E. Dale Ave #3, Flagstaff, AZ, 86001.)

HUSTLER have a rock sound that is just barely too raw for commercial radio. In one of the songs they change from a 4/4 to a 3/4, you know, waltz, time, and one song has stops and starts. That's about it for experimentation, which is not a problem unless you're going to compare yourself to NO MEANS NO and THE MINUTEMEN. Lots of guitar solos, super upfront vocals. (2.5 Pounds, plus 75p. for postage. 4 songs, no lyric sheet. 16 Vicarage Road, Southville, Bristol B53 1PD.)

MAGILLA GUERRILLA play a thrashy, hard, and very well recorded hardcore, with vocals that are deep and pissed but understandable. They've got the "guitar solos as punctuation" going on, keeping them short, though. As a bonus, it's good to see people were already prepared to start the anti Bush propaganda war. This demo's called Snipers...Wanted, with the crosshairs aimed at the left temple of ol George W. (7 songs, no lyric sheet. P.O. Box 1271, New Haven, CT 06505-1271.)

NORTHERN LIBERTIES has a feeling like a one man band 4 track project. It might be because there are a lot of effects on the instruments and especially the vocals, which are sort of spoken singsong style, but in a big ol cave...reverb galore. The music is catchy, and reminds me of early WIRE stuff (the bass sound specifically) but more raw, maybe like WIRE'S practices. (13 songs, lyric sheet. 218 Buckingham Pl. Philadelphia, PA 19104.)

THE SEX MACHINES are a midtempo basic punk band in the rockaroll style, some flashy guitar work, and solid rhythm section. They've got mean guy vocals, deep voiced and not really singing, they're raunchy and satanistic. ($10 ppd. 16 songs, lyric sheet. P.O. Box 56, Pine Island, NY 10969.)

SKULLKRUSHER are super raw, fast hardcore with throaty deep vocals that are spit from the singer. Sounds like a basement show, and I mean in the best possible way, with that energy actually captured in the recording. My copy came with a zine called MANGELSLAKT,which is great, focusing on Pacific Rim hardcore in this issue. I don't know if yours will or not. ($3, ppd. 9 songs, no lyric sheet. P.O. Box 197, Steger, IL 60475.)

SSION have a second demo out, the vocal style seems equal parts riotgrrl and NATION OF ULYSSES style, with the music being more influenced by the chaos and simplicity of the English bands of that time, let's say HUGGY BEAR, for example. ($2. 6 songs, no lyric sheet. P.O. Box 591,Lewisport, KY 42351.)

SUICIDE MILKSHAKE are a pop punk band, that remembers the punk. Good girl singer, and full of oh-oh-oh's. They include a little venom in the songs, too. (4 songs, no lyric sheet. 20 Northland house, Queensdale Crescent, Nottington Hill, London W11 4TL, England.)

SUMATRA DRAGONS are a straightforward rocking band, midtempo and simple. This sounds great at the end of a hard day at work while drinking beer. A blowing off steam sitting around kind of band, not like when you're pissed off at your parents and you need something offensive (to them) to feel better. (10 songs, no lyric sheet. 13055 56the Ave. S, Tukilla, WA 98178.)

VIRTUALLY UNKNOWN MODERN DAY HARDCORE BASTARDS is a comp. tape that comes with the zine On Fire For Christ #2. Apparently the Escondido scene is going strong. This comp features THE DIXIECRATS, who play catchy punk, with real messy trashy parts appearing somewhere in every song, COLOSTOMY BAG is super high in the throat screaming noise vocals over the metal guitar riffs of the darkest hardcore, and the fast fast drums. They mix it up a very little bit. THE 12's are more straight forward, simple and fast with snotty vocals, maybe one of the choruses is " You can eat my fuck". Maybe not, but it sort of proves the snotty vocal point. CRIPPLED MONGOLOIDS are really good and thrashy, hilarious "skateboarders are wankers" sample. DISREALITYYOUTHHELLCHRISTBASTARDASSMAN, well, this is where the send quality of the demo takes a big drop, the cymbal is a beware of dog sign, and that's all I can hear in the recording... CATTLE DECAPITATION sounds industrial, maybe it's the vocals which sound really processed, and then the screaming starts in earnest. Real drum heavy sound with them, too. You can hear the guitar mostly when it's the only instrument playing. INVOLUNTARY VASECTOMY CAMPAIGN just start moaning and screaming, something's being hit, but who can tell what the fuck is going on. Fun to play possibly. ZERO TOLERANCE TASK FORCE sound almost poppy after listening to the rest of this tape. The first song is sort of midtempo, the second is thrashy, and one of my favorites on this tape "Drug test, first test I ever passed." The mix varies through out the song, though, with the drums totally dropping out in parts. Their last song is acoustic guitar and singing, but not hippie shit..."I wish I was an abortion".The last band is TOTAL OATH ,poor recording of a G.I. song, but there's a story to it. I won't spoil the surprise, though. (Trade only. "No currency or postage will be accepted as sufficient trade"suggestions include a mixed tape, or your own zines or demos. 25 songs, no lyric sheet. P.O. Box 278, Carlsbad, CA 92018.

The basic rules again, my friends, demos only, nothing that's going to see the light of day in another format. Also, I can't send you a copy of the issue your review is in... I just can't do it. Send your demo tapes and cd-r things straight to me to avoid the 6 month backlog of seeing your review in print. And a big thanks to the Chicago Punks for making our stay there more like home than it could have been, and again to Doug and Jacqueline for holding down the fort here. Now go make some music...P.O. Box 1113, Portland, OR 97207.

My Mother
Wears
Combat Boots
Jessica Mills

This month's column was written by Danielle Kay, a most kick-ass mommie who also happens to have the cutest mommie tattoos I've ever seen.

You can contact her at ssadiestar@aol.com.

Other punkparents, keep getting in touch. The more voices in this column , the better. Contact - yardwideyarns@hotmail.com OR P.O. Box 12839 – Gainesville, FL 32604

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I can remember my mother explaining to me that after her and my dad's divorce, she thought no one would ever want to date her because she had luggage. What a weird way to describe my brother and me – luggage. I always thought of my step-dad as being this great, noble man because he married my mom even though she had luggage.

During my own pregnancy, many of my single mommie friends told me how they felt guys would never want to date them because they had kids. I can somewhat remember agreeing with them – thinking men didn't want to deal with kids who were not their own.

I think the only one who disagreed was my friend Amber. She told me that if a guy likes you enough, he will deal with the situation, regardless of how he may have felt about kids before.

I'm not sure if it was my mother or my daughter Sadie's dad (who also told me that no one would ever love the mommie side of me) who made the notion stick in my head that no matter what guys had crushes on me, they wouldn't want to go out with me because I had a kid. I refused to believe that any guy was ready for the responsibility of my Sadie and me.

So when I started dating Tom, I was apprehensive about everything. I kept stressing to him the seriousness of dating someone with a kid and that there were certain things that I wouldn't be able to do because Sadie came first and foremost. I told him that there would be times when I would feel like I would be stopping him from doing what he might rather be doing and stopping us from what we might rather do.

He gave me constant reassurance that he would rather be hanging out with us.

I remember being angry because I thought it was unfair I had to worry so much about how Tom felt about Sadie while her father could just date whomever and not have to worry about "the luggage" because he only saw Sadie a few days a week.

Over the past year, my opinions of men dating women with children have changed a lot. I now know many great guys in our community who love kids and who wouldn't think twice about dating a woman with kids.

I don't know if I consider this something noble like I did for so many years with my step-dad, but I do look at it as men in our community working towards a better future that starts with our kids, whether the kids are biologically theirs or not.

—Danielle Kay

Pantywaist liberals may be afraid to say it, but not me: David Horowitz is absolutely right. Black Americans have been getting special privileges for far too long. What kind of society puts quotas above equality? Preferences above equal opportunity? Certainly not the America envisioned by the Founding Fathers, who owned slaves but we're not talking about that now.

What we are talking about is this: It's time to stop giving blacks special treatment.

For instance, did you know that there are *entire sectors* of the economy where there are far more African-Americans than whites? It's true. For instance, in the burgeoning *fast-food sector*—run by the highly-profitable McDonald's, Burger King and Wendy's corporations—a higher percentage of African-Americans are gainfully employed than actually live in their respective communities! The same shameful fact is true about the always-vibrant field of *sanitation engineering*—whether you're in a bus station or a sporting arena, that magic broom or mop is more likely than not being pushed by an upwardly-mobile black man or woman. Everywhere you look, there are professions *almost entirely dominated by blacks*. Home-care attendants, dishwashers, those guys who poke at trash with sticks alongside the freeway, you name it—all of them beneficiaries of this sickening special treatment. How long are us whites going to put up with political-correctness masquerading as free-market economics? I don't have kids, but if I did I might absolutely *demand* that he or she enjoy the same privileges as their supposedly "oppressed" African-American fellow citizens.

Speaking of kids, black people enjoy *special schools*. It's true, you know. Black people get to attend all-black schools located conveniently *in their own communities*, where their children are coddled with discriminatory *special programs*. When a whole classroom shares a single textbook, black kids bond with each other. And with 30 to 40 kids per class, that's a degree of high-volume bonding white kids can only dream of! Unlike their white counterparts, who are forced to suffer the rigors of homework and whose eyes suffer endless pain from the glow of computer monitors, African-American schoolchildren are footloose and fancy-free. In fact, they're even encouraged to drop out at age 16—giving them an extra two years of freedom to work their *special jobs* thus gaining invaluable experience! Many white kids—the *truly* needy, one might say—come into the work force at age 21, only to find themselves completely locked out by savvy young blacks with five years of experience.

Even more amazingly, did you know that *hundreds of thousands* of African-American men enjoy *free housing*...with *free meals* to boot? That's right—your federal, state and local taxes go to fund the ultimate pork-barrel giveaway, just so that blacks, for whom slavery ended 136 years ago, can live for *free*...in many cases without even working! As with their *special schools* and their *special jobs*, a much, much higher percentage of blacks are admitted to these programs than their proportion in the general population. And this *free government housing* is incredibly safe—it's so safe, in fact, that not only can no one break in but the residents themselves can't leave! As a white person, I demand that this despicable practice be stopped at once!

Last but hardly least, the same government agencies that run the disgusting free-housing-for-blacks boondoggle provide the ultimate in *free healthcare*—a privilege enjoyed by only a few whites! Yes, as usual, blacks get this *ultimate solution to all health problems*—all in a single, painless shot—administered absolutely free, and *special quotas* ensure that a far higher percentage of them than they deserve will continue to receive it. What did blacks ever do to deserve this "special treatment," as the German government used to call it? *Absolutely nothing.* Blame the same old white bureaucrats, worthless old codgers who refuse to see that this country can't keep treating people differently merely because of the color of their skin.

Fortunately, things are slowly improving. On May 16, a white man, a European-American as David Duke would call him, will become one of the rare members of his race to experience the free health-care plan so often meted out to blacks. In this era of discrimination, Timothy McVeigh will become this century's Rosa Parks.

I've fucking had it with these special privileges!

BOOK INFO:

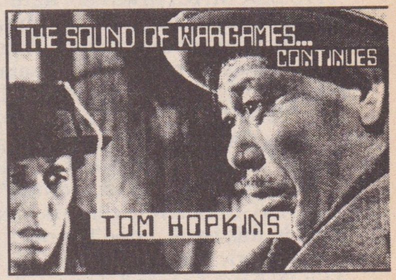
I have two books coming out in May, available both at your local comic shop and online:

"2024", a hardback 96-page graphic novel (NBM Publishing), updates George Orwell's "1984" to the present in a similar format to 1998's "My War With Brian." You can check out samples pages of "2024" at www.nbmpub.com.

"Search and Destroy" (Andrews & McMeel Publishing), a paperback 160-page collection of my cartoons from 1995 to 2000. These are the same cartoons that run in MRR.

If you want signed copies of one or both books, send $16.95 per copy of "2024" and/or $10.95 per copy of "Search and Destroy" plus $3.95 priority mail shipping FOR EACH BOOK to: Ted Rall, PO Box 2092, Times Square Station, New York NY 10108. Remember—books come out in MAY, not before.

I'll also be doing a book tour this summer; please check here and rall.com for dates and cities.



Nagging, shit mouthed, do nothings with a useless half-baked hatred for everything. They've been wearing me down, friends. This frustration led me to truly enjoy a conversation found at the mcsweeneys.net website. You'll have to dig around some in the archives, but there, in all of its lengthy glory are good points aplenty from Dave Eggers and Jonathan Letham.

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Trackstar (PO Box 60, Forked River, NJ 08731) follows up the CLOCKS CD with some more fuzzed out rock'n'roll. The HOLLY FALLOUT EP is backed with organ pumping (keyboard that is), blown stacks of amps, and a bit of a dandy feel. BLUES EXPLOSION, INTERNATIONAL NOISE CONSPIRACY, and MONORCHID. Meaning: sassy, momentum, and timing.

Are the PINE getting EVERGREEN comparisons for botanical reasons? Wait, I'm cracking myself up! There are the soft expansive guitar tones and the right hustle in the bustle. At times there is the faintest country twang, which doesn't cause a slow down, or even register for that long, but does make me smile. On top of it all is a vocal croon that has every damned good thing that the HATED loved about HUSKER DU. Motherfuckin' self released as well (2624 Aberdeen Court., Bakersfield, CA 93306).

Talking about, writing about vocalists that push emotion without syrup leads straight to the WAXWING "One For The Ride" LP (Second Nature, PO Box 11543, Kansas City, MO 64138) for which I was happy to shoot a money order off to Ebullition. Their first LP was among the best of 1999, this will have a spot in our brave new century. Moody, beat up, but hopeful guitar interplay, rich bass and drum rhythms. I've already written about the vocals. "Kill The Messenger", a song from their first EP with "most people your whole life will be in between" and "will I become engulfed with all I did or did not do" is born again.

The sneaky turkeys at Nice Transportation (322 B West Bessemer Ave., Greensboro, NC 27401) had me ready for a good cry when I pulled their "Paint By Numbers" comp EP from its screen printed manilla envelope sleeve. SHORTROUND gives up a little teariness with their extremo-screamo to pretty boy singing, but the rest of the comp has AUTUMN 80 and PENNIES ON A RAIL tweaking the bass and timing of nasally Britemo at different speeds, and a mixtape masterpiece of early 80's hardcore from STOMP RECREATIONAL CHOIR. Anti-patriotic star spangled banner pledge of allegiance breakdown, GO!

JOHN BROWN BATTERY has the pep pill JAWBREAKER guitar and vocals of SMALL BROWN BIKE and

PANTHRO UK, meeting melodic movement and narrative lyrics. Their three song EP (World Won't Listen, PO Box 1681, Auburn, AL 36831) needs little toot my own horn critical analysis. A great listen that takes key helpings from the last years of the 80's and 90's.

Many, many RED SCARE releases in the most recent end times. Their first LP on Hand Held Heart and their 1999 performance at Gilman are my favorite RED SCARE creations. As I've gushed before, rolling thunder. The three releases I've got in front of me are still full of left to right rusty sawing between the guitars, thick pulsing bass, and resonantly snappy drums. So, they haven't mellowed but their sound has become frozen tundra expansive. The "Strangers Die Everyday" LP (Hand Held Heart, 24445 Lisa Kelton Place, Newhall, CA 91321) gives 24 inches of roaming room with songs that viciously blow up early THUMBNAIL and HARRIET THE SPY between ultra arty stoner electronics.

Well, the more I think about it, the "Jetset" EP on Paralogy (PO Box 14253, Albany, NY 12212) is wound up tight and pops straight through. Unlike your mom, the songs here aren't fooling around all over the place. The song on their side of a Sound Virus EP (PO Box, 55783, Valencia, CA 91385) is quite the hostage take of "Send Me An Angel." RED SCARE owns the song now, leaving only the "woo woo woo" for REAL LIFE.

On the same Sound Virus EP are two TRUE NORTH songs. TRUE NORTH, as *everyone* knows, features ex-members of this and that. They are from Florida and don't miss the opportunity to turn the November Y2K water cooler ballot box nonsense into a tightly written shaker that I'm not sure if I understand. Is it about living our lives (yea!) or tail chasing electoral politics (boo!)? Song two "Single Fin Mentality" is definitely a wake up smack about living. The music is full of grooves, a bass and drum stew that guitar noodles bubble through. Distinct vocals, so most will recall the songs long after my pedestrian observations.

Is it ok to say that TOTAL SHUTDOWN bored the shit out of me live, playing too long with over baked Spiv freakouts? Tell me what you think after listening to the three live takes of the same song on the Zum (PO Box 4449, Berkeley, CA 94704) and Thin The Herd (Box 7452, Olympia, WA 98507) split with BOXLEITNER. The song has growling muppet-core for 15 seconds to jangly guitar tweak (UOA) and back and forth and back and forth. BOXLEITNER=hand claps, shrieky dual vocals, garage sale electronics, and steady drumming. Don' worry, Zum put out a great CD by INTIMA and the VAZ LP on Thin The Herd floored me.

The FLASHBULB MEMORY/JOSHUA FIT FOR BATTLE split LP (Revolutionary Audio, revolutionaryaudio@yahoo.com) is a benefit for Z magazine. 550 copies. I find that peculiar. I find FLASHBULB MEMORY's side getting played repeatedly. There's loose guitar jangle in the intros, plenty of mid-tempo movement, occasional guitar drone, and great flashes of aggressive vocals and distortion. Lyrical craft flexing with pop-culture and historical references. JFFB is crunch as always and not as muddy as past efforts. Vocals barked over dramatic guitar walls that crash down at various speeds. They're pissed, hostile, and ready to lash out, but taking their time with the hammer to make sure that the message makes it through the skull.

My first day back at college, after a semester in London, Bill Fantegrossi demanded that I listen to the HONEYWELL LP. I couldn't sit still and immediately told him it sounded like they were using a vacuum cleaner while smash/crashing through their high speed herks and jerks. Getting the record was a top priority that was easy enough to accomplish at the time. Soon after, others weren't as lucky. Now, I think everyone is lucky, because there is the first edition on Mollycoddle on Ebay, the silk screen horror of the Belladonna version here and there, and the most recent busted typewriter and ink drawing edition on Automatic (432 S. Main Street #7, Los Angeles, CA 90013). Folks, one of the top ten emo releases of the 90's. "We all feel a little broken glass in our bladders from time to time, oh never mind, it's just baby Jesus."

BREATHING WALKER was (deep breath) MOSS ICON plus others including a violin that was a 1990 cassette only release which is now a vinyl only release (Vermin Scum, PO Box 22202, Baltimore, MD 21203). Six tracks, several being MOSS ICON songs. At the center are the rhythmic tones and staccato vocals of middle/late MOSS ICON with additional modern primitive percussion and strings between classical and Appalachian. An emo improv jam session?

Split LP with OFF MINOR and I AM THE RESURRECTION (Level Plane, PO Box 280, NY, NY 10276) for side flipping fun. OFF MINOR twists the air tense in the studio. Blood pressures ease off and pump up erratically amongst the players for a frantic listen. Charismatic guitar tunefulness with sweeping repetition, but none of the droning repetition that has become a must have. Vocal trades, a seeping bass, and quality fast/slow. I AM THE RESURRECTION doesn't ever ease off. Shrieking vocals that bark along with the bass at the breakdowns and choruses. Rumbling guitar distortion pushes through at speed leaving the accompanists in hot pursuit. Lyrics from vague to direct: "posing and stage direction make for such a good show. . .standing in front of you could be staring at a wall if they told you it was cool." I know you are, but what am I?

Level Plane also commits the last four wheezes of MAKARA to an EP. Actually only one wheeze, since three tracks have no vocals. MAKARA wasn't around long, but they've got quite the legion of fans. The dawn of screamo with towering guitar fuzz, tin pan drums, stuck pig vocals, and the all eyes on the floor (or ceiling) soft interludes. There has to be a CD discography in the works.

Someone's son and someone's daughter scream and sing for TURN AROUND NORMAN with crisp and authoritative voices. Precisely timed run throughs of emo fury that ease into muted guitar chug or starlit night interludes. That's the music, on red vinyl, accompanied by a booklet detailing TURN AROUND NORMAN's political personals, in the ever classic screen printed manilla envelope. ($3:Waiting For Jamie, PO Box 1085, Morgantown, WV 26507)

The ALL ELSE FAILED 10" (Creep, PMB 220, 252 E. Market Street, West Chester, PA 19382) begins with fucked feedback, giving ears a preview of the damage ahead. Pounding screamo-violence that has hints of Hydra Head. ALL ELSE FAILED has all of the power and the same bleak outlook of a band on that label, but loosen up on the delivery. Makes for a great rattle. Three songs, each one opening up once or twice to full grow an atmosphere of despair before hacking it up with the strings.

Videos. Three videos from BiFocal Media (PO Box 50106, Raleigh, NC 27650). Folks, I'm not the biggest fan of watching live videos due to these common flaws: 1) boring bands 2) terrible sound and 3) camera operators insisting on filming from the middle of the crowd. BiFocal Media 1) has a higher percentage of interesting bands 2) doesn't improve on the sound problem and 3) always films from up front or on the stage. "Actuality of Thought" presents such starlets as PROMISE RING, PIEBALD, SPAZZ, and 400 YEARS. Each segment is preceded by a creative visual announcing the name of the next band. This technique is fine tuned in "Whistle of the Missile" which trades band performances (12 HOUR TURN, PARTY OF HELICOPTERS, CONVERGE, CRASH SMASH EXPLODE [*who happen to be on a BiFocal split 12" with SECRET LIFE OF MACHINES. CRASH SMASH EXPLODE do all that their name suggests but also open up songs to smoothly delivered crooning surrounded by a churning bass and weaving guitar. Hey, Stevie Wonder, THE SECRET LIFE OF MACHINES has secondary vocals and a heap of deliberate, returning guitar riffs with tweaks, methodical drumming and bass pump. And haunted house organ pipes.*] and more) with short films from a number of people.

The other BiFocal video cassette is a documentary approach to the wind down of BRAID titled "Killing a Camera." This video has 1) a highly entertaining live band 2) fantastic sound and 3) a number of cameras working at once. Live performances, informal/formal interviews, and a welcome amount of music video cheese. Plenty of crowd shots, suggesting that folks from Illinois are rather squirrelly looking.

THE LOCUST's "Flight of the Wounded Locust" EP (GSL, PO Box 178262, S.D., CA 92177) is a well oiled tornado. Electro-mayhem blows into a hot wind of shriek/bark. Result=a swirling (oscillating, even) abuse of ADHD crunch. Side two is the three minute plus eye of the storm which is a terrible metaphor, because hurricanes, not tornados, are known for the eye of the storm phenomenon.

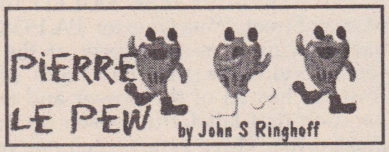
For those column readers who still enjoy grinning and dancing by themselves, meet the self released ADVERSIVES CD (PO Box 1104, Boise, ID 83701). No, this isn't goofball stuff, just imminently catchy with strong bass intros and an occasional melodic guitar drive that Floyd would describe as music that "moves." You know, hustle.

One, two CD comps this cycle. "Kampai" (BiFocal) is art damaged rhythm from LADDERBACK, MONOCHROME, CRASH SMASH EXPLODE and SEROTONIN with curve balls. The melodic anthems of STRIKE ANYWHERE (!) and the brutality of STAMMER. "Summertime" is a benefit comp to send kids to summer camp where they can get wedgies, mosquito bites, and a funny rash on their nether regions. Pack your toilet paper if you don't know what poison I've looks like! Screamo-veterans TO DREAM OF AUTUMN, USURP SYNAPSE and JOSHUA FIT FOR BATTLE join with others. SCARLET LETTER and LYCOSA. ($6: PO Box 145, Hope Valley, RI 02832).

Last minute review: I just got the FORSTELLA FORD/LIFE DETECTING COFFINS split LP (Level Plane). FORSTELLA FORD knocks out some punishing technical hardcore that can downshift immediately to a just off kilter brooding. I really need to pick up their CD on Mountain. Steady grooves on the two LIFE DETECTING COFFINS songs. The first has a walking bass line that routinely but suddenly gets hacked to death by guitar. Number two is a crunchy guitar struttin' groove that jangles through sung off key choruses. Sweet mama.

Top 5 of the column: WAXWING LP, PINE EP, BREATHING WALKER LP, FLASHBULB MEMORY/JFFB split LP, HONEYWELL LP.

Please keep me up to date, you miserable whores. Send records, tapes, cds, and zines to: PO Box 11661, Berkeley, CA 94712.



SISTERS ARE DOIN IT FOR THEMSELVES! That's right girlfriend! It's time we said it loud and we said it proud! Ack! It's Monday! Mondays are the WORST! That ain't gonna stop us girlfriend! HELLO! God can somebody PLEASE get me some chocolate? I mean I need it but DO I REALLY NEED IT? HELLO! I might as well just slap this fudge on my thighs because THAT'S WHERE ITS GONNA END UP ANYWAYS! ACK!

Gossip time! Hello! Tom and Nicole broke up! He's MINE! Attention Tom Cruise! Brad and Julia? A couple? I bet they had SEX! How about those Temptators from Temptation Island? Give me a few minutes alone with that hunk Danno and I'll be covered in CUM! But what about that Tom? Who cares? DANNO! DANNNNNNNNOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Danno! Danno takes what Danno wants! Danno is the alpha male! Danno only cares about one person! Danno!

OSCAR TIME! By the time this comes out the Oscars will be over so I thought it'd be fun to give you MY Oscar predictions! Best picture: Steel Magnolias! Best Actor: HELLO! Clooney! Best Actress: Meg Ryan! Did you see You Got Mail? Adorable! Fucking goddamn Christ shitting adorable! Too bad her costar was that fat blob Tom Hanks! Hello? Is this bad casting I'm speaking with? It is? Great, I'd just like to say HELLO WHAT WERE YOU THINKING? Best supporting actor: Benicio Del Toro! Arrrribaaaa! Undale undale e-i e-i uh ooooh! I don't know what movie he was in BUT WHAT A GREAT NAME! 'Hola senor my llamo Belicio Del Toro! Matador y romancer of women!" Toro! Toro! Best supporting actress? That adorable little Crouching Tiger girl! Hello! What I would give to fall in love with a mysterious bandit who steals my comb….and my HEART! Wait! Ack! Who needs men! Hey I lost 200 pounds since my divorce….200 pounds of worthless MAN! HELLO! Best supporting actress: I vote for JULIA ROBERTS for her role in Notting Hill! Ha ha ha that Hugh Grant! FORGETABOUT IT! HAHAHAHAHA!

Now its time I brought up a few fucking fashion trends that make me fucking want to vomit all over myself. I CANNOT STAND this whole "glam cutesy metal slut" look. All those fruity Paul Frank t-shirts with little cute skulls on them are fucking retarded. In fact I'm just sick of the whole goddamn glam thing. "Oooh I'm a big glamorous glam-glammy glam star! Look at my ridiculous bedazzled Judas Priest shirt that I paid $50 for at Fred Segals. FAAAART! I'm into being GLAMOROUS! La La La I'm a big fat glitter shitting retard, someone stomp-fuck me! La la la! Look at my shiny boots and my funny makeup! I'm a glitzy STAR who's on top of the world and drinks out of the fucking gutter! Looky loo! I'm dancing on top of the big blocks at a club! Everyone wants to be me! La la la la! My crap is shiny and I rub it all over my face!" THAT'S YOU! GET READY TO FUCKING DIE! YOU DON'T MAKE FRIENDS WITH SALAD! YOU DON'T MAKE FRIENDS WITH SALAD!

Here's the typical goddamn GLAM outfit: some dumb shirt which is either a 'funny' metal shirt from the 80's or some studded shirt that says "lil devil" or 'porn star', or 'slut'. Why not just wear a shirt that says "filthy fucking rapist!" that would be fucking cute too? Anyways then for pants they have some tight ass denim jeans or some red 'molested child' jeans with rips in the knees. Then its tons of jelly bracelets, spiked wristbands, shitty makeup and a haircut that looks like you just spent the night getting buttfucked and you're doing the walk of shame back home. ARRRRRGHHHH!!!! It's boring, it's just fucking booooring and it just makes you look like you're a filthy fucking diseased knobhead. If you're going to wear shirts with skulls on them you'd better at least be tough too. So from now on whenever you see some indie rock nerd sarcastically wearing a Manowar shirt you fucking give them the slapping they deserve. Some of us truly enjoy Manowar's music and ideals. All other wimps and posers leave the hall. 4446 Finley Ave #201 Los Angeles, Ca 90027 <mailto:jringhoff@email.msn.com>jringhoff@email.msn.com. Oh and a few more things 1) HAIL AND KILL, 2) PACIHL MEANS YOU'RE FUCKING DEAD.

BILL FLORIO
Greedy Bastard

There are a lot of miserable people out there. As far as I know I'm not one of them but I was sitting here today thinking of reasons to understand why so many people are so unhappy. No, I'm not talking about people who are dying of horrible diseases in moldy hospitals eating The Bonk every day. I'm just talking about people who are just so unpleasant maybe they should be eating The Bonk everyday. In case you missed some other column I wrote (I think I wrote it anyhow, The Bonk is what emotionally disturbed kids call the school lunch, which they don't eat but my friend Mike who is their teacher and has no qualms of eating chili out of a jar eats every day) I don't expect everyone to understand what I'm talking about but hey you're the snook who started reading this.

Ok, so I had some bouts with depression, I was an overly sensitive chubby kid who didn't like to accept what others thought was cool. I didn't want to listen to Men at Work, play football everyday and watch wrestling on TV. All I ever did was read books and play video games. Once this girl in my class had the same Flintstones eyeglass case as me, and they somehow got mixed up. I didn't realize this until weeks later and I thought some magical force put a twenty-dollar bill, which I could use to play Scramble and eat MikeNIkes for a whole afternoon at The Candy Hut.

So, maybe I had a reason to be depressed, I was fat and had severe hormonal changes going on, and everyone hated me because I didn't really even try to fit in. Ok, the thing is, I eventually snapped out of it. So, why can't everyone else?

As usual I have everything figured out and I'll let you in on it.

This may sound really dumb, but I think most people that are unhappy have only themselves to blame. They like to over think everything until they got an angle where they are the victims. This way they can lay blame on others for their misery instead of trying to make things better for themselves. Ok, it all comes down to how you process information, crap since I want to seem like I'm smart I'm going to have to look something up, hold on a second…

Ok, forget it. If you want actual scientific theory what the hell are you reading MRR for anyway? I just asked my friend Suzanne "Are you generally happy of unhappy?" She said, "Sit that's hard. Generally happy, until I start thinking about stuff." Anyway I asked Sue because I believe she thinks similarly to me. Except she actually went to college in the sense that she had to deal with whiny rich hippie types on a 24 hour basis. Holy shit! I'm working on this Earth Day video for some New York somethingoranother and this NY State Senator Nick Spano is speaking about water conversation and he looks exactly like my grandfather with a better wig! Anyhow, Sue is a computer programmer, and when she runs into a problem you have to think like a troubleshooter. You have to pull out all the working parts to figure out which part is broken. Deduction followed by identification of the problem and then everything works. I used to fix tape recorders and I still fix everyone's computer, so I've trained myself to think the same way. If I have a problem, I think about what is wrong, how everything got messed up and then I fix it. If I can't fix it I use a work-around. I don't smack the thing (well not often anyhow) and I don't throw it out and buy a new one (unless my boss is paying) Actually once I called this company Videonics about this crappy video mixer they make and the tech support guy told me to smack it. Anyway, if I think about the problem too much things start getting weird. One time after screwing with a horribly designed machine, bloody fingers trying to get it working til 5am. I started getting creative with reasons the damn thing would freeze up after 5 minutes. I actually started calling the power company and told them legal action would be taken if they didn't keep my voltage within _ a volt of what it should be. This creative thinking didn't get me anywhere. After a good night's sleep I did some research and everything worked fine for a day or so.

Now, I can't give you the answer to how to be a happier person, but here are some tips.

1 Sleep with the TV on, nothing you actually are going to pay attention to, I like the History Channel, idle banter about stuff that happened eons ago that really doesn't concern me and no infomercials to make me feel like cleaning the bathroom with ZAP.

2 Always have some idle chatter in the background. Music, TV loud Air Conditioning.

3 Don't hang around with whiners for more than a few hours a week.

4 Don't eat doughnuts as a meal.

5 Get a dog or a cat to keep you busy.

6 Don't have kids.

Ok, just so you all know, my email is officially bill@candids.com. This is my work address so don't try to goof on me by sending me emails saying your wedding video has gayshiteating porn right after the cocktail hour.

Scott Soriano
Rama Lama Fa
Fuck You

It is almost a cliché to say that rock'nroll was revived by the punk explosion of '77 (or '76 or '75 depending on who you ask). What gets mentioned too rarely is that come 1981, when the word punk received its first modifier -hardcore- something within high energy rock'nroll died.

With the label hardcore came punk's first set of rules. "Real" punk rock, i.e. hardcore, was to be fast and faster still. It was to be political. It was to be anti-religion. The dance pit evolved from an anarchistic bumper-pool table to a semi-fascistic whirlpool.

The art school presence that created both pretentious crap and interesting noise was pushed to the fringe. So were those who held political views that were neither Leftist or anarchist. Religion, especially Christianity, was taboo.

Many of these dictums originated in this very mag, as an expression of the mag's principal founder and chief ideologue, Tim Yohannon. As one of the two nationwide punk zines (Flipside being the other), MRR was able to influence many in the punk world. I received much of my primary education on nuclear war, animal rights, US intervention, Fascism, the Christian Right, etc. from this magazine. Because I am a curious person, I did not rely solely on MRR for my world view. I also did not (and do not) always agree with what MRR calls punk (as determined by its review policy).

Of course what MRR thinks punk changed overtime. As other hyphenated subgenres came into existence MRR either accepted them as punk or not. Sometimes, as with emo, what was punk on Tuesday wasn't punk on Thursday. Those deemed "unpunk" were denied ink and purged from the MRR record archives.

Also, the points of view expressed in the pages of MRR became very similar, if not the same. The punky obnoxiousness, boy's club sexism, and routine use of the word "fag" were tolerated but discussion of politics, economics and religion became more and more uniform.

As I stated above, because MRR was one of the big two zines, it had, and still has, a dominating influence on the worldwide punk rock, and even rock'nroll, scene. Its influence was even more pointed due to Tim Yo's diehard stubbornness and fixed world view. So as punk, hardcore, etc. grew, the ideas Tim had continued to be passed on. Often youngsters who didn't know what a Tim Yo was, were mouthing his opinions on a number of subjects.

It wasn't just the MRR message that was making its way around the punk globe. The black/white vision of the world led to a dumbing down of punk. I don't mean a dumbing down as in your garden-variety, modern-day moshcore song. I mean that for a lot of punks, critical thought was replaced by reaction. Analysis was replaced by slogans. Complex realities were reduced to simple explanations.

Tim Yo and MRR weren't alone in propagating a fixed world view and simple minded reaction. Jello Biafra and Ian MacKaye also had their rule books. Of the two, MacKaye had the deepest influence, a movement grew in response to his song "Straight Edge." That movement has parts of it that are proto-fascist, through no fault of MacKaye's. MacKaye's current band, Fugazi, has also had a profound influence on the politics and sociology of punk.

In response to MRR and Biafra's didacticism and MacKaye's youthful moral superiority came more single mindedness. Unfortunately, the criticism that the troika received was as reactionary in style as the three's preaching. MRR and Biafra were commies and fags and drunken youngsters looked at Minor Threat and said "Fuck that!" while reaching for a cold one.

Black/white is where all criticism starts and ends. There is no "This is why this and that sucks;" only "That sucks." And since there are few institutions that value critical thought -most universities included- there is little or no support in "the straight world" for a culture of criticism.

Perhaps its stating the obvious, but black/white thought is lazy thought. Father than ferreting out the truth for oneself, or at least trying to, the truth is already known because, hell, Jello said so. No need to look further than a piece of plastic that produces noise. Why exercise that muscle called the brain when you don't have to? Punk's "conventional wisdom" will be your guiding light.

So when something like Christian punk starts to become popular, the criticism is limited to "Christians suck." Pushed a bit further, today's critic might elaborate, "Christianity isn't punk." Sharp minds might point out that Christian punk is a Trojan horse, a way to get punks into Christianity. But beyond that, the critics are silent.

Now, I also think Christian punk sucks. However I don't agree that it sucks because the people who are playing it are Christian. While I am not a Christian, I have good friends who are, not the Bible-thumpin' type, but Christians nonetheless. I also don't agree that Christianity isn't punk. I don't think you can define a music that holds so many promises as to what it can be as the slave to any one ideology, Atheism included. And I don't think it sucks just because some of it carries a particular message I don't agree with. There are plenty of secular punk bands whose views I think are idiotic, shallow, humorless, and boring. Check out 99% of the punk bands out there for proof.

I somewhat agree that Christian punk is a creepy subterfuge designed to deliver youngsters to the Lord. But I also realize that for many Christian kids, Christian punk is simply entertainment that their parents won't wig out over. A lot of Christian punk bands are labeled Christian not because of their lyrics but because of the members' and record labels' religious beliefs. Christian punk is also a big money maker. It is commerce.

My reasons for loathing Christian punk are much simpler than those above, perhaps as simple as Christianity sucks. However, my opinions on Christian punk are not based on reaction or some ideological straight jacket. I found out what I found out about Christian punk through research, through science.

First off, I bought some Christian alternative and hard rock comps and waded through them. All in all I listened to over 60 Christian punk or "alternative" bands. Their styles ranged from grunge to emo to poppunk to metal to alterna-country. My listening gave me a bit of a foundation to stand on when I climbed the Golgotha of Christian punk, the Tooth & Nail label.

Tooth & Nail is Christian punk's most successful label, the only one with bands that play Vans' Warped Tour, an ambition of every professional punk band. Tooth & Nail also has bands that tour nationally, often playing secular venues in regular punk settings. For a Christian punk, getting signed by Tooth & Nail is what getting signed by Lookout was for every Ramones-clone band in the 1990s.

Tooth & Nail's regularly-issued sampler is called "Songs from the Penalty Box." I picked the most recent one, the year 2000's Volume 4. Some of the bands on the sampler are The Deadlines, The Dingees, The Juliana Theory, and The Huntingtons.

(A sampler was chosen rather than a regular full-length, because samplers are essentially advertisements for a label and as such a label will present what it thinks are its best offerings.)

I listened to each of the sampler's 22 songs, 90% of them all the way through. And what I found is this: Christian punk is mechanized, cookie cutter rock done in established punk forms. From its muted chords to its gruff vocal intros, it does not break musical norms. There is no excitement. There is no challenge. Nearly every Christian punk band is professionally produced and interchangeable from style to song with some other Christian punk band.

Lyrically, Christian punk ranges from not-so-subtle recruitment efforts to secular boy/girl love songs. There aren't even any over the top, beat you black & blue with the bible religoid freakouts to chuckle over. The words of Christian punk songs are as boring and trite as the music.

Of the 22, cuts on "Penalty Box" only one stands out, The Deadlines' "Death & Life in Rocknroll," a nice organ-driven garage rocker that maybe the only anti-rock'nroll rock'nroll song (Death & life in rocknroll/lose your mind/sell your soul...).

So why is Christian punk soulless? Is it because its Christian? To answer that question, I went into the Soriano record collection and pulled out Columbia Records' "The Gospel Sound," a two-record collection of Black gospel and the closest thing I have to a Christian gospel music sampler.

"The Gospel Sound" has 28 songs by 12 groups or singers. It is also one of the most soulful and rockin' documents of pure emotion that I've heard in quite a while. The coarse-voiced hauntings of Blind Willie Johnson and the absolutely mind-blowing version of "The Day is Past and Gone" are just two highlights on a couple records full of 'em. The Mitchell's Christian Singers raw, minimalist soundings are wonderful. And you know Elvis Presley stole a thing or two from the Golden Gate Jubilee Quartet's 1941 proto-rock'nroll "Jezebel." Nearly every one of the cuts on "The Gospel Sound" proves without a doubt that Christians can rock, many of them much harder than the recent batch of college kids getting "back to the roots."

So if Christian punk's lack of rockin' isn't due to its religion, what's the problem? I looked up to the sky for an answer. I looked to the ground. I looked in the refrigerator (Is that where god is?). Finally, I got off my lazy ass and walked to the local used CD store and started rooting through the samplers. In a couple minutes I got what I came for: Epitaph Records' "Punk-O-Rama #5."

I went home, put the CD into my stereo and in 73 minutes and 32 seconds it all became as clear as the Crystal Cathedral. Of the 28 songs by Epitaph's best, I counted not one good song. Every song was totally-polished, nondescript blandness. Every cut was as predictable as the next Big Mac shoved through some drive-through window. I wasn't surprised by the Guttermouth song. The Dropkick Murphys didn't do anything I hadn't heard them or anyone else do a thousand times before. Even the New Bomb Turks sounded bored. The only shock I got was how bad the Dwarves have become and that, with a few lyrical modifications, smart ass secular punk NoFX becomes Christian punk band MxPx. Other than that all I got from Epitaph was more-of-the-same.

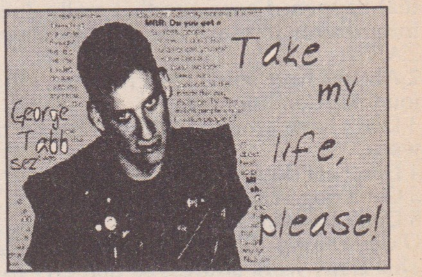
Christian punk sucks because it has no soul. But so does Epitaph punk. Both genre's paint by the same numbers. The total product is just that, product. It is marketed punk. It is career punk. It is mall punk. Its no longer punk of suburban rage but of suburban lifestyle. It no longer pushes the edges of rock-'nroll. It is safe. It is the classic rock of punk - old, boring and worthy of the cross.

That said, there is something worse than mundane music and that is mundane minds. To condemn something solely because it doe not fit into an ideological mold is not just short-sighted. Reactionary thought creates narrow minds, minds that ultimately turn out soulless, automated music, and lives that are as predictable as the next Pennywise CD or the next Killed By Death clone band.

As George Clinton once said, "Free your mind and your ass will follow."

++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++

For answers to life's other vexing questions or if you want to send me stuff, the address is Scott Soriano, 1114-21st Street, Sacramento CA 95814, USA or scotts@sl.net Please DO NOT send me playlists, tour schedules, advertisements and other garbage.



"Should we take the Manhattan or the Williamsburg Bridge?" I ask Evan from the back seat of his black Thunderbird. Up front he is driving, and seated next to him is our old friend, Mykel Board, who recently returned from Mongolia, where he did god knows what.

"We're closer to the Manhattan, so we'll take that," explains Evan, my then bass player and friend who couldn't clean his car if his life depended on it. I was seated on piles of McDonalds wrappers, New Jersey free magazines with sexy metal chicks on the cover, and half empty packages of Cheese Combos.

"The Williamsburg may be more direct," says Mykel.

We both look at him and say nothing. After being in Mongolia for like two years, we know that what ever he has to say is filtered through a brain and body that has survived without door-knobs, toilet paper, and HBO. But he did tell us that he ate Yaks. We wonder what else he did with them.

We wind up taking The Manhattan, get lost for a short while in Brooklyn, then find the brownstone we are looking for. The brownstone where my pal Marc, who used to be in Letch Patrol and Iron Prostate with me, is having his bachelor party. A week before he is to be married. To a girl named Eve. Who is the sweetest thing in the world. We're all kinda jealous.

We climb the snow-covered stairs of the building to find a note saying we should go to the ground level entrance and ring the bell. We do. Over and over. There is no answer, but we hear loud music and voices. Soon it starts to snow harder and harder, and we begin to kick on the door. Neighbor's lights go on. Finally the door opens.

"Hi," I say to some blonde guy who looks totally straight with his button up shirt, and hair parted on the side, "we're Marc's friends. I'm George, this is Evan, and that's Mykel".

The guy looks at us like we are from Mars. Then he yells, "Hey Marc, some friends of yours are here. They look like they're from the city."

I begin to wonder if Brooklyn is actually part of the city. The guy invites us in.

"You guys can put your coats on the bed and then join us upstairs," says our host.

Evan and Mykel take off their overcoats, but I keep my leather jacket on. I'm punk rock.

"You can take off your jacket if you want," says the guy, "it'll be safe."

I explain to him that I like to wear my leather jacket, and that I'm punk rock. He just looks at me and cocks his head in a weird position.

We make our way upstairs and see lots of guys standing around in a kitchen smoking cigars and drinking imported beer. I see Marc from across the room, run over to him, give him a hug, and congratulate him. He hugs me back and thanks me. I truly am happy for the guy. He's my pal. I love him.

After Marc and I talk for a few moments I take a good look around the apartment where this bachelor party is taking place. In the kitchen, where I am, is a bunch of booze. I mean, lots of it. In like big bottles. There's vodka, rum, whiskey, gin, and mixers. Like stuff to make Piña Coladas, sour drinks, and Mud slides, what ever the fuck that is. The Mud Slide mix is from TGIF's. What ever.

Also in the kitchen is a lot of food. Placed all over the place on plates on tables. But it's food I don't recognize. At all. There are these rolled up things that are brown and white. There are these slimy eye-ball shaped objects in a bowl. Then there are bowls full of slime that looks like diarrhea. The kind ya get when it mixes with lots of fluid. The Hershey Squirts.

"Carlos," I say to Marc's good friend who organized this whole thing, "here's my twenty bucks, now where's the real food?"

Marc over-hears me and cuts into the conversation.

"George," he begins to explain, with a big fat cigar in his hand, "this food here is Greek. Cultured. Just what you need."

He leads me over to the rolled up things that are brown and white.

"This here is Greek Pizza," he says, as he picks up one of them for me. I take a bite out of it and it tastes like that crap on Sixth street. I spit out a leaf.

"And this," he says as he scoops up some diarrhea on a piece of pita bread, "is Humus". I taste it. It's not bad. But not great.

I tell Marc that his choice of food is excellent. I say this cause he works in "the food industry". I'm lying of course. He should of had hamburgers. Hot dogs. Pizza. Ten foot subs. For Christ's sake, this was a bachelor party, not a fucking Tupperware party. I want real food when I drink and watch porn. Not this pussy shit. But I'm nice. The guy is my friend. And he was getting married. And besides, I wasn't that hungry after being in Evan's car, anyway.

The other room, next to the kitchen, is like the living room. In there are a bunch of guys smoking cigars and listening to Black Sabbath. And watching sports on television. Again, most of the guys I don't recognize, except for a few that I've been in bands with. And they stick out like sore thumbs. Everyone else looks like totally normal. Like from the midwest, or the south, or something. Buttoned up shirts or clean t-shirts, and nice jeans or slacks and stuff. What the hell was wrong with these people.

Eventually, I pour myself a drink, vodka and Cranberry, The Punk Rock Juice, according to The Blanks 77, and make my way to the television where Mykel and Evan are sorting through a pile of porno tapes someone brought to the party.

"Whatcha guys got?" I ask them.

"We got straight video, fun video, and the animal porn," says Mykel.

"Animal porn!" say Evan and I at the same time.

Mykel finds a video and pops it in. The first thing we see is a dog getting a blow job from two chicks with large breasts. The video looks like it was made in the sixties. I think the dogs haircut gives that away.

"Ewww," says a bunch of guys with cigars in their mouths. But not me and Evan and Mykel.

"Your right," says Mykel, to everyone, "we have to build up to this."

He pops the animal porn tape out of the VCR, and puts another in. We see a guy and girl fucking. Everyone breathes a bit easier. I get bored, and wonder into the kitchen to bet more booze. And to stare at the funny looking food.

About a half hour later, the straight porno tape ends, and Mykel pops in another. Again, a guy and girl together. They are kissing and he is sucking her on her nipples and all that. I tell Mykel it's boring, and am about to walk away when I see the chick drop her skirt. She has a penis. Now this is more like it.

I run into the kitchen, grab a cigar, torch it up, and enjoy a half hour of chicks with dicks. So does Evan and a few other guys. They all keep saying how they'd never do that. How'd they never go down on a chick with a dick, no matter how cute she was. I figure they're lying because they are watching the television so intently.

After about four chicks with dicks, two cigars, five drinks, and about four Greek pizzas (hey, I got hungry), I ask Carlos where the "entertainment" is. He had explained to me earlier that week that he was going to hire a stripper to strip for Marc. I thought it was a nice gesture.

"She's due here at 11:30. About fifteen minutes," Carlos explains.

So Mykel pops in the animal porn. And lots of guys watch. Mykel was right. They had to build up to it.

The first segment we see is like I said before, these two women from the sixties having sex with this dog. One is blowing it while the other watches and masturbates. I get jealous of the dog. I never had a three some.

Next up we see more dog fucking. This time this women with sunglasses is getting it from behind from a German Shepherd. All the guys at the party are laughing and chanting for the dog to "fuck her good". What ever. The dog appeared to be having fun. Finally, like any good porn actor, the dog pulls out, and cums on the woman's butt.

Next, two girls in nun outfits and a donkey. Donkey's have pretty big dicks, if you didn't know. They perform oral sex on the donkey, and then one girl lays on her side, and inserts the donkey's dong inside of her. The Donkey could seem to care less. As with the next scene.

Two more women and a Shetland Pony. One of those mini ones. But they too have large penises. One woman enthusiastically gives head to the pony while the other French kisses it, when it's not eating grass off the ground. Then they switch places and the girl fucks it. Then, they switch again, and the other girl blows it until she gets a face full of donkey sperm. The guys in the apartment cheer.

Next up are the Eels. I ask Carlos where the "entertainment" is, and he tells me he called the service, but that she is running late because her car broke down. So we watch the television.

A guy and two women have a few live eels. The guy inserts an eel into a woman's anus, and the other end of the eel into her vagina. It wriggles around. We all scream, and I feel myself get nauseous. I hate sea food. Then one of the girls takes an eel and sticks it up inside of her. All the way up. It wriggles it's way out. Then she puts it in her mouth, and the other end, in her friends vagina. At that point I have to leave the room.

I return one cigar and Punk Rock Juice later to a guy getting whipped by a woman in leather. He's all tied up, and seems to be enjoying himself. Half the guys in the room have stopped paying attention, and are looking out the window, waiting for the stripper. Suddenly, the woman on the television, takes out a hammer, and nails the guys balls to a ladder. Then she nails his penis to it as well. We all scream. It's scarier than a Freddie Kruger movie.

Next up on the video is this naked guy with a huge hard-on. He starts to masturbate, then takes out a doll. A baby doll. He cuts open a slit on the bottom of the doll and starts to fuck it. Suddenly, all the guys in the room start screaming that this is the grossest thing they've ever seen, and for us to take it out of the VCR. The guy was fucking a piece of plastic for God's sakes. Man. Fucking Brooklyn. Go figure. They'll watch dogs with cork-screws for dicks hump old ladies, but a guy fucking a doll? Doh.

So again we go back to the straight porn, and finally the entertainment arrives. With a big duffel bag and a boom-box. She sets up in the middle of the living room, laying a carpet out and all.

"Hello everyone," says the stripper.

"Hello," all the guys say back, as we crowd around her to watch her act. Actually, I was kinda seated on the couch, a short distance from her. I really didn't want to see her strip. For some reason, that kind of thing always depresses me. For real.

"My name is Danger!" she exclaims.

We all say, "Hello Danger!"

She inserts a tape into the boom-box and starts to dance around. She is wearing underwear, a bra, high heels, and nothing else.

"Who is the groomie?" asks Danger to the crowd.

We all look at one another. What the hell is a "groomie?"

"Who all is the groomie?" she asks again.

Evan whispers to me that she is asking for the groom. Marc.

I announce that Marc is the groom. She goes over to him, grabs his hand, and drags him to a chair she has placed in the middle of the room.

"This is where the groomie sits," she says, as she puts a cape around his shoulders, and a crown on his head.

Marc looks extremely embarrassed. I turn away, feeling for him.

"Okay groomie," she says, as the music is blaring, "I'm gonna let you smell my pussy".

At this point, Marc, completely red, gets up and walks away. We all yell for him to sit back down, but he won't. I don't blame him one bit.

Danger now looks all confused. Her groom has walked away. We sense the confusion, and elect Mykel Board as the "stand-in groomie".

The next thing we know Mykel is seated in the chair, cape on his shoulders, and crown around his neck. He has a small head.

"How many of you wanna see how big my pussy is?" asks Danger as the music continues to pulse away.

Lots of the guys raise their hands. I puff away hard on my cigar, hoping it will make me pass out so I don't have to witness what I'm about to. No such luck.

Danger lays on the floor and spins around, showing everyone how wide she can open herself up. I swear I could see her tonsils.

The next thing she does is bound and gag Mykel in leather, and lead him around the apartment like a dog, explaining that this is what happens when someone gets married. I look at Marc, his face is still red, but now less so. I smile. He smiles back.

Danger then gives Mykel some toilet paper, and tells him to wipe himself. He does. I'm really afraid of what I'm about to witness next. She takes out some handy-wipes, cleans his ass up a bit more, then puts a condom on her tongue, and licks his butt. I make my way to the kitchen, quickly, and down another PRJ.

When I return, Danger has started everyone saying, "Bad bad boy, nasty, nasty boy! Bad bad boy, nasty, nasty boy!" as she hits Mykel with a whip. Everyone is saying this and I add my voice to the crowd. It was kinda fun.

"How many of you know what a foot-fuck is?" asks Danger.

I raise my hand, and then tell her it is when you fuck a girl with your twelve inch pecker. She just looks at me, confused.

"A foot-fuck," she says, "is this."

She takes off a sock and shoe from Mykel.

"You have a small foot," she says. We all laugh.

Danger then puts two condoms on his foot, and inserts the whole thing into her vagina. Mykel puts his head back in sheer ecstasy. Evan asks him how it feels, and he says, "good".

Next, Danger throws the cape over her and Mykel, and says she is gonna give him a blow job. We all can't believe what we are witnessing. Her head starts bobbing up and down, and we hear Mykel groan. It figures Mykel would get head in front of everyone. He's that kinda guy.

Suddenly Danger throws off the cape and we see Mykel laying there, with his giant penis, erect, standing straight in the air. It takes us all a few moments to realize that we are not looking at Mykel's dick, but a dildo. We all laugh, as does Danger. Then start the "Bad bad boy, nasty nasty boy" chant again.

"How many of you have played pussy baseball?" asks Danger.

We all look at her puzzled. What the hell is she talking about.

Out of her duffel bag, Danger withdraws a baseball bat. She gives it to Marc.

"Come on Groomie," she says, "you can play some pussy baseball!"

Marc drops the bat on the floor, and warns all his friends not to take any pictures of him even near her.

"Well," says Danger, looking at Mykel, "you gonna do it?"

We all start chanting for a D.H., and Scot, my ex-singer from Iron Prostate picks up the bat.

Danger explains to Scot that he is to kneel five feet in front of her, and that she'll be the pitcher, from up on the chair she was crouched on, and he'll bat.

Scot stands up, kind of drops the bat and grabs her breasts. Then asks for a cigarette.

Danger pushes him away, and again explains for him to kneel on the floor. He again grabs her breasts and asks for a cigarette. We all boo, and say we wanted a D.H. A Designated Hitter. Not a Drunken Hitter.

Scot continues to paw at Danger, and finally I grab the bat away from him, and volunteer to be the D.H. I was never really good at baseball in school, but I figured now was a chance to redeem myself. Playing pussy baseball, what ever the hell that was.

"Kneel down there blondie," said Danger to me and my hair. I did so.

"Now get ready to swing. Remember, three strikes and you're out!"

I took the bat and banged it on the floor several times. Like I see the pros do on t.v. I wanted to be like them. At that second, I wished I had some chewing tobacco.

"Get ready blondie," Danger said to me as she started to grind her hips around and around. I stared at her, and her pussy, wondering where the "baseball" was.

Suddenly she threw her hips forward, and this red thing comes shooting out of her vagina, making a "fwwoooppp" sound. I swing at it and miss. It lands on the floor next to me. It is a tomato. This woman was shooting whole tomatoes from her vagina. Pussy baseball all right.

"Ready for strike two?" asked Danger, pitcher for the other team?

I tapped my bat on the ground, spit up some phlegm, due to my lack of Skoll, and nodded to her. She took a tomato from her bag, covered it in this lube stuff she had in a bottle that she also used for Mykel's foot, and a dildo she had Mykel stick up her ass earlier. Then she put the tomato up her pussy.

Around and around and around her hips went. I watched her vagina intensely, waiting for that pitch. Waiting for my chance to knock the ball out of the park, and hit a homer for that poor kid who was in the hospital, dying. Damn it, this homer was for him.

Danger thrust her hips forward, and out shot the tomato. Low and to the left. I didn't swing. Ball one.

Again Danger covered another tomato with lube, and inserted it. Again I got ready to hit that ball out of the park. As Danger grinded her hips, everyone started to chant, "George, George, George, George!"

Danger's hips went forward and out shot the tomato. A perfect pitch. Suddenly everything went into slow motion. I swung the bat, and it connected squarely with the tomato. It kind of made a squishing sound. I could hear everyone chanting as I followed through with the swing, and watched the tomato sail above Danger's head, barely clipping it, and fly out of the park. Or at least across the living room. It was then I heard the theme song from "Chariots Of Fire". I stood up, baseball bat held above my head, and screamed. Then I ran around the carpet, being sure to touch all the bases, the whole time, with the bat in my hands, and a smile on my face. I had done it. Hit a homer. I gave that dying kid in the hospital his final wish. George Tabb, pussy baseball champ!

When I tagged home base, which was about twenty four inches from third, everyone slapped my hand and chanted my name. We all threw our hands in the air in victory, then everyone gave me a round of applause. Even Danger. She ruled.

Next up was Evan, who, on the second pitch, hit a line drive to her crotch. It made a loud sound and I could tell it must have hurt. We decided it was a ground rule double.

Carlos was last to bat. On his first swing he popped out. Mykel actually caught the tomato. He actually touched it. It figured.

Finally, for the end of her act, Danger took a bottle of beer, and uncapped it.

"How many of you know what a dush is?" she asked us.

We all looked at her. Stupidly. We were ball players. Not English majors.

"A dush is how I clean my pussy," said Danger.

"Oh, douche," I said. I had seen enough Summer's Eve commercials.

"Douche, dush, whatever. I'm gonna clean my pussy with beer," explained Danger.

She then instructed Carlos, the best man, and Mykel, the stand in "groomie" to take off their shirts. Stupidly they did.

Danger then inserted the full bottle of beer into her crotch, and emptied most of it.

Mykel and Carlos kneeled before her. Shirtless. And clueless.

She then told them this was the grand finale. And it certainly was. Like that thing at that park where Yogi Bear lives, she shot this geyser of beer out of her vagina, and all over Carlos and Mykel. They got soaked. With pussy beer.

Danger stood up, bowed, and we all clapped wildly. As she was getting dressed, we all shook her hand and told her what a great show she put on. She told me I was a great "pussy baseball hitter". I felt all warm and gushy and stuff inside.

Later, as we were preparing to make our way back to the city, Evan asked Mykel where he got the bottle of beer Mykel was drinking from. Mykel explained he had found it on the counter and it didn't taste too good, but that it was beer. Evan then told Mykel that that was the beer Danger had used for the "dush". Mykel shrugged his shoulders and kept drinking it. He didn't seem to care. Evan went on to explain that the beer was non-alcoholic, probably used to avoid yeast infections. Mykel spit out the beer and yelled, "no wonder this stuff taste horrible." Punk Rock.

Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:

1 This party was several years back. Marc is now happily married and has kid named Daniel! Yay!

2. Mykel probably already wrote about this in this magazine.

3. Is it me, or do all those EMO bands sound the fucking same?

4. Is it me, or do all those Limp Bizcut wannabees sound the same?

5. Is it me, or do all those PUNK bands sound the same?

First Rule Is: The Laws Of Germany

Those talented Oi! men from Japan YOUTH ANTHEM have a great new mini-album out called "Wind of the Void". This shit continues the excellent Oi! music that these young Japanese punks have been creating since 1995, when they made an appearance on the Various Artists album *Follow No Leaders* on Nat Records. Oi! fans have followed YOUTH ANTHEM through a string of victories starting quite a while ago with the Knockout [Germany] Records release of the first single "Standing Point". YOUTH ANTHEM had a smashing success with their MCR company split 7" with THE DICK SPIKIE and THE DISCOCKS. This band is one of the best Oi! bands from Japan currently playing live shows. YOUTH ANTHEM prevails by combining melodic Oi! phrasings with solid 80s UK punk style music. Listen to YOUTH ANTHEM today! Very good!

THE DICK SPIKIE have a brand new mini- album out called *The Birth of Dick Spikie* . THE DICK SPIKIE are a rough and tumble punk band. These guys have been slogging along in the punk-rock trenches since way back in 1997. In 1998 the MCR Company issued *Transition Period* which featured THE DICK SPIKIE, THE DISCOCKS, and YOUTH ANTHEM. 1998 also saw the release of the first *The Dick Spikie* 7"EP on Bronze First Records. Later that same year, the band was to release their first 12" on Helen of Oi! Record. In 1999, Straight Up Records issued the *Bollocks* 7"EP by THE DICK SPIKIE, while Helen of Oi! included these Japanese punks on the Various Artists compilation *Punks ,Skins and Herberts* . 1999 was also the year that Pogo 77 Records issued the Various Artists CD *Punks are Fuckin Lunch* which contained some material by THE DICK SPIKIE. In the year 2000 Straight Up Records released the second album *Let's Start from Incomplete* . Charged Records out of New Jersey included THE DICK SPIKIE on V/A *Punks Unite*.. Straight Up Records found room for THE DICK SPIKIE on the various artists CD *Pogo and Oi!chestra*. The new mini-album contains: "Please Forgive My Selfish", "Good Feeling Holiday", "Alive", "Tax", "For You", and "Xmas Song". Good shit!

SLANG from Japan has a brutal heart-attack of a hardcore fest available for you rock n' roll monstrosities. The album is called *Skilled Rhythm Kills*, and this shit is incredibly hard and loud! The Japanese know rough and furious punk/speed-core and this Straight Up Records release attacks you mercilessly!

Another hardcore gem from Straight-Up is CRUDE with their new album *Attitude*. These punks plow through "Stand and Fight Again", "Over the Wind", "The Scum Selled One Self", "Never Give Up Will Power", "Positive Will", "Human Feelings", "True Bravery", and "Low Light Soul of State". This is melodic speed-metal/punk with deep shouted vocals. Very good! Very powerful! Listen to this!

Leprock Records has a damn good CD ready for you skins and punks! The band is SKINT, from Dublin, and the new CD is called *Thru the Bottom of a Glass*. This is another dose of punk influenced Oi! music done with conviction. These Irishmen have a fast paced melodic Oi! undercurrent adorned with saxophones, excellent guitar playing and superior harmonies. SKINT hammers you with the power of their instruments while the blood curdling vocals bring you to your feet! The band drops numerous bombs on your head with songs like "Nothing to Prove", "Dead of Night", "Murder", "All Hell Breaks Loose", "Listen to Me", "Here Comes the Weekend", and finishes with two traditional Irish numbers: "Celtic Tiger" and "Monto". "Thru the Bottom of the Glass", the new SKINT CD, is filled with the expected mix of top quality punk and Oi! and it has the added benefit of tenor and alto saxophone accompaniment. The traditional music that finishes this CD reminds us of SKINT's roots and sets the stage for more traditional Irish music by the likes of THE DROPKICK MURPHYS. Order your CD from that up and coming Irish label Leprock Records. Ballinclogher Lixnaw, County Kerry, Ireland, www.leprock.com.

Dave from Punk Core has a UK punk extravaganza for you hapless Chaos punks. The new CD is THE VARUKERS, *The Riot City Years '83-'84"*. This CD is the first in a Punk Core "Classic Chaos" reissue series. The VARUKERS have been playing their rough hewn- spikes and leather punk since the early 80's, and they continue to do so today. This *The Riot City Year* s CD contains the *Bloodsucker* LP, the *Another Religion, Another War* mini LP, the *Die for Your Government* EP, and the *Led to the Slaughter* EP. The material included demonstrates the power of this great band from a truly great era of punk rock. Bands like THE UNSEEN, ENDLESS STRUGGLE, THE VIRUS, DEFIANCE and the CASUALTIES amongst others, all owe great debts to THE VARUKERS. This is an essential CD for all punks - you save lots of money by avoiding the highly collectible [expensive] original records. Write to Punk Core, PO. Box 916, Middle Island, NY. 11953. Email: info@punkcore.com.

Ethan and Reality Clash Records from Dana Point, California, presents those melodic Swiss Oi! meisters the VANILLA MUFFINS! The boys have another taste treat for you Pop n' Oi! fans this month! Colin, Ian and Edi Jr. have crafted a sweet collection of fifteen well-honed beautys. Some of the tunes have more oomph! than others. "Ultra Fine Day" has a pretty decent kick! "Ladies Choice" has a surging guitar line that catches your attention right away. "Never Ask About That" has a fine pop-punk feel to it. "I Wanna Be Somebody" and "She's Not My Age" might conjure up memories of a RAMONES riff or two. "FCTS" finishes off the CD in good measure with some solid Swiss sugar Oi! Write Ethan and Reality Clash Records for the Vanilla Muffins CD at: PO Box 491, Dana Point, CA 92629*0491.

Keep an eye and an ear open for Reality Clash Records release #107, due in May. This CD will feature BATTALION 86, with their *And the Spirit Survives* CD. This 14 song debut has been described as similar to early AGNOSTIC FRONT or CONDEMNED 84.

Reality Clash #108 will be the great TERMINUS CITY from Atlanta, doing a ten song CD with 8 exclusive tracks plus live JOHNNY CASH and HUSKER DU covers. This is due out in June. Stay tuned to this space for more information on Reality Clash Records.

Transparent Records has a bulging CD treat for you fucks! This mother fucker is crammed with good tracks from the GC5, the DIRTYS, the BUMP-N-UGLIES, the GERIATRIX, BEEFCAKE IN CHAINS, and more. You get excellent artwork from one of the living masters at painting punk-skulls, Mr. Gaither. While we are talking about Transparent Records, you must check out the FARTZ new EP on Transparent. (Complete with a bad-ass police/pig skull cover by the aforementioned Captain Gaither!). Yes, we are talking about those FARTZ from the halcyon days of early eighties hardcore. You get fucking Blaine Cook from THE ACCUSED on vocals. Fucking punk as fuck! Side "A" rips through "Gotta Brain", "Death Merchants", and "Police Force". Hold onto your fucking helmet - side two commences with "Iron Fist" by the supreme Gods of War: MOTORHEAD! This is a great 7"! Get it now from: Transparent Records, 6759 Transparent Drive, Clarkston, MI 48346. On the web: transparentrecords.com.

Pure Punk Records from Parma, Italy has an interesting new split 7" EP for you guys. The ROTTEN BOIS get things cooking with "77, 82" which has good sing along choruses and prominent deep vocals on top. The "77, 82" song is slow and melodic, but on song number two the ROTTEN BOIS slam into "Kaos" with a hardcore vengeance. This fucker takes no prisoners! Strong punk rock - not for the weak-hearted!

Side two of this new Pure Punk Records release is some happy-go-lucky pop punk supplied by the TWINKIES. This super refined power pop has more in common with THE JAM or THE CHORDS than WRETCHED or NEGAZIONE. You might hear an inkling of a RAMONES harmony in "Unite" if you listen really hard.

Two very different types of bands on one top shelf new label. Write to Pure Punk Records, c/o Alex Bagatti, Via Passo Di Badignana n.16, 43100 Parma (PR), Italy. Email: abagatti@tin.it. For a punk and Oi! catalog contact: http://members.xoom.it/purepunk/.

THE HOOKERS from Lexington, Kentucky have another slab of diabolic black hearted punk-metal for you heathens! This new nine track satanic-mess-around is entitled *Equinox Beyond Tomorrow, Volume One.* This is some heavy handed hard rock for you graduates of the MOTORHEAD/TURBONEGRO school of evil music. Mix in some vintage SLAYER and VENOM nastiness and you got THE HOOKERS! The band blitzkriegs through "You Told a Lie", "A Horse Named Misery", "Hard Rain", "Black Magic Stallion", "Burn Witch Burn", "Slash Your Face", "Outlaws Prayer" and more! Relentless! Heavy hitting metal tinged rock n' roll for you stout hearted types! Write to: Devil Doll Records, PO Box 30727, Long Beach, CA 90853.

Way back in 1999, GBH [Grievous Bodily Harm] from England toured the US and Canada with BILLY CLUB from Dallas, Texas. Hello Records has issued a six song document of that tour. It's called *Punk Rock Ambulance* and GBH starts off the party with the title song. Next you get "Three Piece Suit", followed by "Happyville USA". All solid punk rock tunes. BILLY CLUB comes out swinging with their first song, called, appropriately enough, "Punk Rock Ambulance". This tune has a little different twist on some of the same perils of touring in a punk band. Next up BILLY CLUB do "Necrophilia" and finally, "Drug Party in 526". The younger band compliments GBH really well. This is an interesting slice of memories from what was probably a memorable tour for both bands. This is essential if you were at one of the shows. Contact Hello Records at www.hellorecords.com; info@hellorecords.com.

Boom [Legion of Doom] and his IDIOTS have a brutal fast metal- laced hard core CD out on Beer City Records. This is how hard punk rock comes out of Michigan. Furious beats driven by manic drumming and crazy sped up guitar assault. Amidst all that clamor and clutter a couple of damn good melodies emerge. "Mad Canadian" is a stand out tune about the perils of heroin. "Biting Nails" has a great guitar riff pinning down a solid GG ALLIN type of punk song. "Mental Prejudice" has a hard and heavy rock n' roll momentum that will appeal to LIMECELL fans. "Violent Thoughts" gets the adrenaline flowing with deep and gruff vocals and real good guitar parts. For the finale, the IDIOTS cover "Union Driver", originally performed by SICK PLEASURE - truly a heavy duty punk rock dirge. Contact the IDIOTS at 241 6th St. #202 B, San Francisco, CA 94103; boomidiots@hotmail.com or through Beer City Records.

Beer City has another sloshed out, punk-as-fuck CD this month from a bunch of veteran rockers from the UK called RED FLAG 77. This rocking slice of fresh meat is called: *A Short Cut to a Better World.* These guys have been kicking around since 1990 and first issued this CD in England in 1998; Beer City has added two new songs. This is competent journeyman punk-rock played with feeling. The roots of this sound goes back to the eighties wave of English bands, populated by some stars like, CHARLIE HARPER and the UK SUBS. The melodies and guitar hooks are there and the songs chug along nicely. The singing is flavored with a good amount of the English accent that is very popular with American street-punk bands. Give this one a spin. Write to Beer City Records, PO Box 26035, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, 53226-0035.

First Round Productions is bringing Holidays in the Sun to San Francisco for you fucks! Hell yes! Here's the official line-up of confirmed bands as of April 12th: COCKNEY REJECTS, GBH, U.S. BOMBS, YOUTH BRIGADE, EXPLOITED, SLAUGHTER AND THE DOGS, AGNOSTIC FRONT, CASUALTIES, LOWER CLASS BRATS, UNSEEN, REDUCERS SF, GENERATORS, SNAP-HER, SHAM 69, ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE, THE DICKIES, THE ADDICTS, OXYMORON, THE BOILS, DEAD EMPTY, THE FORGOTTEN, THE BODIES, and PISTOL GRIP. For information, www.tkorecords.com. For tickets log onto www.maritimehall.com. The price is $32 per day or three day pass for $76. As usual, artists and line-up are subject to change. See you there!

Yeah, it's the end of an era—Joey Ramone is gone. The RAMONES brought a fun attitude to the punk rock community. Joey and Dee Dee had a caustic wit that was more happy-go-lucky than Stiv Bators, Johnny Thunders, or Patti Smith. Joey's singing coupled with Dee Dee's songwriting produced some of the best punk songs ever written. The CLASH and the SEX PISTOLS realized that early on. Long live the RAMONES!!

Until next month..
I'll see you around -
I'll see you in hell!

Joey Ramone Died Today

ANDREW SCOTT
PRODUCTIVE MEMBER OF SOCIETY #39761245

That's the news I heard Easter Sunday as I sat at the computer laying out the record reviews for this issue of MRR. "God, that's fucked up, end of an era," I thought to myself. "Not like the guy ever really looked healthy, but fuck...dead? That sucks."

I began rummaging up all these old memories in which the RAMONES had played a part, even though they were only there in so much as the volume on the stereo would allow. Like blasting the RAMONES at Coffee Chicago (to the yuppies dismay) on the dreaded Friday night shift, even though the boss stricktly enforced the rule that "only jazz or classical music is to be played...and even that at a reasonable level." At 18 years old it felt pretty damn good. Or driving my 84 Oldsmobile Cutlass, it had been stolen twice and now had to be started with a screwdriver behind the ignition. A cassette tape with the RAMONES' first record on it sat on the dashboard if not in the tape deck the entire time I owned the vehicle. Then there was the time my roommate,, who had moved to Chicago to attend the Art Institute, had a party in our uptown apartment. It was real nice, hors d'oeuvres, a DJ with two turntables and big headphones (you know the type), playing the latest drum-machine-moody-techno-puke. So what do I do? ...Invite about twelve of my most uncivilized friends and the first RAMONES LP to join the party. Free beer & the RAMONES...my poor roommate.

"Anyone Who Hates The Ramones First Album Is An Asshole."

That's the most brilliant quote I've read in a long time (even if I did read it on salon.com). I couldn't agree more. Think about it, would you really want to be around someone who doesn't enjoy listening to or relate to that record in any way? I sure as fuck don't, it is the quintessential punk rock record. Fuck what *SPIN* magazine says, I don't care. Tell me you don't like the RAMONES first LP and I won't trust you, that's basically what it amounts to. Maybe that's a bit extreme, but fuck it.

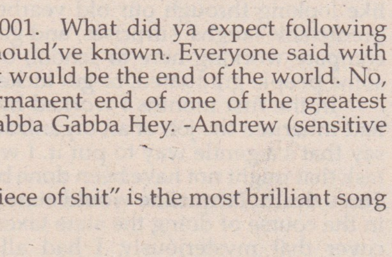
So Mike and Arwen went off to Iggy Scam's slide show and Easter beer hunt. I had every intention of going but got side tracked by a pit stop at a bar where some friends were hanging out. I walked in, took a stool and broke the news to them about Joey Ramone. Some of them didn't care, some did. Richie always has to be a prick, so he said "So what, I didn't even know the guy." Michelle cried out "fuck you Ritchie, I've written 'I love Joey' on every pair of Converse sneakers I've owned for the last 11 years....What the hell am I gonna write on them now?" I understood all too well. After all, most of our personalities are made up of a collection of things that we're into: records, movies, books...etc. You can tell a lot about a person by what they immerse themselves in, it 's sort of a reflection of their internal make-up. So yeah, I'm gonna say it—with the RAMONES dead a little part the person that loves them dies too.

I didn't mean to rain on anyone's parade, but I figured they'd want to know about it, I mean that's big news right?. At least, the DJ had the decency to switch formats and play the RAMONES for the next three hours. We all slurped down pints of beer and danced around for Joey. It was our own little memorial party. I would have felt pretty lousy if I didn't do anything RAMONES related that evening, drinking beer and listening to their records over and over again for three hours was the least I could do. Unfortunately, I missed out on the opportunity of a lifetime—a chance to get a black eye for Joey.Ramone. Some guy at the bar says to me "You can't kill what's already dead" about the RAMONES. I told him to fuck off with my beer muscles and took a seat grumbling. The guy would've kicked my ass had I pushed the issue. But fuck it, how great would that've been to get a black eye for Joey Ramone. I would've worn it like a trophy bragging about it for weeks. Oh well, there's always Iggy Pop, how long's he got left? Maybe I'll get some scars when he dies.

So that's Easter 2001. What did ya expect following Good Friday the 13th? I should've known. Everyone said with those two dates colliding it would be the end of the world. No, not this time...just the permanent end of one of the greatest bands that ever existed. Gabba Gabba Hey. -Andrew (sensitive shell collector).

PS. "Choke to death you piece of shit" is the most brilliant song title I've heard in months.

Send all hate mail and punk shitz to: Andrew Scott,
PO Box 170247, SF, CA. 94117 or *andrew.scott@mindspring.com.*
hi-tech viewing: www.sobstory.net



"…You're the kind of person that treats people shitty / we're going to spread your body parts all over the city…"
—ESPERANZA

I'm so fucking sick of nostalgia. Let the fucking past die. I'm fucking tired of old bands getting back together to do reunion shows. It fucking stinks of greed and it reeks of opportunism. Hey, I fucking love the classics as much as the next fellow and you better believe that sometimes I wish that I was been old enough to have seen the likes of whoever (insert famous old punk band here) at their fucking height—but that was then and this is now and if these folx gave a shit about punk and the underground they would have been with us all along. Why is this shit so rampant? Especially now when punk is the strongest it's been in years. Christ, look at the fucking record review section—there are so many goddamn good bands out right now that it's fucking stupid—and I don't care what sort of little genre you pigeonhole yourself into 'cause it's true across the board. Seeing old bands in their reunion form is just like seeing a cover band. The energy, the vitality, the connection that once was there, isn't there and never will be again. Stop wasting our time. If you really care, stop milking your old name and reputation, 'cause you're only going to ruin it for us all. If you really care as much as you say you do, and want to start playing again, start a new band. It's not that hard; I'm sure you've done it before. Quit trying to take the easy way out.

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Ok, kiddies—guess what I got my filthy paws on? The tape you all crave—the new DS-13 record!!!!!! Most of you will have to wait till late summer to hear this wondrous piece of work, but lucky for you I can brag about it to you right now! Total raw fast punk. Words can't even describe how good this, and I don't say this because the bass player wants to sleep with me and calls me from Umeå, Sweden at two in the morning to tell me he loves me… will probably be the best release this year so get your greedy mitts geared up to hunt this down.

Have you heard that NO PARADE record yet? I've been listening to there demo since they played a show in my birthday party last August and have been loving it. Luckily this slab of vinyl does not disappoint—riff heavy driving hardcore. Bruce Roehrs says they go off hard so you know the deal. CRUCIAL UNIT—iced tea fueled power thrash from the land of the Iron City Punx (that's Pittsburgh—duh). The new EP is a total rager so don't forget to write to that nice fellow at Crucial Blast and get your own copy!

Oh yeah! All hail fucking SHITLIST—caught these fellas twice in one weekend, and while I showed up to see STATE OF FEAR, this filthy punx blew my face off two nights in a row—ass-flap ripping, face melting crust from the Seattle. So, imagine my joy when their split with CALLOUSED shows up in the review pile—no disappointments there.

Also on the recently pulling through town front—DEATHREAT roared into town the same week, and despite a weird vibe at both shows, they totally blasted through their set of filthy southland (by way of Portland and New York these days) hardcore punk. Seems they picked up a thing or two on their recent trip to Japan.

In making me bummed out and harshing my mellow news, man the fucking PROPAGANDHI show here was weird. Total rock club. Total rock concert vibe. And despite the fact that J CHURCH played my favorite CRINGER song during their set *and* encouraged folx to set fire to SUVs, I just felt dirty afterwards. Something just seemed missing. Call me weird but I'll take shows in backrooms of stores, basements, and warehouses any day over annoying bloated rock club shit.

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Have you seen that *SPIN* magazine punk issue? Talk about Orwellian history rewrite. How can you do a 50 essential punk records and not have one CRASS, DISCHARGE or even the AVENGERS LP listed? But then again what do you expect? And fucking PUBLIC ENEMY? A good record—but not a punk record. ENDNOTE:

1) If we made buttons and t-shirts would you kids buy them?
2) I've been told that recently there was an article about Darby Crash being queer in one of the big gay magazines, anyone know what I'm talking about? Let me know, if you know.
2.5) Listen to the PLUGZ and THE BRAT. Eat lotsa cookies. Drink coffee till you puke.
3) Speaking of which—don't forget about the queer punx issue, deadline July 1st!!! SUBMIT! SUBMIT! SUBMIT! SUBMIT! SUBMIT!
4) Chris Bickel is one funny fucker.
5) As usual send me shit (tapes, letters, videos, records, money etc) via the *MRR* PO Box or if you wanna write and use the tool of the beast then use this mikethorn@mindspring.com

BE PREPARED FOR ACCIDENTS

with arwen curry

Here's what Tim Yo wrote seven years ago (*MRR* #131, April 1994)—in response to various controversies—about his role at this magazine. Shortly after coining his new title, which seven other people, including myself, would eventually inherit, he wrote:

"As to the term 'Coordinator,' I felt that if I was being compelled to list my job description, the term 'Editor' certainly didn't accurately describe my activities here. Besides working mornings at my regular paying job, I come back here and put in a minimum of 8 hours a day, 7 days a week, 365 days a year. And besides making editorial decisions, I also am the only one who does the following: vacuum the floors, repair the computers, pick up and process and fill orders and answer the daily mail, drop off the daily mail, act as janitor, answer the phones, handle the ads, take care of subscriptions, clean the work areas, send out the bills, pay the bills, make sure the 70-odd people here do what they say they're going to do and make sure they get it in on time, coordinate the daily typists and proofreaders, empty the garbage, prepare the monthly mass mailing, print out and paste on all the labels, apply the postage, prepare the bank deposits, trouble shooting personal and personnel disagreements among staff, do the economic planning, log in the records, listen to all the vinyl records & assign them, deal with the printing plant, coordinate with the distributor, deal with the landlord, buy the supplies, clean the kitchen, do the scanning in & preliminary proofing of all printed matter, find out if everybody is happy with the tasks they've volunteered for or if they want to do something else, lay out all the most tedious rote mag sections like classifieds & columns & record & zine reviews & letters & book/movie reviews & news section & Top l0s, as well as doing some record reviews, band layouts, typing, proofing, usually laying out the scene reports, conducting & transcribing interviews, and finally doing anything that anybody else flaked on. So, now you know what that title 'coordinator' means. Largely, it means doing all the shittiest jobs, and the bulk of the staff understands that and believes, like I do, that the amount of work one puts in should determine the amount of say-so one has."

This was an accurate description of the work Tim did before splicing and dividing it according to necessity before he died. It's also a description of why *MRR*, though it belonged to everyone who worked on it, and importantly, could not have existed without them, was essentially Tim's magazine. Now it's less anyone's than it was; more everyone's, for sure. To give you some perspective on how much work that really was, and how things changed in the years following his death, I thought I would update his list of duties to let you know how they are performed today. This is how this issue, and the ones for several years before it, have been put together:

Hal vacuums the floors, every Tuesday. Timojhen usually repairs the computers, but Mark and Tobia nag about updates we need to buy or otherwise obtain. Mail and orders in it are processed daily by me or Mike or Andrew or one of these other shitworkers: Karoline, Robert, Tobia, Gabe, or Jeff Mason. These mail folks pick up the mail from the post office, cart it back to headquarters, and process it once a week, which can take from one hour to three. Hal acts as janitor: cleaning the bathroom, floors, and taking out all the trash and recycling, Jeff Mason and Mary Jane deal with ad billing, and Jeff and Spencer bring free coffee and cookies. Bruce performs tricky and (sometimes dangerous !) repairs.

Mike or Andrew or I pay the bills (which are all currently in my name—this leads to lots of offers for credit cards, and lots of denials due to "insufficient income"). The three of us make sure the 70-odd people here do what they say they're going to do and make sure they get it in on time, coordinate the typists and proofers, empty the trash, prepare for the new issue, resolve disagreements among staff, do the economic planning, deal with the printer, coordinate with the distributor, deal with the landlord, buy the supplies, clean the kitchen, do the scanning in and preliminary proofing of all printed matter, find out if everybody is happy, as well as doing some reviews, band layouts, typing, proofing, usually laying out the scene reports, conducting & transcribing interviews, and finally doing anything that anybody else flaked on. Lots of what everybody else flaked on.

But these days, Donna lays out the records and the classifieds, Jeff Heermann proofreads the records section, Gardner proofs and lays out the zine reviews, Jeff Mason write smartass comments for, proofs, and lays out the letters section, Denise lays out the books, Chris Hall edits the books, Andy lays out the movies, Mimi compiles the news section, Mark lays it out and hustles up or writes the "Roots of Punk," Tobia and Pete K. and Jeff H. and Josh and sometimes others lay out band interviews. Michelle and Kim and Missy type in classifieds and guest or prisoner columns, and record subscriptions. Katja prepares our bank deposits, and Jerry checks our monthly records against the bank's. Chanel maintains the BYOFL website, as well as preparing the print version, by herself.

Tom assigns all the vinyl reviews, every month, over quite a few days, and deals with all accompanying hassles with reviewers and labels. Ray does the same for CDs. Mikel assigns and distributes zines for review. And then there's the reviewers, of records and zines and movies and videos and books. But you know their names. I sure as hell hope I didn't forget anybody. Well, it's not like this list could ever be comprehensive, anyway, seeing as how *MRR* wouldn't happen at all were it not for contributions from people like you, who we often never even meet.

The day our new issue arrives from the printer, we're ready for it. When the doorbell rings we set down our coffee, stop bullshitting, and haul in the bundles of zines from the door. Casey orders pizza while Mimi or Amy or Gardner and I furiously sort the bulk mail in the kitchen. Others stuff the envelopes we posted and addressed in the days before. After that, Mike and the other shitworkers have an hour or two of work with the ads, while I drop off the subscriptions and bulk mail at the main post office myself. We pause for a minute, then start all over again.

Yes, the principle of "amount of work one does, amount of say one has" in magazine policy still vigorously applies. No question. There are three coordinators, now, and the number will probably always remain over one. We all work at other jobs for 15 to 20 hours a week, but save our sweat for *MRR*. How we divide work among the three of us is a constantly evolving thing as well. Though I've performed almost of all the work described in this column by myself at one point or another, to perform all of it all the time means no family, no close friends, no romantic partner, no personal projects whatsoever, and *never* leaving.

In addition to all the shitworkers I mentioned above, of course, too many to name have come through these doors over the years, doing a variety of things (what "things"? That's for me to know...) Reading the contributors lists in back issues is like looking through our old yearbooks, complete with all the predictable laughs, surprises, and gasps of recognition. I hate to compare working here to school, but there's no question that some people graduated, or got kicked out.

In the first months I worked here, I quickly realized that I had inherited the job of an organizational genius—some would say that's a gentle way to put it. I would start on an unfamiliar task that might not have been done by another coordinator since Tim's death. Jacqueline would start me of on the right foot, but in the course of doing the state taxes, or whatever, I would discover that mysteriously, I had all the paperwork I needed already. Or a phone number would be scrawled on the margin, pointing me toward the right person to ask. Tim anticipated problems that might arise with the thoroughness of a person who knew and loved his work more intimately than anything else, except of course punk rock records.

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Two things made me especially sad about Joey Ramone dying on Easter, of the same cancer Tim died of. It was sad to hear that the last song he heard was U2, on the radio. The other thing was the way "they" stripped him of his Ramon-ness immediately after he died. It was like he was a super villain unmasked. Who stole rock 'n' roll, disguised as Joey Ramone? Why, it was Jeffrey Hyman, 49 years old. Well, I have faith that there'll be something left of him by the time VH1 and *Spin Magazine* have finished picking over his corpse. Did I watch the spectacle? I did. I just wanted to watch him sing.

contact me: arwenc@mindspring.com

GUEST COLUMN

Erika Ransom

Hume's Paradox- "People are led to believe that they are powerless, but in reality, the people are the ultimate power. Government could not exist without their consent."

Killed by an Agent of the State

"What is his name?"

The gathered crowd of about sixty shuffles and speaks slowly in separate tones, "Ricky Bodden."

Cold is settling into my feet and my hands are red raw. The spring day is growing bitter as the evening begins. Grim office workers swarm around us, gravitating to the Park Street T stop behind us, one of the main drainage points for downtown Boston at the end of the 9 to 5 day. Few pause to read the signs or hear another awful truth that would wrinkle their dry cleaned reality. Television cameras wrapped in plastic point curiously at the speakers, panning shots of children, women and men holding placards that read, "Where is justice?" This protest will be stripped, sliced and boiled down to a two second oddity-a passing flash in the media stream-and I wonder if it will even get past the editing room.

Again, more demanding, the speaker says, "What is his name?"

Less hesitant, louder, we say, "Ricky Bodden."

Again, "WHAT IS HIS NAME?"

Together, bellowing, "RICKY BODDEN!"

"Ricky Bodden is dead. Say it."

We answer, "RICKY BODDEN IS DEAD!"

And as the syllables rush out of my mouth, propelled by lungs and air, death becomes alive. Ricky Bodden's blood is red. It all comes rushing together in an emotional way that caring about or intellectually knowing something can't touch. Ricky Bodden had a name and a life, and now he's just dead. He was killed by a Boston cop, shot in the back of the neck. Another Black man shot by an agent of the state. Another killer cop strikes again, a man in uniform who can take a life so easily and walk away, free.

The protest on March 27 was to demand that the Boston District Attorney take action in Ricky's case, as justice has been a long way coming. It has been months since Ricky was killed, and his family has still not even received a coroner's report. The family cannot even find out if the officer who shot Ricky is still on active duty. NOTHING HAS HAPPENED since Ricky died. There is no internal police inquiry, no investigation going on. NOTHING but a funeral.

The story has become a familiar one. Enter a man in uniform, and men of color. One of these groups is armed and dangerous. Two days after Christmas, December 27, Ricky, age 27, was sitting in a public park smoking cigarettes with his friends in the middle of the afternoon. A Boston Municipal Police Officer, age 23, came up to them and said it looked like they were smoking pot. In response, the men broke open their smokes to show the cop tobacco. Ricky's friends said that the cop then wanted to search the men, and Ricky, knowing his rights, refused. For whatever reason, Ricky decided to leave (an act within his rights) and the cop began firing. The cop shot 5 bullets and one hit Ricky in the back of the neck. Back of the neck. Back of the neck. And the cop claims that Ricky was brandishing a gun at him.

This story has been told too many times, in too many US cities. Even reading this, you may be bored or beaten down by the repetition. A sound bite worn thin. But, it remains,

"RICKY BODDEN IS DEAD."

Another victim of police brutality.

And he won't be the last. It could be you, or one of your friends, or a relative or just someone you know. All it takes is a disgruntled cop and a few flying pieces of metal. Suddenly, post-mortem, a gun will be placed in YOUR hand. People who care about you will be upset, maybe a lot of people will be upset and protest, but what happens? Right now, it is up to the police chief and the Mayor's office to decide what, if any, action is taken. It's not right that those who are paid to "protect and serve" are themselves above the law.

As Dave Dictor always says, "Who the hell calls 911?" The resounding silence speaks for itself. Police are here to protect the interests of the state and business, the status quo and wealthy citizens. There is no help on the other end of the line, only trouble. But this is obvious. Cops suck. And for such a small protest (about 80 at our full force) there were many of them. Even waiting for the protest to start, a dozen people standing around, there was a paddy wagon, a squad car and six pigs staring us down. Nothing like talking about police brutality in front of the brutal.

Daryl (who kicks ass but I didn't get her last name-bad journalist, no cookie!) spoke to the small but energetic crowd, and what she said really struck me. Played back from my handy cheap recorder, I listened to her words again today at home while Virulent Strain screamed in the background. Pissed off and right on women rock my world. They are at the heart of revolution. But back to my point, during the rally in front of the DA's office, Daryl spoke about how police brutality affects not just men, but women and everyone in our communities. Here is a portion of what Daryl said,

"Cops have a high incidence of beating their own wives and girlfriends. That shows you the psyche of these people, they beat people on the job then they go home and beat women. This also causes a problem for women in abusive relationships who often have no one to turn to other than the police. This is like the fox guarding the hen house-that a woman would have to go to another wife beater to say that 'I'm being beaten by my husband or boyfriend.'" This is a good point that often doesn't get expressed when we talk about police brutality. So many women in prison have told me about how their husbands used to severely beat them on a regular basis. Their stories follow a pattern, and the cops play a large part. The husband's or boyfriend's assaults and abuse would escalate, both physically and emotionally. Women suffered broken noses, legs and arms; blackened pummeled faces; concussions; burns; internal damage from brutal rape; loss of a fetus from kicks to the stomach. Not to mention the stripping away of self-esteem, a job, friends, family, children, peace of mind, and mental clarity. During this time, men often keep warning women that if they try to leave, they will kill them. These are not idol threats. Women are killed every day-strangled, shot, beaten, necks broken, heads bashed with hammers, stabbed, drowned.

On average, every day four women are murdered by their husbands or boyfriends.

To give you an idea of the magnitude: more women have been murdered by their intimate partners during the last forty years than the total number of US soldiers killed during the Vietnam War. And I've never seen ONE goddamn memorial to the women killed in domestic action. That's because beating women is American as the Forth of July, and cops understand this. The most conservative estimates indicate that 2 to 4 million women of all races and classes are battered each year. In 1991, at least 21,000 domestic crimes were reported against women every week, and once again that's a conservative figure.

What can women do who want to escape an abuser, and live? She has a clear and present danger from the man who beats her, and who threatens to kill her. Women don't want to die, so they often call the police and explain the situation. They hope that with the overwhelming evidence of past abuse, and outright threats on her life (that she knows full well can be easily carried out), the police will at least lock up their man up for the night and investigate while they escape. The typical police officer response, "Well, he hasn't done anything that I've seen. We can't do anything to help you." And then they leave. Especially in rural areas, the woman is left all alone. The police leave the woman at the mercy of her abuser. There is often one last battle. The woman I know survived, and are serving time for wining a brutal fight to the death. The jury didn't see it as self-defense (although now "battered women's syndrome" has appeared in the courts, it doesn't really address the full reality of the situation, and bad public defenders don't give a shit anyway) and the woman serves a life sentence in a state penitentiary where she is brutalized by male guards for years and years. The other, more common, scenario is that the man kills his wife or girlfriend. The courts often give leeway to the husband "losing his temper" in a "domestic fight." Men who murder their wives, on average, receive HALF the prison time of women who killed their husband. It is all very sick, this whole US culture of violence against women, this situation of the state (the cops and the courts) supporting men who beat and kill women. This is another face of police brutality.

Daryl continued on the streets of Boston, "I want to say to some of the police here [and she points to the cops watching us] the day is going to come when we are going to recognize that you are no good in dealing with domestic violence, you are no good in dealing with the drug problem we have in our society, and you are no good in dealing with crime-you are criminals yourself. And we are going to see that you are no good for nothing, except for upholding the racist status quo, being a patriarchal force in our communities and upholding this crooked capitalist system."

Hell yes! State violence, a uniform with the power to kill, must end. Ricky's family, friends and community are looking towards the future. They are organizing, and building strength with purpose. The Boddens, working together with a Boston activist group, are demanding that not only justice in Ricky's case, but that a civilian review board be set up. This is an excellent idea that the Black Panthers fought for, and that would allow citizens to regain a measure of accountability over the domestic military that occupies our streets, that daily terrorizes women, children and men.

Let me leave you with Daryl's strong words, "Police brutalize us because they know our potential power. Well we cannot be held down forever, and the day is going to come when we have control of our communities. And I encourage everyone here to do everything in their power to make that day come in our lifetime."

For more information on Ricky Bodden's case: call 617-967-7685, email International Action Center Boston at iacboston@iacboston.org or check out www.iacboston.oeg.

Shameless Self Propaganda: Look out for the Profits on tour this summer, from Boston to Minneapolis. Check out our web site: http://home.earthlink.net/~erikajay /index.html. E-letters: erikajay@earthlink.net. Have a hell of a good time kicking the state in the face this summer, in love and hate, Erika

GUEST COLUMN

by Chris Bickel

PART ONE
CHUM OF THE SCENE

When first approached about the possibility of writing a column for the venerable and esteemed MAXIMUMROCKNROLL, the very first question that popped into my skull was: "what in the blue blazes are you possibly going to write about that would be of any interest whatsoever to the jaded-ass readership of MAXIMUMROCKNROLL?" My gut reaction was to abide by the old soul-brotha cliche (and one of my lifelong personal mottoes): "go for what ya know." I quickly figured that I'd have no problem at all writing a lengthy treatise on the cyclical nature of youth countercultural movements, or the politics of clothing sizes within Punk Rock subcliques, as these are things I'm constantly discussing at length in my day-to-day activities. I mean, it would be no problem at all for me to hack out an annotated list of the top eleven (my lists go to eleven) 1970's European Sexploitation flicks in less time than it would take to boil an ear of corn... not that a list of that sort would hold much merit in a publication like MRR... but then again... how many of the columns I've ever read in MRR have necessarily been bursting at the seams with merit? Don't answer that, because now is one of those times when that buzzer inside my head goes off, signalling that a digression is in order.

<<Come on Bickel, gimme a digression!>>

Hey, hey, hey... one digression coming up!

Being the spunky type of life-lusting, ball-busting individual that I am, I'd like to think that I embrace challenges. I decided that it would be much more fun and productive for me to write my very first MRR column about something I know very little to absolutely nothing about. A topic I know very little to absolutely nothing about is: MAKING FRIENDS.

You see, I've never quite developed the skills necessary to making assloads of friends, buddies, pals, or even chums for that matter. Generally, when I meet someone for the first time (whether it be in PUNK WORLD or REAL WORLD... be aware that there IS A DIFFERENCE between the two) I instantly envision my entire forthcoming relationship with that person in the blink of an eye. I'll usually fast-forward directly to the moment when that person is going to shit all over me and make me look like a complete jackass in front of all their "real" friends. I quickly realize (as BLACK FLAG would have put it) that this person is one of "THEM" and I'll always find a good reason to excuse myself from the introduction. Some may call this type of behavior on my part "mental illness"... I prefer to call it precautionary self-defense measures.

Of course I do have friends... some of them are even close pals... chums even! These folks were somehow able to jump through the hoops raised by my all-powerful, all-knowing, all-seeing intuition.

Of course the whole bit about my distrust of humankind and the whole bit about my all-powerful intuition may just be me being my typical full-of-shit self. I am most probably full of shit, and admitting that I am probably full of shit is the first step towards recovery. I am Chris Bickel: I am a recovering full of shit type person. (<i>"Where there is a stink of shit, there is a smell of being" - Antonin Artaud </i>... er, sorry couldn't resist throwing in such a totally pretentious gem of a quote... smell the shit yet, kids?)

What in the hell was I talking about? Oh yeah... MAKING FRIENDS! I'm going to teach you, my dear reader, how to be EVERYBODY'S FRIEND in the PUNK SCENE!

Listen: the Punk World shares many similarities with the Real World. Both are frighteningly consumer-based societies. Most folks are content to have their identities determined by what they own. This includes fashions worn, as well as movies viewed, and records listened to. In the world of Punk Rock, it's very easy to make friends if you dress the right way. All of us are aware of the proper "outfits" for every subcategory of punk or hardcore or whatever the hell they're calling it these days. We all know what the Str8 Edge kids wear, we all know what the Skinheads wear, we all know what the Emo kids wear, on and on and on down the list. There's really no need for me to list a fashion chart... I think we have an understanding here.

My first suggestion for anyone wanting to make friends with EVERYONE within such a segmented community as the Punk Scene, is to dress inconspicuously. Short-cropped hair (not totally shaved, mind you), a plain black T-shirt (no band shirts!), blue jeans that fit, and a pair of black Chuck Taylors will allow you to move freely throughout most of the cliques at a Punk show. This outfit is your initial step towards becoming EVERYONE'S FRIEND.

Since we've determined that many punks contentedly identify themselves by what they consume, and the key to making buddies is through making a connection, and connections are often made by the recognization of alike "identities", we can suppose that the key to being buddies with EVERYONE in the Punk Scene can be achieved by owning enough records to appear hip to every single person at the show. This can generally be accomplished with appoximately 30 records. Yes, my friend, owning 30 records is all it takes to be king/queen of the Punk Rock prom! Actually, owning is not quite enough... you must STUDY these records, and be able to CONVERSE on their merits (even if you are TOTALLY BULLSHITTING). What follows is a list of 30 records that are likely to assure you a position as the LIFE OF THE PUNK ROCK PARTY without having to resort to such antics as wearing a lampshade into the pit.

DISCLAIMER: This is not necessarily a complete list, it's merely a good starting point. Neither Chris Bickel, nor MAXIMUMROCKNROLL are responsible for your total lack of friends, even if you spend every bit of your panhandled change on every single item from the following list. CAVEAT EMPTOR: No refunds, no exchanges, no whining, no shirt, no shoes, no dice. Now, on with the list:

1. SEX PISTOLS "Nevermind the Bollocks" (shouldn't you already own this ANYWAY?)
2. THE CLASH "The Clash" (knowing the differences between the U.S. and U.K. pressings, and being able to discuss the pros and cons of each will be advantageous)
3. DEAD KENNEDYS "Fresh Fruit for Rotting Vegetables"

(mention amongst oldschoolers that you think it "really sucks" that Jello lost his court battle)
4. RAMONES "Ramones" (see comment on #1)
5. GERMS "G.I." (mentioning that you think "Joan Jett's production saved the record" will win you hella punk points, and may get you in with that cute Riot Grrl at the show)
6. CIRCLE JERKS "Group Sex" (dropping references to this album will get you in with the older dudes drinking in the corner, and possibly a free half-full can of Milwaukee's Best!)
7. BLACK FLAG "Damaged" (mentioning that this is your favorite BLACK FLAG record even though HENRY ROLLINS is your least favorite of the FLAG's singers will win you approving head nods all around the room)
8. STOOGES "Funhouse" (the one proto-punk record you need... much hipper to own than "Raw Power"... if you get trapped, you can bullshit your way out of any argument with a Stooges fan: "for me, Funhouse is the only REAL STOOGES record, maaaan")
9. BAD RELIGION "Suffer" (plan on getting a thesaurus to translate the lyricsheet. I wish I could say that this is the only PopPunk record you need, but you better get the following two as well just to cover your bases...)
10. DESCENDENTS "Milo Goes to College"
11. BUZZCOCKS "Singles Going Steady" (If ANY other PopPunk bands come up in conversation, simply shift the conversation back to one of these three records... no one can fuck with "Suffer", "Milo", or "Singles"... no one, maaaan!)
12. RITES OF SPRING the discography CD (Swing all emo conversations back to this one record, saying: "For me, all emo started with fucking RITES, maaan.")
13. MINOR THREAT discography CD (Swing all Str8 Edge conversations to this one... if that doesn't work, then use #14...)
14. SEVEN SECONDS "The Crew" (Swing all Str8 Edge conversations to this one... if that doesn't work, then use #13)
15. CROSSED OUT discography CD (If someone's throwing around the term "Powerviolence", tell them that it all pales in comparison to CROSSED OUT... threaten to fight them if they disagree... you will assuredly have made a friend for life.)
16. NAUSEA "Extinction" (Those kids with all the patches on their girls' Levi's stretch denim pants will think you're the shit if you can quote lyrics off of this one... if not, see #17)
17. DOOM any release (They all sound the same... for fuck's sake, just buy ONE)
18. NAPALM DEATH "Scum" (You should be down with the Metal kids at the show too... show the long hairs some love!)
19. BIKINI KILL "Pussywhipped" (mention that you think B.K. have been judged unfairly because of their gender... be prepared to back up your statement with the appropriate bullshit)
20. CRASS "Feeding of the 5000" (A. mention this record to every kid who has a circled "A" on his assflap... you will find lots of pals with which to fight the fucking system, maaan. B. mentioning that you like all the CRASS records except "Yes Sir, I Will" should get you a few approving nods amongst the crusties)
21. CONFLICT "The Ungovernable Force" (see #20, section A.)
22. DISCHARGE "Why" (see #20, section A... also, if ANY band with the prefix "DIS" in the name comes up, mention that whatever it is, it pales to DISCHARGE's "Why" album... you may be forced to explain yourself if you are arguing against the band DISCOUNT, but I'm sure you can bullshit your way through any situation at this point.)
23. THE BLITZ "Blitz Hits" (IMPORTANT! It helps to have the bald guys on your good side.)
24. SUICIDAL TENDENCIES "Suicidal Tendencies" (essential, even if you don't ride a skateboard.)
25. NATION OF ULYSSES "13 Point Program" (Look for the kids in the tight t-shirts and highwater pants... it will be a tough sell, but you can be their friend too!)
26. ANTIOCH ARROW "In Love With Jetts" (see #25)
27. THE LOCUST any release (see #25 and #26... if the kid is under the age of 17, then the LOCUST record will probably score you more points than the N.O.U. If the kid is over 17, then the N.O.U. or A.A. should get you into their secret society without any further unnecessary discussion of THE LOCUST. As we all know, THE LOCUST have already been discussed quite enough.)
28. BAD BRAINS "Black Dots" (see comments on #1 and #4)
29. AGNOSTIC FRONT "Victim in Pain" (As much as you'll probably need a few VICTORY label releases in your collection to make buddies with the basketball jersey-wearing hardcore kids... I can only in good faith suggest that you own "Victim in Pain" as a representative of all that is, was, and ever-shall-be New York Fucking Hardcore. If there's any other question as to why you should or shouldn't own this, consult #28, #4, and #1)
30. MISFITS "Walk Among Us" (See that kid with the all the skulls on his shirt, jacket, pants, and boots and bandana? He needs a friend too.)

You should now be well on your way to making "the scene". Once you become EVERYBODY'S FRIEND, don't forget its me who put you where you are now... and I can put you back there, too.

PART TWO:
5 THINGS THEY DON'T TEACH YOU IN SCHOOL THAT YOU WILL NEED TO KNOW

1. The Ace Frehely record is the only one of the four KISS solo records worth owning.
2. Speed makes your prick shrivel up to nothing
3. You can get more money for your plasma if you catch MONO first. This is best accomplished by kissing lots of slutty people.
4. When stopped by a cop, never say you have had "only one" or "three" drinks... always say "two"... that is the magic number to getting out of a breath test.
5. Always run from a cop... you are faster than they are.

PART THREE:
A HAIKU

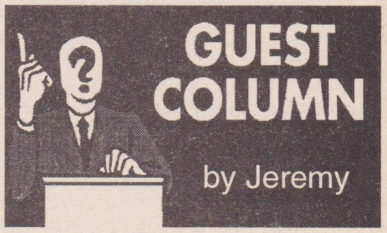
I love punks and skins
Their clothes are so tight fitting
Pardon my boner

PART FOUR:
POLITICAL CLIMATE

Because of 20 years of the "one child" rule in China, there exists a nation full of teenage boys that can't get laid (homosexuality is outlawed), and who have to work in factories making plastic junk for lazyass Americans. We are dead fucking meat!

PART FIVE:
END NOTES

The punkest thing I've heard lately is YOKO ONO's "Fly" album. The punkest thing I've seen lately is a drunk frat guy singing CHUMBAWUMBA's "Tubthumper" in a karaoke bar. Things are about to get really out of control... I can just FEEL IT! At least with Bush2 as president, we can now look forward to a lot more good ol' generic Punk songs just like we had in the Reagan years... that was the best time for Punk Rock, and we may be right on the verge getting our PUNK ON once again! Keep smashing them down, kiddoes. xoxoxox.



How Oi! Music And The Skinhead Culture Was Perverted By The Media, By Jeremy Magden

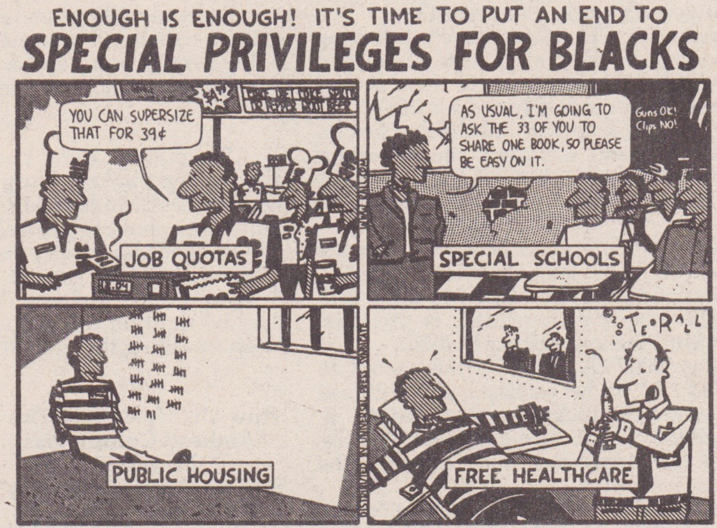
When I first heard about Oi! music my first perception was that all Oi! music was racist punk rock and so I stayed away from it for a long time. It wasn't until recently that I decided to research it and found out that Oi! music is "the voice for the working class" and I realized that I had been cheated out of some damn good music, and all I had ever heard about Oi! was that it was white supremacy music and that all skinheads were nazis. I started listening to bands like The Business, Sham 69, The Bruisers, Condemned 84, and Dropkick Murphys. I met and began hanging out with Trads even though I was just a street punk. However what really amazed me is that all I knew about skinheads and Oi! music was that it was all racist, thanks to the media. My reason for writing this is to set the record straight about skins and Oi! music through information I was given by a few traditional skins I know.

Where did Oi! and the skinhead culture originate from?

In Britain in the early '60s there was a clash of subcultures. To start with there was a group called the Mods, who were typically white kids with a keen sense of style, with working class roots and values. Then, in Jamaica there were the Rudeboys who wore suits, listened to reggae music and were known for their no-nonsense attitude. A new group of urban working class kids were looking for a new tougher image than the Mods, but just as stylish. These kids were the first Skinheads. Their hair was cut short to prevent lice and for convenience in street fights. They didn't take any shit from anyone, they stood firm on their stance for racial unity and working class pride. In the '70s after the strong birth of skinheads, reggae started to diminish. The skins that were true to their roots held strong to their beliefs. Skinheads valued national pride, but as always, there were a few individuals who lost touch with their roots of unity and displaced national pride with racial prejudice. White supremacist groups such as the National Front noticed these impressionable kids as perfect prey for recruiting. The skinhead cult would be tainted forever. Punk rock was beginning at the time, and it was labeled as street music, it was popular among punks and skins equally. Street music soon gained the label Oi! by Gary Bushell. Though Oi! was supposed to be non-political unity based music, there still were people who chose to exploit it and use it for whatever motive they wanted. The true punks and skins overlooked these political groups and stayed strong with the values of unity. White Supremacist groups invaded the skinhead cult and raped it of its identity. These racist individuals called themselves skinheads but they were nothing more than Boneheads. None of the original streetpunk bands were racist or espoused right-wing politics, the exception being Skrewdriver, but their views weren't made public until the '80s. Now, since the boneheads had perverted the true identity of skinheads, there had to be a label for the two to separate the different classes, therefore the true skins were known as Trads(traditional skinhead)and the nazi skins were Bones (bonehead skinheads), because that's what they are. In the '70s Bones had began making their mark in the Oi! scene and gained much media exposure, for their violent and destructive public acts.

During the '80s, all skinheads were labeled racist and all oi! music was labeled nazi music. A third group of skins emerged in the 80's called S.H.A.R.P'S (skinheads against racial prejudice). This organization founded by Gary Bushell, singer for the Oppressed, set out to rid the scene of boneheads using violence as to spread the message that there is no place for racism in the skinhead culture. This group is still in effect to this day, though they haven't received much exposure. Though suffering much criticism through out the years, towards the end of the '80s and the beginning of the '90s Trads were beginning to make a revival. Oi! bands like the Business, Last Resort, 4 skins, and InfaRiot, bands that had been around for years finally started getting the recognition they deserve. Oi! bands started promoting unity and have made a big effort nowadays to disassociate racism from Oi! and today nearly all of the bands in the current Oi! scene are openly anti-racist. Meanwhile nazi music has turned away from Oi! and towards bad heavy metal music. Some of the better Oi! bands today would be the Wretched Ones, Oxymoron, Dropkick Murphys, and Anti-heroes. Traditional skinheads have made a huge comeback since being corrupted by the Boneheads' media exposure also more and more people are realizing that the skinhead culture is NOT racist. Punks are beginning to realize that Oi! music is NOT nazi music. All of the racist bands are quickly diminishing realizing that there is no place for them in the Oi! scene. Oi! Oi! Oi!

"If the kids are united, they will never be divided"
—Sham 69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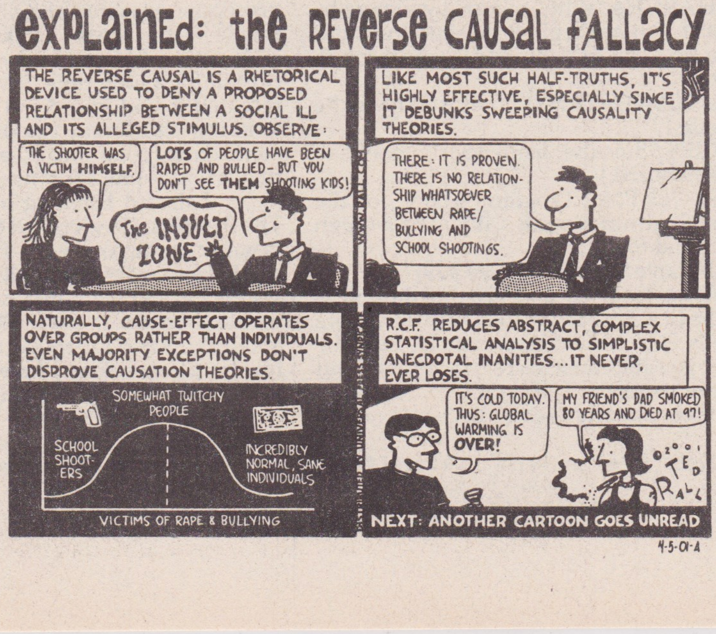
explained: the reverse causal fallacy
THE REVERSE CAUSAL IS A RHETORICAL DEVICE USED TO DENY A PROPOSED RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN A SOCIAL ILL AND ITS ALLEGED STIMULUS. OBSERVE:
THE SHOOTER WAS A VICTIM HIMSELF.
LOTS OF PEOPLE HAVE BEEN RAPED AND BULLIED - BUT YOU DON'T SEE THEM SHOOTING KIDS!
The INSULT ZONE
LIKE MOST SUCH HALF-TRUTHS, IT'S HIGHLY EFFECTIVE, ESPECIALLY SINCE IT DEBUNKS SWEEPING CAUSALITY THEORIES.
THERE: IT IS PROVEN. THERE IS NO RELATIONSHIP WHATSOEVER BETWEEN RAPE/BULLYING AND SCHOOL SHOOTINGS.
NATURALLY, CAUSE-EFFECT OPERATES OVER GROUPS RATHER THAN INDIVIDUALS. EVEN MAJORITY EXCEPTIONS DON'T DISPROVE CAUSATION THEORIES.
SOMEWHAT TWITCHY PEOPLE
SCHOOL SHOOTERS
INCREDIBLY NORMAL, SANE INDIVIDUALS
VICTIMS OF RAPE & BULLYING
R.C.F. REDUCES ABSTRACT, COMPLEX STATISTICAL ANALYSIS TO SIMPLISTIC ANECDOTAL INANITIES...IT NEVER, EVER LOSES.
IT'S COLD TODAY. THUS: GLOBAL WARMING IS OVER!
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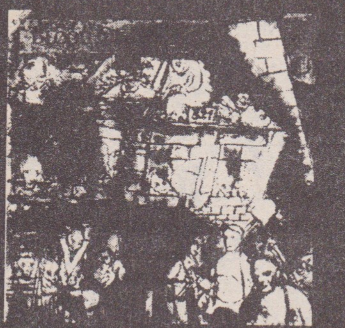

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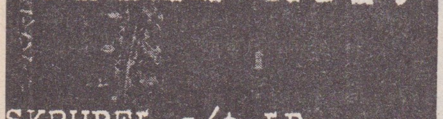

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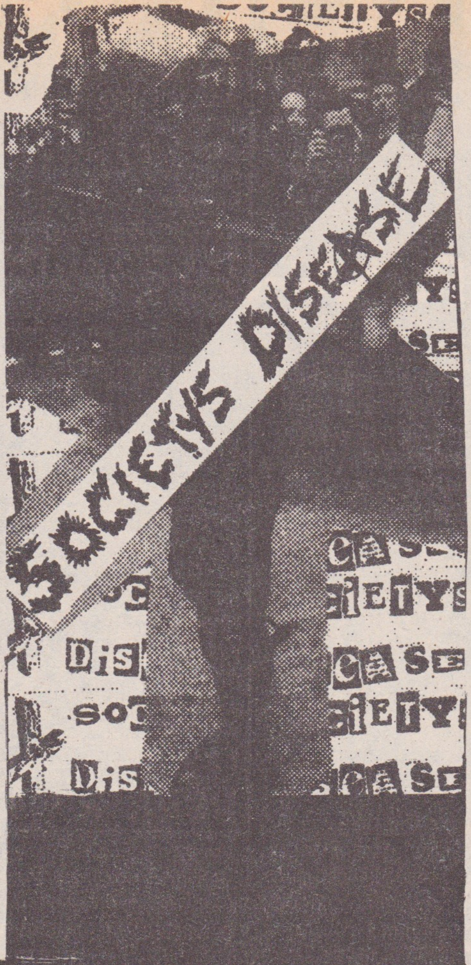

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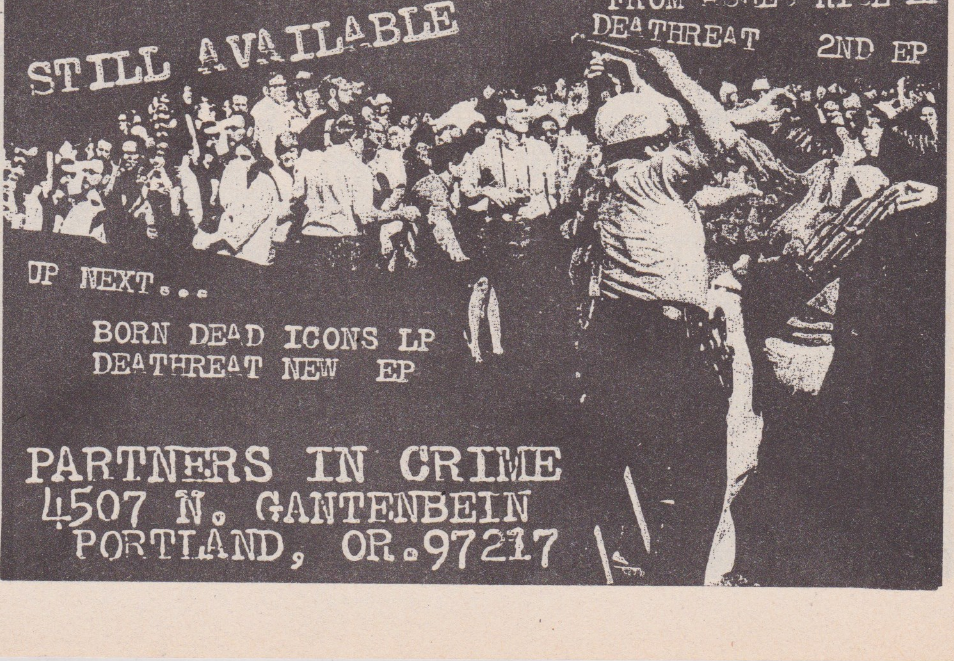

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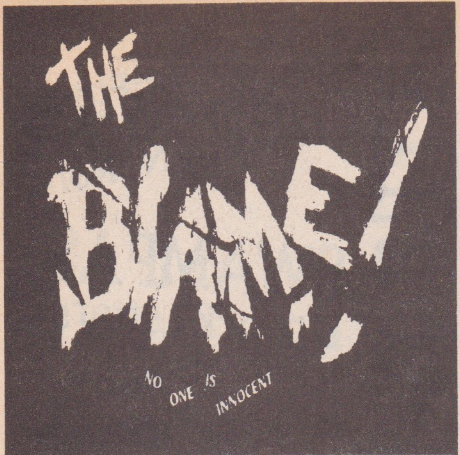

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5.27 SAN FRANCISCO, CA
5.28 PORTLAND, OR
5.29 SEATTLE, WA
5.31 DENVER, CO
6.01 LINCOLN, NB
6.02 IOWA CITY, IO
6.03 MINNEAPOLIS, MN
6.04 MADISON, WI
6.05 CHICAGO, IL
7.19 CHICAGO, IL
7.20 DETROIT, MI
7.21 CLEVELAND, OH
7.22 PITTSBURGH, PA
7.23 COLUMBUS, OH
7.24 LOUISVILLE, KY
7.25 NASHVILLE, TN
7.26 POPLAR BLUFF, MO
7.27 MEMPHIS, TN
7.28 GAINESVILLE, FL
7.29 SAVANNAH, GA
7.30 GREENSBORO, NC
7.31 GREENVILLE, NC
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8.02 BALTIMORE, MD
8.03 PHILADELPHIA, PA
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8.05 BOSTON, MA
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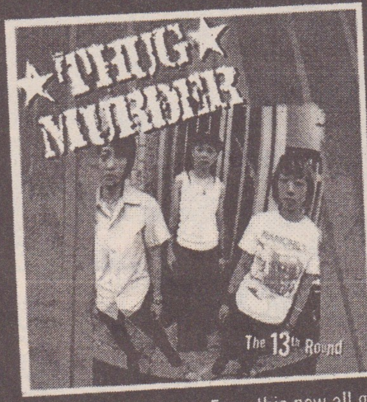

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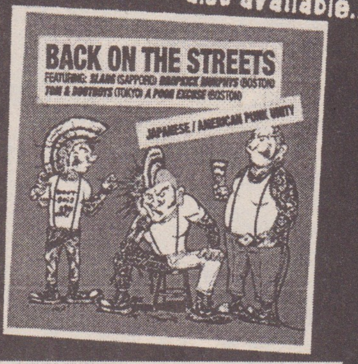

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MRR NEWS

Eyewitness Report: Cincinnati Police Open Fire on Mourners

by David Waggoner

Cincinnati police unexpectedly carried out a drive by shooting this afternoon on a crowd of mourners at the funeral of Timothy Thomas. Their victims included a woman from Louisville and a fleeing child.

At about 4pm Saturday afternoon, I was with a group of mourners who had gathered at the corner of Elm and Liberty in the Over the Rhine section of Cincinnati. We had slowly made our way there after the end of the funeral service for Timothy Thomas, which had occurred about two blocks away. Approximately fifteen minutes past 4pm, five police cars screeched around the corner on Liberty, heading towards Elm. The police cars then skidded to a stop within 20 feet of the group of mourners. They immediately got out of their cars, aimed shot guns at us, and opened fire. They randomly shot down the street. There were children between the ages of 6 and up, who ran terrified up the street, trying to flee from the hail of bullets. An image that is etched into my memory, that I keep playing over in my head, is that of a seven/eight year old girl with a look of horror on her face, sprinting up the street, trying to escape the gunfire. It seemed as though we were in a war zone, but we had no weapons and were unarmed. As soon as the cops started shooting at us, everybody turned and ran. Some of the cops ran several yards after us continuing to shoot. I sprinted back towards the funeral home, terrified. The cops continued shooting for at least 30 seconds. Soon after, I realized that my friend, Christine Jones, had been shot twice in the back as she was running away. At least one child was also shot down. After they stopped shooting they immediately got back into their cars and sped off.

There was absolutely no provocation. There was absolutely no warning. It was a drive-by shooting. Following the shooting, I was able to pick up several shotgun shells left in the street. They had used at least two different types of ammunition, rubber bullets and small bags of metal pellets.

Christine collapsed in a small passageway between two buildings after she was shot. Within 20 minutes hundreds of other mourners gathered there. Everyone was asking if Christine was doing all right. As accounts of what happened were shared between victims of this vigilante assault upon the citizens of the Over the Rhine neighborhood, feelings of shock, anger, and sadness arose in the growing crowd. Why had this happened? Why would the police shoot into a crowd of unarmed citizens, including children, who came together to pay there respects to the family of Timothy Thomas? We were doing what we had been doing all afternoon - sharing our stories, praying and showing our respect through silence. This was not anger towards white people. This was not a race war. This was the Cincinnati police force attacking the citizens of Cincinnati, and whomever else happened to be on the street. The crowd of people were majority black with a few white supporters. The group was concerned with Christine, who could not move her back, because the pain was too intense. Four calls were made to the police to try and get an ambulance to pick up Christine.

Not long after the five cars rode off, twice as many cop cars pulled up in the intersection. Again, they got out with their shotguns. But by this time, dozens of reporters had shown up with cameras rolling, and the Public Safety Director was also supposedly on the scene. The people were in a fury, hurling bottles towards the cops and waiting for the least provocation to rush the cops, shotguns or no. Within 10 minutes the cops were gone again, shown down by the surging crowd and the media, most of whom seemed to have no illusions as to what was going on. Christine, in severe pain as her open wounds swelled to the size of softballs, remained lying in the passageway waiting on an ambulance for well over an hour and twenty minutes.

There wasn't any room for racism or distrust among the mourners, apparently because on the streets of Cincinnati, if a person mourns the victims of police murder, the police are equal opportunity shooters. The amount of support and strength given by the people to one another was truly amazing. United in our fear of being shot down by an out-of-control fascist death squad, in our desire for justice, in our anger at injustice, we all came together at a crucial moment.

People continued to gather around the site of the shooting to offer their condolences and support to the victims. An ambulance finally arrived and the crowd clapped, cheered and expressed strong encouragement and indignation as it pulled off to take Christine to the hospital.

Christine and I travelled with a group from Louisville that included representatives of Citizens Against Police Abuse, Kentuckians for the Commonwealth, the Kentucky Alliance Against Racist and Political Repression and the Justice Resource Center. We came to show support for the family and community of Timothy Thomas and to demand an end to police brutality and murder.

As I finish this account, Christine is still undergoing tests at Jewish Hospital in Louisville.

There was a widespread sense of disbelief and outrage immediately following the shooting. It is personally the most frightening thing I have ever experienced. It was totally clear that the police only had one purpose in mind: to terrify and injure unarmed, peaceful citizens.

Buenos Aires Ministerial Summit Faces Massive Demonstrations

Apr 5 2001

UPDATE: This evening more than 10,000 people assembled in the streets of Buenos Aires to march from the National Congress building to the Sheraton hotel where the 6th Business Forum of the Americas is being held and the interest of international capital will be presented to the FTAA/ALCA negotiations. Over 10,000 mobilized and took action - diverse unions, farmers, student and parties of the left had converged without any hindrance at the fence surrounding the hotel. Here where the diverse columns of people met, the police began their repression, armed with tear gas, rubber bullets and water canons. The demonstrators were pursued and divided by the streets of the city, while the mounted police, assault cars and riot squads waited for opportunities to attack the protesters. Currently the numbers of arrests are unknown. Compañer@s from Argentina, Brazil, Uruguay and Chile and elsewhere took diverse actions and were united in declaring "NO to ALCA/FTAA". Activists oppose ALCA/FTAA, a thinly-veiled extension of NAFTA, which has given North American firms not only a giant market in which to sell their products, but also an inexhaustible supply of cheap labor, all supported by forms of semi-slavery (as in the "maquiladoras" of northern Mexico) and combined with brutal repression.

Police attack party and target "anarchists" in Portland, OR

by walidah imarisha copwatch@portlandcopwatch.org

Two people are facing felony charges on a police raid on a punk show after party in Portland, Oregon, which many see as profiling of so-called "anarchists." At the same time, a Latino man is shot and killed by Portland Police, and the Mexican consulate is demading an investigation.

On March 30 in the early morning, police attacked a Portland, Oregon house party, escalating the targeting of so-called "anarchists," at the same time, perpetrating incidents in communities of color that many have seen as a continuation of the domination of those communities. The party was filled with people dressed in black, "metal heads" and "crusty gutter punks." Some are active in anti-authoritarian actions. Two police cars showed up around one am, supposedly responding to a noise complaint. The police began pepper spraying people and using compliance holds on them. Within minutes, 43 squad cars and an empty public transportation bus were on the scene to cart away people. Dozens of people were detained, at least nine of them were taken to a detox center, where they were refused Breathalyzer tests when they tried to insist they were not drunk.

Three people, one of them local activist Chad Hapshe, were arrested and charged with Assault and Kidnapping, which is a mandatory minimum charge. The charge of Riot was later added. One of the people was released, but Chad and the other individual have been indicted on kidnapping and the other charges, and the state is continuing with prosecution. If convicted, they will have to serve out all of the seven year sentence. The Portland community responded the next day to the attacks. Meeting with over 100 people have discussed how to stop the police harassment that has been heightened.

Money is needed for the three defendants for legal defense and general direct support work, such as canteen money. You can send support and write for more information to the March 30 Fund, 818 SW 3rd Ave PMB 354, Portland OR 97204. Make checks payable to G. Grantham. You can also get information from Portland Copwatch at (503) 236-3065 or copwatch@portlandcopwatch.org.

One of the defendants told a reporter he was beaten by police while handcuffed. When denied use of a bathroom, he urinated on his cell floor and was attacked shortly afterwards. Other party attendees have stated that one person was thrown to the ground and kneed when he urged people to get badge numbers and names of the police arresting them. People say that while police where pepper-spraying and using compliance holds on individuals at the show, they were also questioning people about their political beliefs, and taking photographs of their tattoos. Anyone refusing to be photographed was physically forced by officers. And at the arraignment, anyone who looked mildly "anarchist" was photographed by police. One supporter was ticketed for jay walking as she left the arraignment. She was detained by two plain-clothes cops, one of whom had minutes before claimed to be off-duty. When the crowd approached them, they called for backup, bringing five more uniformed cops, including a Lieutenant. A crowd formed, including some Copwatch people, and the officers let her go. It is not just politically active people or anarchists being targeted, it is anyone who fits into the police profile of what an "anarchist" is: punk, patches, white kid dreadlocks, etc., the same image they have been portraying since the WTO. Portland has a Joint Terrorism Task Force (PJTTF), which allows police and FBI to share information and work basically as one unit. There are, in fact, 19 other cities around the country with similar task forces. These task forces are indicative of planning and responding to movements, rather than "terrorism." While it has not been proven that PJTTF agents were involved in the March 30 incident, there has been an escalation of police activity in the city since its inception. Last year police attacked a May Day parade, and they say they are preparing for this upcoming May Day. Local news media have been calling it "a season of unrest." This attack March 30 has been seen by some Portland activists as a pre-emptive strike by the police. At the same time in Portland, incidents with police brutality within communities of color were escalating. On April 1st, a resident worker from Mexico was shot and killed by Portland police officers at a psychiatric hospital. Jose Mejia Poot had been arrested on March 30 when he was 20 cents short for bus fare. Eyewitnesses state that Mejia, who experienced epileptic seizures, was beaten by five officers at the scene, arrested and taken to the downtown jail. One bystander told a reporter it "looked like Rodney King." Mejia was released from the jail after an hour, then taken to a local for-profit psychiatric hospital. There he was shot by a Portland cop in the head and chest after allegedly threatening staff with pencils, and later a metal bar. No Spanish-speaking staff or police were present at the time. Mejia's family, whose calls for a full investigation are backed by the Mexican consulate, state he spoke on Spanish and Mayan. Two years ago, a 68 year old black woman was dragged out of her van by a white police officer. Two weeks before the incident, that complaint was appealed to the City Council, which was acting as a police review board, and it ruled there was insufficient evidence to determine if police misconduct occurred. The activist and punk communities has to see this recent attack by police within the continuum of police violence, and organize with the communities of color who are under constant attack just for their very existence. Activists get attacked for what they say, but people of color are shot for who they are. While it is important to see the connection, punks and anarchists can not allow themselves to fall into the mindset of "we wear black, you ARE black, our oppression is the same," can not allow themselves to equate their oppression with the historic genocide against people of color, can not forget that they still, most of them white, have privilege in this society. Radicals can not allow themselves to be isolated from the communities whose struggle this really is. Without the support of communities of color, activists will be very easily picked off in COINTELPRO manner, locked up for long prison sentences and villianized by a system that makes dissent a crime, just as it makes melanin and poverty a crime. The very act of people of color demanding to be treated as humans, respected as people, and to be able to create their own cultures is seen in this country as an act of treason.

Blair Says No to Star Wars (London Demonstration)

by Patrick Beckett

The Bush administration's plans to create an internationally destabilizing missile defence system received resounding criticism in London by demonstrators outside the gates of Downing Street. Darth Vader, a Texan Cowboy, and U.S. military officials were all part of the fun. Hundreds of demonstrators blocked traffic in front of Downing street today to tell Tony Blair to just say no to U.S. government plans for an ballistic missile defence program. Representatives of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, Globalise Resistance, socialists, student groups and others turned out at noon in light drizzle to voice their anger at the Blair administration.The Student CND network had a large presence at the demonstration, and made use of a massive Darth Vader puppet to illustrate the force of evil represented by the Star Wars project. Guy Taylor, of Globalise Resistance spoke of the atrocious record of George W. Bush since he stole the election in the U.S. four months ago, and encouraged people to express their opposition both to the American administration and the multi-national corporations which influence international policies.

Dave Knight and Carol Naughton of CND spoke of the need to withdraw British support for the star wars project, saying that it will only serve to destabilize international relations by encouraging the proliferation of nuclear weapons.

CND staged a street theatre performance in front of the gates of Downing Street. A special U.S. delegation consisting of a Texan cowboy, four arms dealers, two high ranking U.S. military officials and Uncle Sam, were greeted by Tony Blair himself. A special delegation from CND arrived to deliver a Declaration of Protest, calling on Blair to halt collaboration with the U.S.

Police presence at the Downing St. demonstration was minimal. But when it wound down around 2pm, many demonstrators reconvened at the base of Nelson's Column in Trafalgar square. At this point the metropolitan police called out reinforcements, and a day-glow yellow halo formed around the demonstration. Speakers from Globalise Resistance and CND spoke from the base of the column. Police had their ace high professional camera crew out in force, filming activists. (Where does the met keep all these back-up officers anyway?)

Known as "Son of Star Wars," the anti-ballistic missile project would make use of Menwith Hill communication station and Fylingdales radar installation in North Yorkshire. Blair's visit to Washington in February resulted in what appears to be a commitment on the part of the British government to support the program.

Marching Against the SOA

School of the Americas Watch supporters marched to the Pentagon Parade grounds on the morning of Monday, April 5th, where they planted crosses in the ground while other supporters shut down seven of eight turnstiles spilling their own blood inside the Pentagon. "We were able to kneel in or behind the blood," said Briana Binkerd-Dale of the SOA Watch National Office, DC,"for about 15 minutes, speaking out to the steady stream of Pentagon workers on their way inside. Another member of our [affinity] group leafletted." She said that all were arrested and processed but two were not charged because their arresting officers failed to make an arrest report. Other SOA Watch supporters blockaded two other entrances by linking arms and staging a mock die-in at the "Tunnel Entrance" using water-soluble red soy ink. Of the dozens risking arrest four were charged with "Creating a hazardous condition." Monday afternoon, six Oberlin students disrupted the opening session of a Sikorsky Corporation suppliers conference by locking their arms together inside pipes in the conference room and refusing to leave. They were also arrested. Sikorsky manufactures Blackhawk helicopters which are used by the Colombian army to fight the civil war.

Michigan Reverses Ban on RU-486

Detroit, MI –Today the Center for Reproductive Law and Policy (CRLP) and Michigan reached a settlement that removes the state's ban on the use of mifepristone, formerly known as RU-486. The agreement resolves all of CRLP's challenges to Michigan's mandatory delay for abortion law except one: Michigan refuses to permit providers to collect payment prior to the expiration of the mandatory 24 hour waiting period, for services rendered such as ultrasounds or pregnancy tests. CRLP obtained an injunction blocking this part of Michigan's law, permitting providers to receive payment for their services pending further litigation on this issue.

"Michigan's desire to settle this lawsuit should signal to other states that seeking to stamp out early medical abortion through back door semantics won't work," said Julie Rikelman, attorney with CRLP and lead counsel in the case. *"We're pleased with the settlement, but disagree with Michigan's refusal to ensure that physicians are compensated for medical services. This is just another form of discrimination against physicians who provide abortions,"* added Rikelman.

The settlement reached between CRLP and the state also eliminates the requirement that all abortion literature be state-produced. Under the agreement, if state-issued materials are not available, the physician is free to create appropriate documents. The settlement also acknowledges that misoprostol has been approved by the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) for use with mifepristone, or RU-486, in abortion procedures, rescinding the state's earlier ban on all early medical abortions using these drugs. Michigan also dispenses with the 24-hour waiting period if the woman needs an emergency abortion to save her life. The law as written eliminated exceptions for emergency procedures.

Michigan's law, signed by Governor Engler in December 2000, which won't be effective for a minimum of sixty days from the settlement date, prohibited state-mandated abortion literature from describing any procedure that used a drug that hadn't been specifically approved by the FDA for use in an abortion. The drug misoprostol, FDA approved as ulcer medication and used "off-label," is necessary to successfully complete an abortion using mifepristone, or RU-486. Under Michigan's law, which amended a pre-existing mandatory delay and biased counseling requirement, if the state-issued pamphlet didn't discuss a procedure, it could not, by law, be performed.

The Human, Earth and Animal Liberation Gathering

Los Angeles, CA

From the individuals that brought you West Coast Food Not Bombs Gathering, Solidarity Festival and the North American Anarchist Conference presents: The Human, Earth and Animal Liberation Gathering August 17, 18 and 19, 2001 Workshop, speakers, group study, play, live bands and much more..... For more info write to Alternative Gathering Collective, P.O. Box 17546 Los Angeles, CA 90017-0546. Email: agcollective@disinfo.net

* * *

Youth Liberation Conference

Minneapolis, MN

On June 15th through 17th, youth from all walks of life will be meeing in Minneapolis for the Youth Liberation Confernece. The conference will create a safe space for young people to share ideas about how to free themselves from the shackles of traditional skooling system and the oppresive institutions of this country. The convergence will include speakers, discussions and workshops on a variety of topics, as well as shows and activities. Some food and housing will be provided. Contact us at teenlib@lycos.com -or- 1-800-699-2466, 612-teenlib -or- Youth Lib c/o Arise! 2441 Lyndale Ave. S Minneapolis MN 55405 to RSVP for housing or with any ideas you may have. Hope to see you there!

BOMSPOTTING III: Bring nuclear weapons to court

The biggest action on a nuclear weapons base in history of peace movement

Kleine Brogel, April 16th 2001 - On Easter Monday April 16th a non-violent WAR CRIMES INSPECTION is organised by Forum for Peace Action (Flemish branch of War Resisters International) and For Mother Earth. 850 activists non-violently entered the nuclear weapons base of Kleine Brogel and tried to inspect the nuclear weapons deployed by the USA. This without permission from the Belgian or US authorities. About 1500 people were present.

With this action the organisers try to provoke a court case and to bring nuclear weapons to court. These nuclear weapons are considered to be illegal weapons, after the Advisory Opinion of the International Court of Justice on July 8th 1996 on the legality of threat and use of nuclear weapons.

Parlementarians from different parties (Greens, Flemish-Nationalists,Socialists) have openly called to participate in this action of civil disobedience. Even the Flemish minister of Culture Anciaux will be there to support the action. Local comittees from all over the country have organised busses to the place of action and several hundreds of activists are expected to come. This results in the biggest action *on* a nuclear weapons base in the history of the peace movement.

Nuclear weapons to court

The judicial authorities are not eager to prosecute war crimes of their own army, nor are the political authorities willing to discuss the legality of their policy. By consequence are our non-violent actions necessary to bring the juridical arguments before the courts.

The nuclear weapons are considered to be illegal weapons, after the Advisory Opinion of the International Court of Justice on July 8th 1996 on the Legality of threat and use of nuclear weapons. This Advisory Opinion does not state explicitly that nuclear weapons are illegal weapons, but seen the interpretation that the ICJ made of the rules of international humanitarian law, conclusion is an illegality *in practice.* The basic rules of international humanitarian law are, first, that always a distinction has to be made between combattants and civilians and, second, that it is prohibited to use weapons causing unnecessary suffering to combatants. The Advisory Opinion clarifies how these basic rules have to be applied. The nuclear weapons on Kleine Brogel can never be applied without breaking these rules.

To be prepared for the use of nuclear weapons, training for and planning of such use, … comes down to preparing war crimes and crimes against humanity. These crimes are part of international criminal law and made explicit in the Belgian law on war crimes. By consequence can everyone who participates in these facts, from minister to pilot, be prosecuted before the criminal courts.

An international campaign

The Bomspotting actions on Kleine Brogel are no isolated actions. As told before, the ICJ delivered its Advisory Opinion about the legality of the threat or use of nuclear weapons on July 8th 1996. One year later, on July 8th 1997, the NATO government leaders received a citizens summons on their summit in Madrid, summoning them to change their illegal policy. This citizens summons was delivered by the 'Nuclear Weapon Abolition Days', an international network of peace organisations. It was the start of a new international campaign to get rid of nuclear weapons with the combination of juridical means and nonviolent actions.

On this citizens summons came no positive reaction. Since several 'Citizen War Crime Inspections' took place on nuclear weapon sites. In analogy with the UN-inspections for weapons of mass destruction in Iraq, these teams have the mission to search for nuclear arms. Aim is to let international law be respected.

In Belgium Forum for Peace-Action and For Mother Earth took up this campaign and organised for the first time in 1997 inspections at the NATO in Brussels and the nuclear weapons base in Kleine Brogel. Several inspections took place since.

Belgian Government refuses debate about illegality nuclear weapons

Since 1996 several parlementarian initiatives were taken to discuss the nuclear weapons in Belgium and to check the legality of their presence on Belgian soil. The parliamentarians Patrik Vankrunkelsven, Peter Vanhoutte, Eloi Glorieux, Leen Laenens, Lode Vanoost, Michiel Maertens, Kris Van Dijck, Sven Gatz, Peter De Ridder and Dany Vandenbossche write: "We tried in the Chambre, we tried in the Senate. The several parliamentary questions received an evading answer. Resolutions about the use of nuclear weapons were systematically delayed or not treated. When we ourselves, as representatives of the people, tried to visit the base of Kleine Brogel, acces to certain parts of the base was refused. On a resolution of the Flemish parliament demanding the retreat of the nuclear weapons, the federal government reacted with the traditional evading answer. The debate on nuclear weapons is systematically avoided by the succesive governments by the shamefull use of procedure-tricks. Kafka could take it as an example."

Parliamentarians call for civil disobedience

The parliamentarians continue: "Because the Belgian government refuses to respect international law concerning nuclear weapons, even refuses the debate, we as civilians are placed in a situation of necessity who forces us to be civil disobedient to prevent a greater crime.

If the government refuses the debates with us as parliamentarians, then we have to force a debate before the court as citizens. As parliamentarians we can no longer let us put aside. We will without permission enter the military base where 10 illegal nuclear weapons of mass destruction are deployed. We wil do this on Easter Monday April 16th in Kleine Brogel together with the peace activists of Forum for Peace Action and For Mother Earth. We call every citizen to do the same.

American University Severs Contract With Sodexho-Marriott Citing Private Prison Ties

Students Succeed: For-Profit-Prison Conglomerate Kicked Off Campus at American University

In the latest of a series of successful student campaigns to kick private prison profiteers off campus has prevailed at American University. In a letter sent via-email to all AU students today, Don Myers, Vice President of Finance and Treasurer announced that the contract with Marriott Food Services will end this year, and that the social responsibility of the multinational corporation played an important role in the administrations decision to severe ties with the Correctional Corporation of America1s (CCA) parent company. On April 10, the university administration at Oberlin College, in Ohio announced that they to would end their contract with Marriott Food Services.

"We've shown that student activists can hold prison profiteers accountable," says Adam Choka, who was part of the student effort at AU to dump the private-for-profit prison's parent company. "People who profit off of people's misery in private prisons will pay a price in lost student meal plan contracts."

Background: The Campaign to rid U.S. Campuses of Prison Profiteers.

On March 28, 1998, the French multinational Sodexho Alliance (SA) took over the North American operations of Marriott Management Services from the Marriott Group, making it the largest institutional provider of food services in North America, with $4.5 billion in annual revenues. The merger also tied student meal plans at the nations largest college campuses to the incarceration of people for profit, as Sodexho Marriott owns the largest block of stock in CCA: the Correctional Corporation of America. Private prisons have been condemned for being poorly managed and largely unregulated, while private prison guards are underpaid, unorganized and minimally trained. As a consequence, mistreatment of prisoners and escapes are all too common. In Youngstown, Ohio, mismanagement of D.C. prisoners have led to a series of scathing reports that have been issued by Congress, and local corrections officials. For the last two years, students cross the country have been part of a national campaign to kick Marriott foods off their campuses. The Not-With-Our-Money campaign have organized students to reject Marriott food meal plans, and have sponsored sit-in and protests across the United States, Canada and Europe to compel universities to end their contracts with the private-for-profit prison company conglomerate. To learn more about the national Not with Our Money Campaign, visit their website at www.nomoreprisons.org/nwom.htm, or contact Kevin Pranis at (917) 860-4635.

Fury at Pro-Genetic Modification School Magazines

by Rob Edwards

MORE than 140,000 glossy brochures sponsored by the US corporate giants of genetic modification such as Monsanto are being pushed into Scotland's schools by Scottish Enterprise, with the enthusiastic backing of the schools watchdog HM Inspectorate of Education.

The brochures, which sing the praises of GM technology in medicine and marine science, have provoked widespread protests from teachers, consumer groups and environ-mentalists. They are suspicious that GM companies are trying to soften up students as part of a campaign to quell mounting public fears about the dangers of genetic engineering.

The "infiltration" of industry into the curriculum worried the Educational Institute of Scotland, the trade union representing teachers. The institute's general secretary, Ronnie Smith, wanted Scottish Enterprise and HM Inspec-torate of Education to exercise more critical judgement, and urged teachers to do the same.

"I think every product of industry that purports to be a curriculum resource should be viewed carefully by teachers before they use it," he said. "Most commercial organisations do not involve themselves in this area out of a charitable concern to help education."

Your World - Biotechnology And You is a 16-page full-colour magazine produced in the US by the Biotechnology Institute. The institute was founded two years ago in Pennsylvania to promote public understanding of GM science. It is funded by Monsanto, Novartis, Pfizer, Rhone-Poulenc, Merck, Amgen and the 900-member Bio technology Industry Organisation.

Up to 20,000 copies of seven editions of Your World are this month being sent to 600 schools and colleges throughout Scotland as a "teacher's resource for biotechnology education". In promoting the magazine, neither Scottish Enterprise nor HM Inspectorate of Education mentioned the fact that it has been sponsored by multi national GM companies.

Those who represent the interests of parents also expressed alarm. "Pressure is increasing on schools to accept industry-led sponsorship and marketing," observed Martyn Evans, the director of the Scottish Consumer Council. He said that was why, along with the National Consumer Council in London, his organisation was now updating guidelines for schools on industrial sponsorship. "Schools have to be particularly careful in accepting sponsored materials or products," he said. "The biotech companies behind the magazine are using the provision of education as a marketing opportunity É to influence pupils."

However, in the blurb accompanying the magazine, Dr Jack Jackson, HM Inspector of Schools, writes: "Your World is a valuable resource for Scottish Science teachers and should help inform pupils and raise their awareness of the many benefits and issues which surround the development of this exciting new technology."

The magazines cover genes and medicine, tissue engineering, Aids, the brain, diagnostics, computing and marine bio technology. They are peppered with quotes and profiles of industrialists and ideas for classroom activities and often end with positive accounts of recent developments in gene science.

The most recent Your World, which the Biotechnology Institute hopes will be circulated to Scottish schools in the future, covers the controversial area of GM food. It has enthusiastic articles on "creating better plants" as well as a piece knocking organic farming, and suggests children should experiment by growing Monsanto's GM soybean seeds.

"We want to make these magazines available to Scottish teachers on a regular basis," the Biotechnology Institute's Jeff Davidson told the Sunday Herald from Pennsylvania last week. He argued that the use of GM in medicine was uncontroversial, and pointed out that Your World, though sponsored by GM companies, was actually produced by academics and science writers. He accepted, however, that GM foods aroused more fears in Europe than they did in the US, and suggested the presentation of the issue in Scotland might need rethinking.

One anti-GM group, Glasgow-based Scottish Genetix Action, is so angry about what it sees as the bias and prejudice of the brochures that it has demanded they be withdrawn immediately from classrooms. "Corporations are taking hold of our education system," said the group's Scott Armstrong.

Neither the Scottish Executive nor HM Inspectorate were willing to comment last week, referring questions to the Executive's Dundee-based agency, Learning and Teaching Scotland. It too was unable to make any public statements, though insiders privately defended the use of Your World on the grounds that its articles were directly related to parts of the fifth and sixth-year biology curriculum.

Scottish Enterprise's bio technology director, Peter Lennox, dismissed criticisms of the involvement of GM companies as nonsense. "I'm flabbergasted that anyone should raise this," he said. "It didn't even cross our minds. I thought it was just knowledge. Biotechnology is an enigma wrapped in a mystery and there is a lack of knowledge about it."

Vienna's Anti-Opera Ball protests end in riots

Some 42 people were arrested and many more injured in Vienna, capital of Austria, when riot police clashed with protesters during a rally against the traditional opera ball on 22. February. The opera ball is known as the main cultural event of the economic and political elite of the country and its neighbour-states. There is a tradition of protest against this dance of the bourgeois, ass well. In the late 80s and early 90s Vienna saw its biggest riots during anti-opera ball protests. In the following years, however, participation in the rallies declined. But when the right-winged Freedom Party entered government in February 2000 about 8000 people joined the protest against the opera ball and the new government.

This year only 1000 people showed up to demonstrate. The police declared that they were not willing to allow any blockades which were planed by anti-government groups for the night of the ball. When protesters came relatively close to the opera building, bottles and paint bombs were thrown on cops in riot gear, the police answered with massive violence. Some dozen people, protesters and passers-by, were hit by truncheons, punched and kicked. A couple of people had to be brought to hospital by paramedics. The police, however, made no arrests at this point. About the half of the people, mainly members of the black bloc, gathered again. The police started to hunt the protesters through the streets of Vienna's city center. Barricades were put up and set on fire. On Vienna's main shopping boulevard, the Mariahilfer Street; two bank branches, a McDonald's restaurant and a sex shop were attacked, shop windows smashed. From this point on the police started to make arrests. For protesters it was nearly impossible to leave the scenery because of massive police presence. Extremely aggressive cops attacked any person who was an alleged demonstrator. Forty-two people were arrested and most of them were maltreated. All of them were charged with resistance against state authorities, some with (grievous) bodily harm, damage to property and breach of the peace. Some 17 police officers were injured.

Most prisoners were released after about 24 hours, some were kept for longer. At least one man was on remand for 16 days. One German and two US-Americans were kept in custody prior to deportation for a few days.

In the early hours of 23. February some 300 riot cops stormed the Ernst-Kirchweger-Haus (EKH), a former squat and Vienna's last autonomously organised political center. They destroyed several doors, a computer monitor and some minor things. People in the house, occupants as well as guests, were beaten and detained, some were even hand-cuffed. The editorial office of Austria's radical left-winged magazine *Tatblatt*, which is located in the house, was searched as well (this is forbidden by law but Vienna's police obviously don't give a fuck). While a first police statement said that nothing illegal was found, a second one stated that they found several materials which were used to construct weapons. The press, especially the tabloids, declared the EKH the home of terror and an arms cache. The public opinion, fed with lies by the press, turned against the anti-government movement. Liberals and Greens blamed the violent protesters to discredit and to destroy "their" justified resistance against the right-winged government.

Solidarity with the victims of police brutality was and still is marginal after the opera ball. The trials against the charged people are still to come.

Group 222 of the Hardware Collective, Vienna
(http://go.to/hardware_kollektiv)

Race, Anarchy, and Punk Rock:
The impact of cultural boundaries within the anarchist movement.

by Otto Nomous

"Yes that's right, punk is dead ... Punk became a fashion just like hippy used to be and it ain't got a thing to do with you or me."

- lyrics by Crass, *The Feeding of the Five Thousand* (1978).

Ever since the historic protests against the WTO in Seattle at the close of the last millenium, anarchism as a revolutionary theory has been sought after by an increasing number of people from wide ranging walks of life than ever before in recent memory. However, the undeniable fact remains that the make-up of the anarchist movement in the U.S. for the last couple of decades has been a largely homogenous one, i.e. predominantly white and middle class. It also happens to be the case that the vast majority of people who identify themselves as anarchists in the U.S. today are connected to "alternative" subcultures, such as punk rock, in varying degrees. As a person of color and an anarchist with roots in punk rock, I have become deeply concerned with the lack of diversity within the anarchist movement. As long as we fail to attract significantly diverse participation, thus remaining isolated and politically weakened, and fail to link-up with and support anti-racist struggles, we shouldn't keep our hopes up for any radical social transformation in this country. I began to realize that a significant part of the problem lies in the subcultural lifestyle of many anarchists, including myself. What follows is an attempt to offer insight in finding answers for the ever-pressing quest for "diversity" within the anarchist community.

From the numerous situationist slogans that graced the lyrics of early punk bands, to the proliferation of anarcho-punk bands such as Crass and Conflict in the early eighties, punk rock as a subculture has had a unique history of having a strong relationship with explicitly anarchist and anti-capitalist political content over the years. Many anarchists today, including myself, are by-products of punk rock, where most become politicized from being exposed to angry, passionate lyrics of anarcho-punk bands, "do-it-yourself" zines, and countless other sources of information that are circulated within the underground punk distribution networks. Some are introduced to punk through the introduction to the anarchist social circles. Regardless of which comes first, the correlation between the punk scene and the anarchist scene is hard to miss, especially at most anarchist gatherings and conferences. It is by no coincidence that the punk scene also shares the familiar demographic as its counterpart, of mostly white, male, suburban, middle class youths.

It should be clear then, that the problem of the lack of race/class diversity within the U.S. anarchist movement will exist as long as it remains within the boundaries of any one particular culture, such as punk. To ignore this reality as merely an insignificant annoyance in an otherwise "politically correct" movement, and pretend that it can be solved as long as we recruit folks of color by being more "open," or if one analyzes the connection between global capitalism and white supremacy, would be a short-sighted mistake, albeit a frequently made one. It is critically important to realize how cultural boundaries can alienate other communities, how subtle forms of denial and guilt-complexes prevent real solutions, and why many of our attempts in the past have failed to provide new, effective approaches in achieving a truly diverse anarchist movement.

Looking at the fact that most people who rear their heads at anarchist "movement" events are roughly between 16-30 years old, with background influences of "punk" or other "alternative" persuasions, it is easy to understand why such "movements" tend to alienate most people than interest them. Punk has primarily appealed to middle-class, straight white boys, who, though they are " too smart" for the rock music pushed by the multinational corporations, still want to "rock out." It is also a culture that is associated with alienating oneself from the rest of society, often times in order to rebel against one's privileged background or parents. There's really nothing wrong with any radical counterculture having its own, distinct character, of course. Indeed, it's probably very good for those included. But we have to admit it is exclusive. Plus, the anarchist movement today has determined its issues of importance. Rarely do these include community organizing or working for social change around issues that most people prioritize, such as against the more subtle forms of racism, ageism and sexism, for a living wage, health care, and so forth. We are often more interested in promoting anarchism and so-called revolutionary organizations than working to provide real alternatives among everyday people. The current anarchist movement, for this reason, is not very relevant to the actual lives of most oppressed people.

Quite disturbingly, my experiences have shown that instead of acknowledging their impact and actually addressing them, many white anarchists rely on either constant denial of their responsibilities or engage in patronizing, token gestures out of privilege-guilt complexes. For example, I have received quite a few very negative and defensive reactions from white anarchists whenever I would mention the words "white" and "middle class" in the same sentence. Some of them defiantly point out that they're actually "working class" because they grew up poor or have to work. What they fail to realize is that it doesn't change the fact that they are able to blend in and benefit from the current anarchist scene which is predominantly middle class, and from white skin privilege.

It seems as though a fairly extensive arsenal of denial and rationale has been developed within the anarchist scene over the years. One of my favorite examples is from when I approached some members of a group that was organizing the anarchist conference that happened in L.A. during the Democratic National Convention with the fact that the group was almost entirely white punks. Many of them defended it by saying, "I believe in 'Free Association.'" or "I'm not stopping anyone from joining our group. In fact, we'd like other people to join us, but they never do." Such remarks indicate just how little they understand that it is because they operate in comfort zones that suits their subcultural lifestyle or upbringing, which many people cannot relate to. I believe this is one of the most serious and significant obstacles that anarchists face today. Until white anarchists figure out that they actually need to proactively break through race/class/cultural boundaries, they will only continue to perpetuate the isolated anarchist ghetto. One of the more insulting things I've heard not too long ago from a local anarchist, however, is "c'mon, I work with YOU. And you're not white... so I can't be racist." The thought of my(or any other person of color's) mere presence somehow legitimizing someone's attitude on race that is implicit in that statement is painfully absurd. But it reflects the reality that a lot of people still think in those ways. I have also encountered a slightly more subtle form of denial from anarchist discussion lists of people who insist that since the concept of race is a social construct, we shouldn't acknowledge racial identities and instead pretend as if such categories do not exist. What's funny is that they almost always identify themselves as being "white." It sure must be convenient as a white person to pretend that issues of race didn't exist, which reminds me of the similar line associated with the anti-Affirmative Action campaigns of how we now live in a "colorblind society" with "equal opportunities."

Of course, not all white anarchists are clueless about racial/class relations and their positions of privilege. In the Minneapolis anarcho-punk zine Profane Existence, Joel wrote circa '92, "We are the inheritors of the white supremacist, patriarchal, capitalist world order. A prime position as defenders of the capital of the ruling class and the overseers of the underclass has been set aside for us....as punks we reject our inherited race and class positions because we know they are bullshit". However, no matter how well-intentioned, the anarchist scene has been for the most part so deeply entrenched in the lifestyle of the know-it-all, punker-than-thou, vegan/straight edge-fascist, fashion victims or young, transient, train-hopping, dreadlocked, dumpster-diving eco-warriors that not only do most people find it hard to relate to them but they themselves are at a loss when they actually try to reach out to other communities. A typical scenario I find when this is attempted usually only amounts to the aforementioned fluffy, token gestures of solidarity, such as visiting a local black revolutionary group's headquarters and staying just long enough to take pictures with a fist in the air or inviting a person of color to an all-white group just to ease one's guilt. But, to be fair, I must acknowledge that I know of a few exceptions of white/punk anarchists that actually attempt to do serious work with people of color and/or are committed to community organizing. The point I'm making basically is that the general tendencies of most white/punk anarchists tend to be to settle for the symbolic, and fail to support the real struggles of people to change the world precisely because they have a choice as opposed to people who have to struggle for their livelihood.

It would be useful to look at anarchist groups and projects such as Anti-Racist Action, Earth First, Food Not Bombs and various other anarchist collectives to find out the extent to which such groups are influenced by subcultural lifestyles and how they deal with the issue of diversity. They tend to be good at politicizing lots of people who may identify or feel comfortable with the distinct counter-culture, but they almost never go beyond the boundaries of their comfort zones. Our closest comrades aren't people chosen because of their politics alone˜plenty more share our principles and political beliefs˜but we never see them, because they don't share our style or cultural preferences. Furthermore, we have seen numerous infoshops spring up in many cities over the years. They usually stand out like an eyesore by becoming more of a punk activist hangout and turning off the people who live in the neighborhood who may have been interested in the project otherwise. We should also be conscious of the fact that many times these projects contribute directly to gentrification of low-income neighborhoods, as punk and anarchist sub-societies are not well-known for their ability to pay high rents. It will ultimately depend on whether they operate as trendy, social gathering spots for punk/anarchists or a place that is respectful of and actively involves the local community.

Undeniably, there is a strong connection between cultural lifestyles and comfort zones and the extent of diversity within any movement. Groups cannot make their racial nature and composition into side issues, an ongoing "process", or working groups. They've got to be right next to the groups' foremost goals. We can keep our subcultural milieu in tact, but our organizing efforts have to step well beyond it. At this point at least, it makes more sense to organize according to neighborhoods and values than according to aesthetic tastes and specific ideologies and develop a culture that draws people together. Anarchism will not solve racism without the people affected by it. And we certainly won't be seeing any kind of a revolution made up of subcultural lifestyle ghettos.

Contributor notes: Otto Nomous is an anarchist, an independent video/music maker, and a street "party member" of Bay Area Reclaim The Streets(www.xinet.com/rts). His films "Anarchy in L.A." and "SF J20 Reclaim The Streets" can be viewed online at www.regenerationTV.com. He can be reached by writing soydog@hotmail.com.

Netherlands: Save the Lives of the 5 Kurdish Hungerstrikers!

by fabel

info@defabel.nl or inter.com@trouwweb.nl

Sami, Maji, Azad, Hossein and Nihad are five Kurdish refugees. They went in hungerstrike two months ago because the Dutch governement has declared Northern-Iraq a safe place and wants to deport 9000 Kurds. Thousands of Kurdish will soon end up in a very bad situation. They will be forced to leave the asylumseeker-centres will be denied social security. Return to Iraq however is impossible.

The treatment of Kurdish refugees by the Dutch governement through the years, can be characterized by two key-words: criminalize and illegalize... Kurdish refugees always were treated as "illegal immigrants" who left their country because of economic reasons. On the highest European level anti-migration-programs were constructed. Even the cooperation with torture-state Turkey, responsible for ethnic cleansing and the dislocation of millions of Kurds was no problem at all. High-ranked European police-officers worked together with Necati Bilican, former governor of Turkish-Kurdistan and responsible for tens of killed and disappeared prisoners and hundreds tortured prisoners. Im making te anti-migration-policy works the European Union chooses these criminals as allies and talks with them about the establishment of detention-centres for thousands of Kurdish refugees.

The new magic word is "internal flight alternative". However it's an "alternative" seriously questioned even by the UNHCR (Berlin january 2001). Ignored is the fact that already hundreds of thousands refugees are staying in Northern Iraq, from Central Iraq, Iran and Turkey, who live their under very bad conditions. The region is in a state of civil war and recently 10.000 Turkish soldiers invaded the area. Northern Iraq is one of the most unsafest and unsteady places on earth. Precisely on that spot the EU wants to establish a reservation for thousands of Kurdish refugees.

The five hungerstrikers began their action as an ultimate attempt to call attention to their situation and that of thousands partners in distress. From the beginning they were completely ignored, by the media, politicians, responsible authorities, their lawyers and doctors. This hushing up and concealment of the situation of Kurdish refugees led to an attempt of one of the hungerstrikers to burn himself and a violent escalation of a demonstration against the deportation of Kurdish refugees, The Hague march 29th.

The situation of the hungerstrikers is very critical. The five lost tens of kilogrammes weight, they have blood in their urine, some of them regularly lose consciousness, all of them suffer dizziness and muscle-weakness. Something must move immediately! Otherwise the hungerstrikers will not survive it. The forced departure out of the asylumseeker-centres and the deportation to Northern Iraq is a serious violation of human rights! To let the hungerstrikers die is murder!

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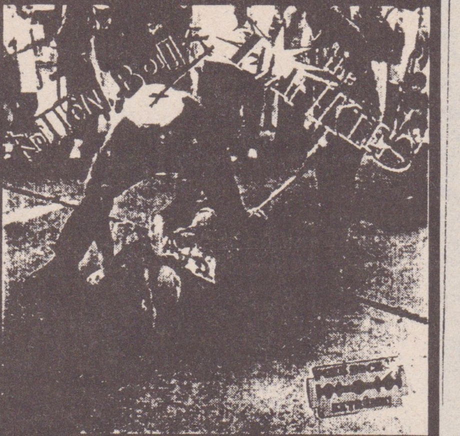

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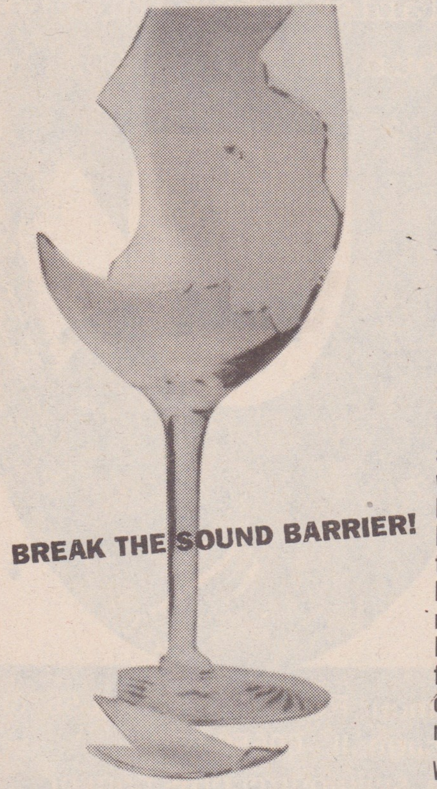
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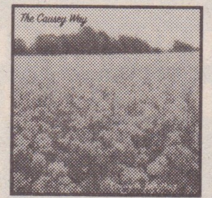

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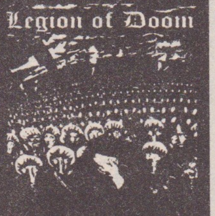

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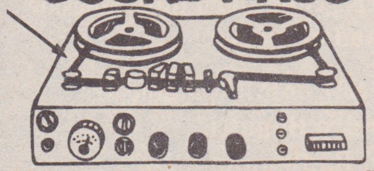

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SCENES

So many people are unaware of the punk & hardcore scenes that exist here in our little Emerald Isle, so it's high time for a wee scene report. To simplify matters, I'm gonna do this in two parts -one for Dublin exclusively and the other for the rest of the country. I've included e-mail addresses where applicable since it's a lot easier to get in touch with people online than putting pen to paper...

Dublin

The last few years have seen somewhat of a decline in what was previously a really active scene, some of it undoubtedly due to the influence of the "Celtic Tiger" -Ireland's recent economic prosperity. Well as it may be for some, it's meant that almost all the venues in Dublin have been sold or converted into trendy cafés or nightclubs and that many of the scene's previous enthusiasts have lost all interest. However, there are still frequent enough punk rock & hardcore shows with a number of people involved in putting 'em on. The Kids are a collective of DIY-minded individuals, who put on quite a lot of punk/hardcore/indie gigs and arrange tours for bands coming over. You can contact them at: 33 Weston Road, Churchtown, Dublin 14, or 4thekids@thumped.com. Also frequently putting on gigs firmly rooted in punk rock territory is Kerry John, who's put on shows for both smaller bands (Capdown, Turtlehead, P.A.I.N., etc) and bigger ones (Stiff Little Fingers, Bad Manners, etc). You can get in touch with him at: John Foley, No. 11, Blessington Place, Dublin 7 or foad@yahoo.com.

Moving on to Record Shops, your best bet is probably Road Records which is 100% independent & is located on Fade Street (just off George's Street). They stock all manner of music, fanzines, etc. and are really nice friendly people too. Freebird Records, along the river just off O'Connell Street, has a good selection of stuff and a great 2nd hand section which usually yields a few finds if you've the patience to sift through the shelves. Unfortunately, Tower Records is the shop with probably the greatest selection of punk & hardcore, as well as a good choice of fanzines. You will, however, pay through the nose for anything you buy there and hence most would rather (and rightly) avoid Tower like the plague, unless you've got 1) lots of money, or 2) nimble fingers. I'm happy to say that Tower now has a more than worthy adversary in terms of punk rock & hardcore in the shape of The Record Store, on Wicklow Street, just up from Tower if you're walking from Grafton Street. Just recently opened by Mero who does Rejected Records, it's filling up week by week with all sorts of punkin' goodies, at cheap cheap prices, and there's also loads of old fanzines and stuff for sale there -it's a godsend!! It's a little tricky to find; it's at the back of The Secret Book & Record Store, which you've got to go through a little corridor from the street to get to, but there's a big yellow sign outside so you should get there without too many problems. Also worth a look are Comet Records, The Sound Cellar, Borderline Records, and Rhythm Records.

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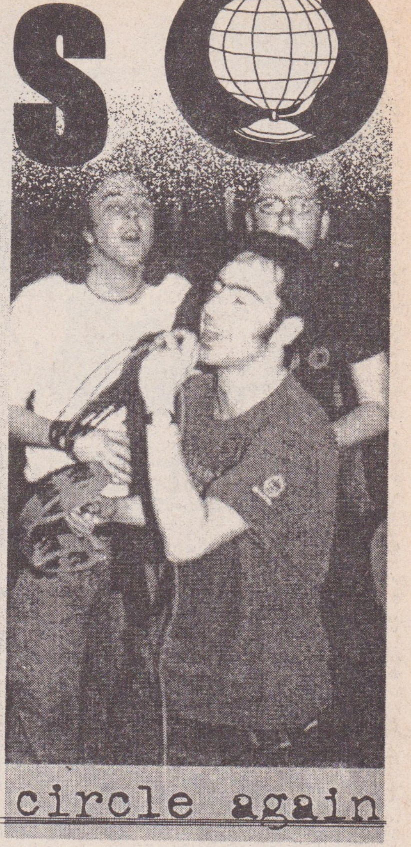
circle again

Onto the really important stuff; the Bands! Flying the flag high for the old-school are Stress, a bunch of cider-swilling glue-sniffing drunk punx who've a demo available and a self-released 7" EP out real soon, and who can be reached at: 4 Mount Tallant Avenue, Harolds Cross, Dublin 6 or seanfi71@hotmail.com. Striknien DC are pretty well known both inside & outside of Ireland. They've been around for a good few years and play excellent subversive reggae/punk crossover stuff, they've a number of excellent albums & EPs out on Rejected Records and you can reach 'em at: PO Box 6591, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin. Control play raging grindcore and seem to be in a constant state of "playing their last ever gig..." I reckon they'll still be around for a while though. They've got a split album out soon on Control Records and strike the bold claim of being __ homocore...fanmail to: PO Box 6591, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin or rejected@thumped.com. Puget Sound are a fantastic reggae/punk type band, they've a great 7" out on Rise Above Records, and were described by MRR as "the best ska band since Operation Ivy"...high praise indeed, I'm sure you'll agree. They've been living in Leeds for the last year but returned in the summer and are supposedly off to Brazil soon...contact 'em at: 3 Hillcrest Walk, Lucan, Co. Dublin or puget18@hotmail.com. Skint play oi!/street punk & are pretty well known, having toured throughout Europe with Red Alert. They've a 7" or two out & they've just released their 2nd album, naturally full of chanty sing-along street ditties! You can contact them at: Matt, LEPROCK Records, Ballinclogher, Lixnaw Co.Kerry. Woodrow are a young 3-piece band from Baldoyle in the suburbs of Dublin, they play an interesting and eclectic brand of rocking punky ska & are scarily tight live... They've an EP out on Treasure Island Records & can be reached at: 6 Abbey Park, Baldoyle, Dublin 13 or woodrow@oceanfree.net. The Begrudgers are a pretty new band, also from Baldoyle. They were called Penfold until recently, and they play old-school ska with lotsa keyboards and a distinctly menacing snotty-ass punk rock edge. They've really impressed me recently and are great fun live, and have just put out a demo with lotsa stuff in the pipeline. You can reach these kids at: 1 Georgian Hamlet, Baldoyle, Dublin 13 or sewhelan@indigo.ie. The Steam Pig are a 3-piece band with their roots in street-punky kinda stuff, however, they incorporate a lot of other diverse and interesting influences too. They've a couple of 7" singles out & their 2nd album's just been released on Rejected Records. Loud sing-along oi! with slight trad leanings & unmistakable Dublin accents, good fun live too. You can reach these gurriers at: PO Box 7674, Dublin 1. Sir Killalot are, in my opinion, probably the best Irish band around at the moment... They play excellently catchy melodic hardcore, fast, loud & in-yer-fucking-face yet still tuneful and emotive, maybe something like a mix of Avail, Hot Water Music & Leatherface. They've a 6-track CD EP from 1999, which is okay, and a new 7" which is amazing (came out after a very wise line-up change), both on Rise Above Records, with a debut album out in early 2001 on Rejected. You can contact them at: 3 Hillcrest Walk, Lucan, Co. Dublin or silentjamie@hotmail.com. The Baseball Fury play angular space-dungeon-

control

metal (or something akin to that) but with a definite post-hardcore vibe to it, it's pretty technical and interesting and these kids rock like the proverbial motherbitch when they open up... they're 100% DIY-to-the-max and they've got a 7" out on Benjamin Records in the summer; you can reach 'em at: 33 Weston Road, Churchtown, Dublin 14 or thefury@thumped.com. The Bloody Mutants are basically a bunch of homebrew drinkin' bloody mutants from just outside of Dublin in Co. Wicklow. They play fast, loud, old-school drunken & messy sing-along punk, they've a few 7"s out on various different labels and you can write to them at: 101 Applewood Heights, Greystones, Co. Wicklow. Bambi are just back after touring the States for the summer & play sweaty, dirty rock 'n' roll along the lines of the type of stuff put out by Hopskotch Records -y'know, pervy sex music kinda stuff...um...Hammond organ and all that. It's good. Anyway, Bambi, yeh, they've a couple of 7" records out & a mini-album too, write to 'em at: 7 Havlock Square, Ballsbridge, Dublin 4. Very popular indeed these days are The Redneck Manifesto, who play instrumental post-hardcore kinda stuff and have a number of 7"s out on Grey Slate Records aswell as some other split singles and an album due out soon. You can write to TRM at: 138 Clonmacnois Road, Crumlin, Dublin 12 or eganr@indigo.ie. Estel, who share a drummer with Sir Killalot, play a similar brand of post-hardcore but in my opinion are infinitely more interesting, often with particularly chilling & eerie sounding tunes too. They've got a few 7 inchers out and their debut album has just been released on Benjamin Records. They seem to be getting reeeaaaally big these days, so catch 'em while you can at: 64 Derry Drive, Crumlin, Dublin 12. Mixtwitch play ultra-melodic catchy pop-punk & have been around for a good few years now, and with their debut album just out on Treasure Island Records to improve even further on their already considerable level of popularity with the kids... They've just been on tour in the UK with Turtlehead & Four Letter word too, so they could be gettin' real big before yeh even know it. You can contact 'em at: Barta Studio, Harbour Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin or mixtwitch@punkjunk.com. 2000 Strong from Wicklow play NY style hardcore and have a few releases out by now reportedly with an album due soon. You can contact 'em: c/o Ian Lawless, Trinity, Ashford, Co. Wicklow. Their guitarist Ian also plays in a pretty rocking 3-piece punk/metal band called Cold War, who've been described as a cross between Discharge & Sepultura. They're recording a demo soon and can be contacted at the same address as 2000 Strong. Global Pillage also hail from Wicklah and are a 5-piece with a female vocalist, they're pretty rocking but are also pretty hard to get hold of since they don't seem to play too many gigs. Write to them c/o Ian Lawless, who plays guitar for them. As if playing in 3 bands wasn't enough, Monsieur Lawless also runs the Abusive Music Distro which has big list of hardcore & death metal as cheap as can be. Write to Ian at the address for 2000 Strong above for more info. Pinion play unashamedly poppy & melodic punk rock, taking their cue from bands like Screeching Weasel with a distinct rock 'n' rolly edge to them kinda like Social Distortion. They've a demo out that you can get from: 11 Albert College Road, Glasnevin, Dublin 11. Blood Or Whiskey are a great trad/punk band with tin whistles and mandolins and everything, and as it says on the press releasey thing for their last album, "With current overblown trends in pseudo rootsy Irish music stateside, Blood Or Whiskey are a perfect example of the real thing. Tradition, energy, drinking songs & hooligan music!!". Couldn't have put it better meself... They're allegedly the Dropkick Murphys' favourite band and their 2nd album's just out on Rejected Records, which you can get from: PO Box 6591, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin. Kid Blunt hail from just outside of Dublin and play fast & catchy skatecore kinda stuff. They've a demo out and tracks on a few compilations with some new stuff being recorded soon. Write to them: c/o Stephen, 343 Meadowbrook, Kilcoole, Co. Wicklow or stephenkidblunt@hotmail.com.

Now onto Fanzines, the best known and most popular of which is probably Nosebleed, which is run by Boz who plays bass in The Steam Pig. It's been around for about 10 years & is always full of good artwork, features and interviews, as well as the usual reviews and fanzine crap. You can contact Boz at PO Box 7674, Dublin 1. A fairly new Dublin 'zine is SLTA who also cover mostly punk, but with a good bit of hardcore too. You can get in contact with Barry & Eoin at: 11 Sarto Road, Sutton, Dublin 13 or slta@eircom.net. Against The Rest comes straight outta Wicklow (hell yeh) & covers mainly hardcore, it's well worth a look. Write to these guys c/o Shay Murphy, Erskine Avenue, Greystones, Co. Wicklow or xshay__murphyx@hotmail.com. Riot 77 is pretty new but looks to continue for some time, it's well written and full of pretty rocking stuff. Cian who writes is is just back in Ireland after spending a year in Boston and seems to be into some cool shit, you can reach Riot 77: c/o Cian Hynes, 31 Saint Patrick's Park, Clondalkin, Dublin 22. From a more, um, subversive direction comes One Off fanzine, which has been around for a few years & is always impressive, covering all manner of punk, hardcore and metal. You can reach them at: PO Box 5468, Crumlin, Dublin 12. Always full of nice lil' drawings and well-written pieces with a particular emphasis on Animal Lib is Cotton Fist. Short but sweet, there's a new issue out every month or two. You can get in contact with Eric at:32 D, Greygates, Stillorgan Road, Stillorgan, Co. Dublin. Nihilistic News, Hypocritical Views is written by the kids from The Begrudgers and has a strong emphasis on DIY and underground punk rock, definitely well worth a look and available from: Weeler, 1 Georgian Hamlet, Baldoyle, Dublin 13 or sewhelan@indigo.ie.

Next come the Record Labels; probably the most prolific, dedicated, and best known of all the Irish independent labels is Rejected Records who've been releasing great punk rock & hardcore for the last 6 years and in that time have put out some truly classic records. Rejected head honcho Mero has also recently started another label, Control Records, which is dedicated to the cause of releasing "metal made by punks", and so far have released a few gems, including of course, a spiffing Hellbastard discography...splendid stuff, splendid stuff. Anyway, both labels have put some excellent stuff out and have new releases on the way all the time, so write to them at: PO Box 6591, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin or rejected@thumped.com. A somewhat less prolific label is Greyslate Records. They've recently done a few Redneck Manifesto 7"s & everything they've released so far's really good (the Blackbelt Jones 7", Jackbeast 10", etc). You can get in touch with them at: 138 Clonmacnoise Road, Crumlin, Dublin 2. A pretty new label is Rise Above Records, run by Sir Killalot's bassist and ex-Holemaster Liamo. They're up to release Nº4 & everything from them so far has been excellent too. For info on their releases & what they've got coming next, write to: 3 Hillcrest Walk, Lucan, Co. Dublin or riseabove@eircom.net. Brotherhood Of One Records put out hardcore & punk rock stuff, and have done some pretty cool comps, albums, and 7"s, including the legendary Gout album. I'm not sure what they've got in the pipeline right now but you can find out for yourself by writing to: PO Box 5468, Crumlin, Dublin 12. Alpha Relish do more in the line of post-hardcore and indie/art-rock than punk, along the lines of Southern/Deep Elm Records type stuff, they've some good releases out and you can write to them at: 8 Garville Mews, Rathgar, Dublin 6 or info@alpharelish.com. Benjamin Records are a pretty new label who've just started putting stuff out, and generally deal in the more weirdy rocking side of arty stuff. They did the Estel album, and have just put out the Waltons fantabulous posthumous 7". Get in touch wiv 'em at: 33 Weston Road, Churchtown, Dublin 14 or neckweed@rocketmail.com.

The Rest

The Irish scene outside of Dublin has always been pretty active but now more so than ever it seems to be really growing. There're a number of places where punk & HC gigs happen regularly, with various people & collectives keeping things interesting all over the country. Monchichi Productions in Waterford put on regular Saturday/Sunday afternoon all-ages shows, you can contact them: c/o Shelly, 69 Grange Heights, Waterford or punkrockshelly@hotmail.com. Moving South, Cork has become much more active recently with a lot of really cool stuff going on. Conor from the PC Fascists puts on loads of great gigs, both small local & touring bands to bigger one's like the Dropkicks, Lagwagon, etc. Get in contact with him at: 41 Beech Road, Muskerry, Ballincollig, Co. Cork or punkheader@yahoo.com. Next to Limerick; Limerick has always traditionally been, well, shit. Recently, however, things have changed drastically, more than drastically in fact, it's pretty amazing how much the Aspersion Music Collective (AMC) have done for underground music in the city over the past year, and thanks to their considerable efforts there are now regular gigs (at least one a week) in decent venues with an enviable attendance at all of them really -proving that if people get together and do things DIY without waiting for "someone else..." to do it then great things WILL happen. Yep, even in Limerick! Contact the AMC: c/o Mark, 104 Mulcair Drive, Annacotty, Limerick or phone Albert at 061 418881. Next on to Roscommon and me... Our town's shit, pretty much. It's in the middle of nowhere and is mostly full of confrontational inbred fools. However we still put on gigs regularly enough & have had some excellent bands and really great gigs here, and strangely enough there's almost always a good crowd since kids come from all around the area really; bands are fed, put up, and paid well too. My address is at the end of this. On to Belfast...repeatedly over the last year or so I've tried to organise gigs for touring bands, but it just seemed that everyone was really apathetic, and a number of people I know from the HC/punk scene up there said the same. Good news however, it seems that all of a sudden there're lots of people doing stuff. The Dangerfields (info below) are putting on loads of punk rock shows, and the TIOAP distro are doing them too. Also, Belfast can boast the excellent Warzone Centre where the infamous Warzone Festival is held every Summer, and which also has cheap recording & rehearsal studios, t-shirt printing facilities, etc and also has a yummy vegan/veggie café in it. You can contact the Warzone at: 1-5 Donegall Lane, Belfast, N. Ireland. I've also just heard of a new distro called Tomorrow Is Only A Promise, who have lotsa sXe and hardcore stuff, the likes of Trustkill, Goodlife, etc. They're also putting on gigs and involved in all sorts of interesting jiggery-pokery, so get in touch with them at: Flat 2, No. 2 India Street, Belfast BT7 1LJ or only__a__promise@hotmail.com to find out more. I'm not completely sure what the deal with the Kilkenny scene is these days, but it seems somewhat less active since some of the better known bands of the last few years (Gout, Cheapskate, Nappyrash, etc) called it a day. Still though, the guys in Prell seem to put on gigs every now and again, and you can get in touch with them: c/o Johnny Cleere, 8 St. Mauls, Greensbridge, Kilkenny or prell@ireland.com. Recently the New Noise Collective have started putting punk & hardcore gigs on in Galway, which has long been devoid of any sort of underground activity. So, you can get in touch with them c/o Kollin at: 12 Lismoyle House, Augustine Street, Galway or webmaster@fuktifino.zzn.com and I'm sure they'll be more than happy to help you out.

Onto Bands: first to Waterford and Fingermouse. Having formed recently from the ashes of the long-serving Brooder and Silent Bob, they've got a new 7" record due out soon on Poop Monkey Records and from a live demo I heard recently they seem to be playing an excellent mix of stuff along the lines of Lifetime/Gameface... You can write to their guitar player Steve at: 69 Grange Heights, Waterford or steve@fingermouse.8m.com. The Throwbacks also come from Waterford and play kinda rock 'n' roll tinged punk, I think they've got a demo out that you can get from them at: 111 Sweet Briar Lawn, Tramore, Waterford. Fat Ethel are a pretty new young band who play infectious pop-punky kinda stuff along the lines of the Fat Wreck and Dr. Strange thing. They've reportedly got a new demo out, contact 'em: c/o Ian Moore, Ballymorris, Fenor, Co. Waterford or deface666@yahoo.com. Onto Cork and two bands who've formed from ex-members of the well-known but now defunct Section 8. First of all we've got SF8 Sellouts, a 3-piece who play great bouncy ska with a hint of punk rock, I saw them for the first time during the Summer and was completely blown away...these kids rule! Totally catchy infectious skankin' stuff and great fun live, they've just recorded a demo which you can get from them: c/o John Perrem, 3 Sydenham Terrace, Monkstown, Co. Cork. The other band that formed outta Section 8 are the PC Fascists, another 3-piece who are, surprisingly, completely different to the Sellouts, they play fast and melodic rocking emocore and have just recorded a demo too. Write to them at: 41 Beech Road, Muskerry, Ballincollig, Co. Cork or punkheader@yahoo.com. Ten Point Rule play energetic and pretty diverse sounding hardcore, they mix old & new school HC with touches of melody now and again, they've a 5-track CD out that you can get from them at: 6 Ashdale Park, South Douglas Road, Cork or tenpointrule@hotmail.com. A band that I've noticed quite a bit recently are Weevil, who play interesting and eclectic slightly discordant post-hardcore kinda stuff. They're somewhat reminiscent of Fugazi and a little bit like Month of Birthdays too, having a singer of the female persuasion as they do. They've got a demo out, which you can get from them at: 28 Avonlea Court, Church Road, Blackrock, Cork City. Moving on now to Limerick, probably the best known band from 'round these parts would have to be Tooth. They play a rocking and experimental mix of hardcore and metal (not metalcore!) which is kinda like Helmet, Neurosis, Refused, early Therapy?, and lots of other stuff all mixed together. They've got a new 8 track CD out after having released a number of demos over the last few years. You can contact 'em at: Shane Darcy, Parteen, Co. Clare or shanetooth@hotmail.com. Barberskum are a 3-piece pop-punk band, they're a bit like Snuff & they've got a 4 track CD out for a while but have been pretty inactive until just recently since they'd been unable to find a new bassist. They've just started gigging again and are gonna be recording their debut album really soon, you can find out more about 'em: c/o Frank Ryan, Unit 5, Workspace Business Centre, Michael Street, Limerick or barberskum@iol.ie. There're a couple of bands of note around the mid/west of the country, I'll start with Fuktifino from Galway. They've got a unique kinda stonercore style, a bit like Fu Manchu mixed with fast 80s US hardcore, and are reportedly pretty mental live. They've got a demo out that you can get for £2 from: Colin Finnerty, Liam Mellows Terrace, Loughrea, Co. Galway or webmaster @fuktifino.zzn.com. Next are No Matrix who come from Athlone, right in the centre of the country, they're kinda like Gameface with a touch of NoMeansNo's more straight-ahead punky moments. They've got a 12 track tape out that's £2 and a split 7" with Nerdlinger out soon. Contact them at: Hugh-Bob Cleary, Cornamagh, Athlone, Co. Westmeath or hangingbob@hotmail.com. Lawndog are from Roscommon and play catchy ska-punk, a bit like Op Ivy in places, they've got a rockingly good brand new demo out that you can get for £2: c/o Pat Connolly, Gurteengar, Lanesboro, Co. Longford or pconnally@eircom.net. Next up are the afore-mentioned Nerdlinger who are also from Roscommon, they play fast and energetic punk rock, loud and thrashy but catchy and melodic at the same time. They put out a tape a bit over a year ago and have a 7" EP out recently on Simian Records, plus a split single with No Matrix and supposedly loads of other crap due out soon too. Get in touch with them: c/o Eoin Fullam, Ballinagard Road, Roscommon or ctsheehan@eircom.net. Moving up to the North of the country, a popular and well known Oi! band are Runnin' Riot from Belfast. They've been getting pretty popular recently since the release of their debut album on TKO/Flat who've signed them in the States, where they've just been touring with the Dropkick Murphys for the last few months. They've got a new EP just out on Rejected too, and you can write to 'em: c/o Runnin' Riot, 1-5 Donegall Lane, Belfast, N. Ireland or runnin__riot@hotmail.com. Also from Belfast are Circle Again, a fast and aggressive old-school sXe hardcore band without any of the macho toughguy bullshit. Their demo came out on UK sXe HC label Sure Hand Records, and they've both a split 7" and a CDEP out soon on a couple of different labels. Oh yeh, their singer Tadhg used to be in Dublin pop-punkas Blackbelt Jones, and their drummer John was playing with Ensign from New Jersey in the States for the last year before coming home recently and rejoining the band. Fame! You can contact Circle Again: c/o Melanie, 19 Crumlin Gardens, Belfast, BT13 3LJ, N. Ireland or

kabin boy

circleagain@hotmail.com. Another band who are pretty well known are The Kabinboy, who can only be described as an instrumental Black Sabbath! They're a 3-piece who like to play loud rockin' heavy evil...rock. They've quite a few 7"s and split 7"s out, aswell as a 10" on Rejected and a singles discography CD coming soon, write to them at: 109 Melrose Street, Belfast, BT9 7DP, N.I. Some Days Better play rocking emo and also share a band member with Circle Again. Reputed for having mentaltastically chaotic live shows, I'm not sure what stuff they've got out but you can contact 'em yourself: c/o Some Days Better, 1-5 Donegall Lane, Belfast, N. Ireland or emofag@hotmail.com. The Dagda also come from Belfast and play heavy brutal hardcore, they've got a brand new 7" just out which I've yet to hear but I've been told from reliable sources that it's pretty incredible, and their debut album is out soon on Funai Records from Germany. Write to 'em at: c/o Dagda, 1-5 Donegall Lane, Belfast, N. Ireland or letusrise@hotmail.com. The Dangerfields have just released their demo tape, 11 songs of Zeke/Dwarves meets Ramones/Weasel for £2 and well worth getting hold of, plus they've an 8-track 7" out real soon too. They're pretty well known for their mental singer who's just a bit mental really (in a good way), and these kids put on lotsa gigs in Belfast so get in touch with them for more info as regards that sorta thing at: PO Box 1343, Belfast BT15 4HX, N. Ireland or less_than_aaron@hotmail.com. Grinding murdercore psychotics D.E.B.T. have sadly decided to end the fun (rather unfortunate really with their rocktastic new album just out on Control Records) 'cos their irreplaceable bassist Paddy Powerviolence is moving to Oz...what is it about the land of skippy & boomerangs that keeps attracting our able young anti-musicians?! Write to DEBT if you wanna get a copy of their album or whatever at: Cooleen, Grange Lawn, Waterford or silentjamie @hotmail.com. Rodan are a pop-punk three piece who've been around for a few years with a number of name changes and so on, and they've recorded a couple of splendidly catchy demos which you can get from them at: c/o Ruari, 9 Colvil Street, Belfast or rodan@ mallon.dialstart.net. From Where I Stand are an old school posicore type band who formed pretty recently, they've got an mcd out on their own Applecore label and can be reached at fromwhereistand@hotmail.com. Now on to Kilkenny and Prell, who play a uniquely rocking jazzy form of hardcore mixed with ska that comes out sounding remarkably like porno music... They're a 3-piece and you can get in touch with them: c/o Johnny Cleere, 8 St. Mauls, Greensbridge, Kilkenny or prell@ireland.com. Your New Friend are a new band from Dundalk who I'm really excited about, they're a 3-piece with Tadgh from Circle Again playing bass & singing for 'em and they play old-school melodic hardcore in the vein of Dag Nasty & Verbal Assault. They're rumoured to have a 7" due out soon, you can reach them at: c/o Tadhg Morgan, Carrickedmond, Kilcurry, Dundalk or circleagain@hotmail.com

sir killalot

The scene is pretty healthy at the moment as regards Fanzines, with quite a few having started recently. Trauma Boy comes from Waterford and is written by Jamie from Sir Killalot/D.E.B.T., it's a great little journal offering an insight into the horned one's mind with lotsa crazy crap apart from the usual reviews & interviews and such like, you can get a copy from: Cooleen, Grange Lawn, Waterford or thattraumaboykid@hotmail.com. Also from Waterford is Unhealthy Obsession, a hardcore fanzine written by mondo sXe thrashcore kid Rob, he covers some excellent stuff in a clear and ultra-posi way -pile-ons, circle pits, pointy fingers!! You can get a copy from him at: Apt. 34, Manor Court, Cork Road, Waterford. Jake's Wrath is mostly music based and usually has a wide range of interviews with hardcore, punk and metal bands, and I've read some interesting stuff in there on NATO, global hunger, sXe, etc. It's well written and printed pretty high quality, and always packed with stuff too. You can write to JW: c/o Liadain, Ballymacrown, Baltimore, Co. Cork or harmfultent@hotmail.com. Unfit For Consumption from Limerick is one of the best known & well, just generally best zines around. From it's first issue it's gotten consistently bigger & better, and at this stage it's pretty huge. They cover hardcore, punk and metal, with the emphasis on hardcore here. The editor/main writer Trev has toddled off to Australia for a year or so, but no worries because UFC is in the capable hands of some of his reviewing minions. You can get a copy from: 46 Rosturra Crescent, Woodview Park, Limerick or trevmeehan@hotmail.com. Next comes With Harmful Intent, my own fanzine. Mostly punk & hardcore with some metal too. Em, what can I say, if you want a copy send me £1.50/$3 and I'll send you the latest issue, address at the end. Next on to Direct Hit, an excellent and long-running zine written by Mel Hughes who also writes for Fracture. It was previously known as No Barcodes Necessary but Mel just recently changed the name since he wanted it to have a more positive sound. There's always some really great interviews, columns, excellent design & layout, and literally hundreds of reviews. Essential, undoubtedly the best Irish zine around: PO Box 36, Armagh, BT60 3PQ, N. Ireland or barcod@freenetname.uk. Another excellent fanzine is I Like Ecstasy, It Kills Ravers from Antrim. Phil who writes it also has a huge bootleg/tape/vid list, and frequently puts out benefit tapes too (it's well worth sending him a demo or whatever if you're interested in maybe being on one of his comps). The zine itself is always massive, and always both funny & thought provoking. It's all really DIY cut 'n' paste stuff, just a really great zine, write to Phil at: 14 Shane Park, Lurgan, Co. Armagh, BT66 7HD, N. Ireland or uranerd73@hotmail.com. Insight fanzine comes from Coleraine and covers a wide range of punk, hardcore, metal and rock. There's always interesting stories, columns, opinions, and yummy vegan recipes too! Apart from this, Charlene also does benefit tapes on her label Hate-Fueled Records and is really into the exposition of really good unknown underground hardcore & metal bands, and her tapes are damn good & damn cheap. You can write to her at: 44 Hillview Park, Coleraine, N. Ireland, BT51 3EH, N. Ireland. Nova Wreck fanzine from Armagh takes a different perspective to most I've already talked about, covering post-hardcore stuff like you'd find on Southern or Dischord. It's pretty good and has contributions from many different people, you can check it out from: 3 Greenpark, Armagh, BT60 4ES, N. Ireland. Scrawl! is a brand new freesheet from Belfast that's really well put together and looks amazing too. It's full of useful info, reviews, etc., plus it's free, so you've no excuse! You can reach 'em: c/o Scrawl!, 1-5 Donegall Lane, Belfast, N. Ireland or scrawlzine@hotmail.com.

In the area of Record Labels, things aren't so healthy outside of Dublin, mostly because those in Dublin seem to take care of most things. The only label I know of that's actively doing releases or has releases coming up is my own one, Simian Records. It's more the melodic side of punk & hardcore stuff that I'm putting out, and at the moment I'm planning to release a series of split 7" records of Irish punk & hardcore bands. If you're interested in finding out more, helping me out with distribution, or simply buying some records, get in touch! I suppose that's all really, I reckon that I've covered almost everything but there'll always be someone who reckons they should have been in here, so sorry to anyone that wasn't and feels they should have been. I hope that this Scene Report has been useful & informative to anyone wanting to find out what's going on over here & I'll be putting a more concise version of it online eventually in the form of a website covering the entire Irish punk & hardcore scenes, which will be at which will be at http://www.geocities.com/whizine when it's done. For now, check out http://www.thumped.com and and http://culchikore.8m.com. So anyway, get involved in the scene & I'll hopefully see you soon!! You can write to me about whatever at the following address: Cormy, 14 Antogher Road, Roscommon, Ireland or whizine@hotmail.com.

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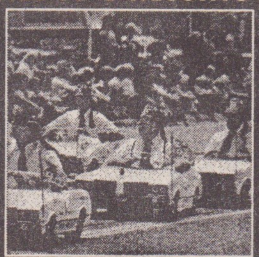

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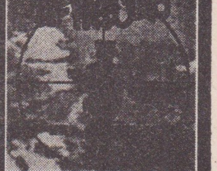

The Process

Doomsday Device

Doomsday Device

STRYCHNINE
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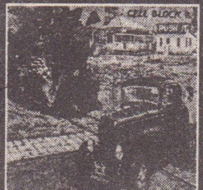
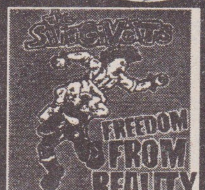

CELL BLOCK 5

Cell Block 5

THE RATS
IT'S WAR

The Rats


FREEDOM FROM REALITY

The Shitgiveits

CELL BLOCK 5
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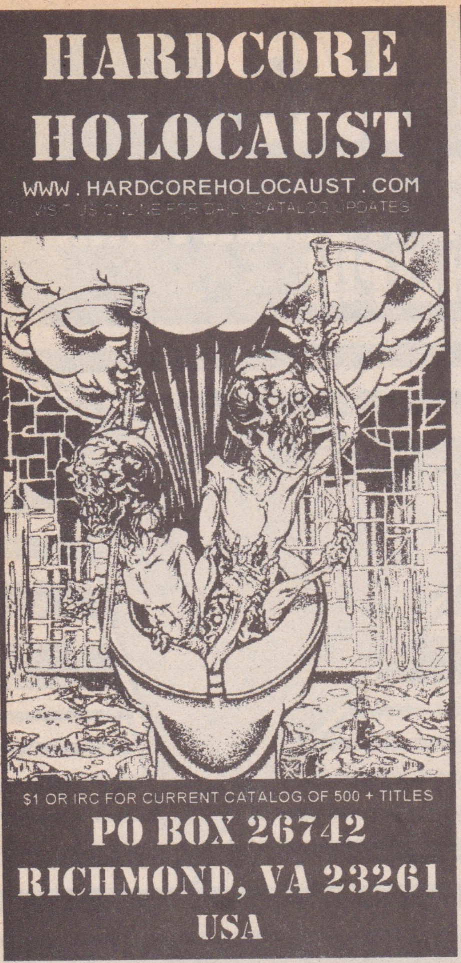
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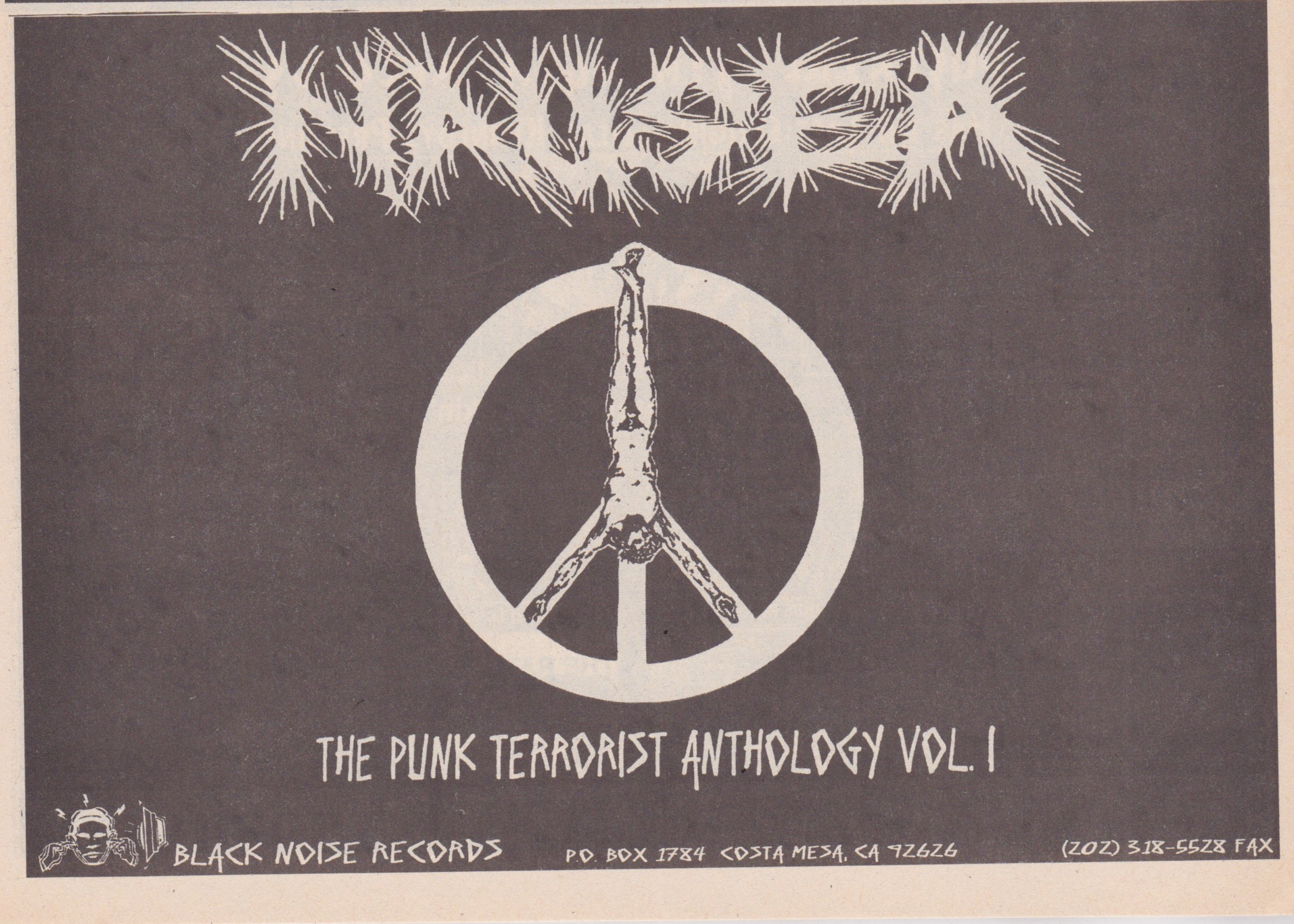
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SKITSYSTEM

I'M ROSIE
I'M HUNGRY
PLEASE HELP
GOD BLESS YOU

THE AWESOME POWERHOUSE THAT IS SKITSYSTEM SHOULD BE NO STRANGER TO WORSHIPERS OF SWEDISH HARDCORE. FROM THE START BACK IN 1993, THE QUARTET HAS RELEASED ONE DEVASTATING PIECE OF VINYL AFTER ANOTHER ON DISTORTION RECORDS: "PROFITHYSTERI" 7" (-95), "ONDSKANS ANSIKTE" 10" (-96), SPLIT7" W/WOLFPACK (-98) AND "GRÅ VÄRLD/SVARTA TANKAR" LP/CD (-99). THEY'VE HAD SOME MINOR LINE-UP CHANGES THROUGHOUT THE YEARS, BUT THE CURRENT MEMBERS ARE THE SAME THAT PLAYED ON THE LP: TOMPA (VOCALS/GUITAR), FREDRIK (GUITAR/VOCALS), ALEX (BASS) AND KALLE (DRUMS). I CALLED UP TOMPA, WHO USED TO FRONT THE ALMIGHTY AT THE GATES, ONE LAZY SUNDAY TO GET THE LATEST NEWS.

Interview by 138

MRR: So, what's up? What's next on the Skitsystem schedule?

Tompa: Well, we have time booked at Soundlab Studio, the place owned by Miezsko of Nasum, in July. A new lp and a split7" w/Nasum are our main priorities, but the plan is to record as many songs as possible to have for future projects. Our drummer Kalle is in Thailand right now, he's gonna be away for three months. That means that the rest of us have plenty of time to write new songs, and when he gets back we'll rehearse like crazy for one and a half months before it's time to enter the studio. Now when Kalle is gone, another Kalle, the drummer from Warcollapse, is helping us when we need to try out the new stuff with a live drummer. But it's really easier to write with a drum machine.

MRR: How many new songs are ready to go right now?

Tompa: I got seven that are all done and I know Fredrik has at least eight.

MRR: What kinda style are they? Same as always?

Tompa: Yeah, it's basically the same stuff we've been doing since day one. The new songs are pretty much like the lp, only faster and a whole lot more aggressive. That's because Kalle speeds everything up! Even on the old songs, like the really heavy d-beat mosh stuff, he just gives it everything he's got and hammers away like mad. So yeah, I would definitely say that the new material is much harder and more aggressive.

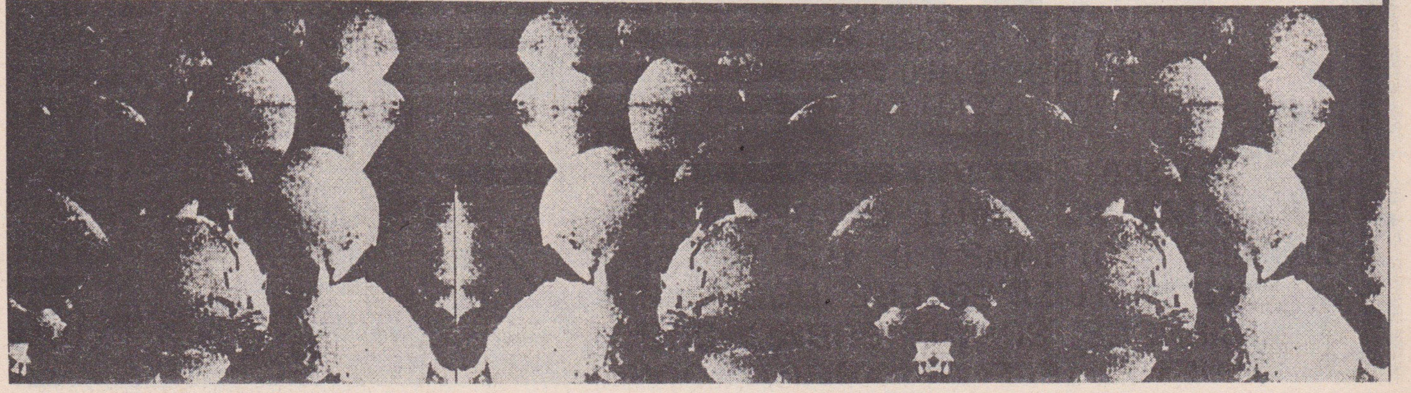
MRR: Boring old standard question: Influences?

Tompa: That's hard. I try not to steal from new bands that I hear, but the foundation are the usual old punks: Mob 47, Avskum, Asocial, Anti Cimex and, one of my personal favorites, Svart Parad. It might not be obvious, but we are also influenced by tons of American bands that we listen to. Old school 1980's shit like Poison Idea, Black Flag and Government Issue. I like to take the attitude and energy from old US hardcore because they definitely had something that the Swedish acts missed. The old classic Swedish bands had a message that was pretty mundane, you know "everything is shit" and "war war war", but the American bands had a more positive, hopeful attitude. At least that's how I see it. I try to do some positive songs on every record, not just the same old totally negative "everything is fucked up" theme. But I mean, we do have a song called "Allr Är Skit" ("Everything is shit")…

MRR: Skitsystem has taken some heat for being on Distortion, a label that according to some, has very shady motives and rip-off tendencies. Are you gonna continue working with them?

Tompa: That's a very sensitive question. Let me put it this way: There is no contract between us and Distortion, so we'll see what happens. But Mats (Distortion boss) is doing the "Allt Är Skit" cd, that should be out pretty soon. It's the 7", 10", split 7" and live at the Hulstfred festival 1999 on one disc. Right now I don't know if it'll be out on vinyl or not. We've been talking to Jack from Mind Control Records in the states, he might do it. But nothing is certain at this point.

MRR: But let's return to Distortion. Is the bad stuff they say about him true or is it just the ordinary scene gossip bullshit?



Tompa: Some of it is true, like that he rips-off the bands. I know that Disfear cornered him and got the money they were owed. I don't know how he deals with distros, but as for the shit that he's overpricing his releases, I seriously don't think that he's out to become rich. I mean, the label has grown so much that he has way more expenses that the ordinary small punk label. Bigger business, more expenses, more work, you have to do it as a full-time job… I can understand that his records are a bit more expensive. The question is: When does it stop being DIY? Where you are supposed to draw the line? I don't know. Don't take me wrong, Skitsystem is not defending Distortion. If he's done something wrong he'll have to answer for it himself. For us Distortion has been a good channel to get our music out there, he has good distribution over here. It's just that we wanna shop around for alternatives right now.

(Two weeks after I did this interview, Scandinavia's biggest alternative music mag, Close-Up Magazine, published a small piece about Skitsystem in their news segment. It says that Skitsystem has signed to No Tolerance Records, run by Björn from Disfear, the label who released the latest Wolfpack album "All Day Hell" on cd. Besides the Skitsystem lp, No Tolerance is also doing the split 7" w/Nasum and a mini-cd w/fearsome metalgrinders, Retaliation. So I guess Tompa and the boys found their alternative. 138.)

MRR: Enough business talk, lets discuss your lyrics. For me, Skitsystem is synonymous with anxiety, misery and a very dark outlook on life. But every time I meet you or talk to you, you are such a happy little camper!

Tompa: Hahaha, yeah that's true! I always write more and better about dark anxiety stuff when I'm happy. When I feel like shit for real I can't write at all, I have to force myself to do it and it becomes false. You gotta understand that when we formed the band everyone was on social welfare, nobody had any money. Now most of us got work and life is just better in general, so a lot of the lyrics are written from the perspective of someone living on the bottom of society. It's more like I am trying to describe the misery of the proletariat and the wage slave. Don't misunderstand me, we are still punks! We're no snobby posh guys pretending to be punk. I often write lyrics when I'm on a five minute break on some shitty job.

MRR: What do you do for a living?

Tompa: I've been taking care of our newly born son for quite some time now, so I haven't worked at all. But I've recently started doing some work as a roadie for a big booking company.

MRR: Ok, let's see now: You sing in Skitsystem, Disfear, The Great Deceiver and the supergroup Lock-Up. How the fuck do you get the time to do all that and at the same time work and take care of a family?

Tompa: All the bands are in different creative phases at the moment. It's all very well synchronized and I've never had any major crashes with two groups doing something at the same time. You also gotta remember that none of the bands tour much at all. I'll give you a quick run down of what each of them is up to at the moment.

The Great Deceiver: We've gone through four drummers in two years, but now we're getting ready to record a debut lp for Bridge Records as a follow up to the "Cave-In" mini-cd/10" from 1999.

Disfear: There's been tons of trouble for Disfear with labels and I don't know what the fuck is going on right now. We got a whole new album, 14 songs, rehearsed and ready to be recorded.

Lock-Up: This is the band I have with Jesse and Shane from Napalm Death and Nick Barker from Dimmu Borgir/ex-Cradle Of Filth. It's more of a side-project since everyone is so busy with their bigger bands. Lock-Up did an album in 1999 with Peter from Hypocrisy/Abyss Studios on vocals, so I've never recorded with the guys. We're gonna record a new album for Nuclear Blast before the summer.

MRR: Isn't it kinda hypocritical to be in Skitsystem, a pro-DIY punk-as-fuck combo, at the same time as you are in Lock-Up, a band signed to one of the worlds biggest metal labels?

Tompa: Sure, I can understand that it's easily seen as hypocrisy. But I have no contact what so ever with Nuclear Blast, Shane handles everything that has to do with the business. We can do what the fuck we want and the label can't do anything about it! But sure, Nuclear Blast has sexist shit like Manowar and Danzig on their label, but since Lock-Up already was signed to them when I joined there's not much I can do. And frankly, the chance to play with the guys in that band is more than enough reason for me.

MRR: What's your experience from being on a major label with At The Gates?

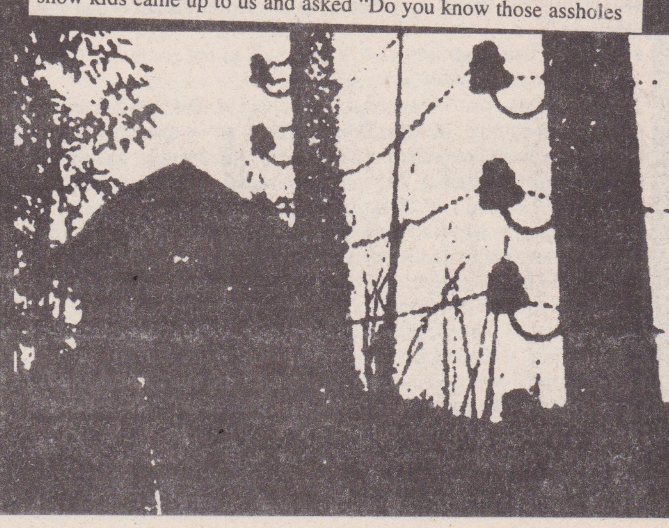
Tompa: It worked pretty ok between At The Gates and Earache. The problem with big labels is that the organization gets too big. Like, you would talk to one person that was your contact at the label, and the next time you called he had quit or gotten fired! It was crazy! With Skitsystem, even though we're not totally DIY, we want to do it ourselves as much as possible. We want to have complete control. If we had more time, dedication, and knowledge of how to do it, we'd do our next album ourselves.

MRR: How much has Skitsystem sold?

Tompa: Man, I don't have a fucking clue! That's another downside to working with Distortion, Mats never tells us any figures even when we ask. It's a pain in the ass, why can't labels be straight up about these things?! I don't know… I guess we've sold like any other punk band. Maybe around 5000 copies of the lp by now? But seriously, I'm just guessing.

MRR: Tell me about your USA tour in 1998! Any plans to go back?

Tompa: We have a lot of good memories from the American scene. The punks in the US seem to be more for real, in Sweden it's a lot of middle class kids buying the punk package. Over there, life is a lot harder, the kids sacrifice more to be punks. When I was in America I understood where the word "crust" comes from, hahaha! But at the same time, the shows were very well organized. We played anarchist book stores, as well as the classic basement show with a single light bulb hanging from the ceiling. What more can I say? It was so much fun! We are talking about going there again, it's just a question of getting the time to do it. We might tour with Severed Head Of State, we'll see what happens. Unfortunately, when Skitsystem was in America, Diskonto was like the only Swedish punk band to have toured there before us. As we all know they had been shitfaced drunk all the time, making complete asses out of themselves. So at every show kids came up to us and asked "Do you know those assholes



in Diskonto?!" and we were like "Uh, no!", completely denying that we know them! Hahaha!

MRR: What do you think of Daniel (Diskonto/Dellamorte) being on national Swedish television every day as a contender in "Baren" ("The Bar", a cheesy documentary soap like "The Real World")?

Tompa: God… what the fuck can I say? I can't stand those horrible TV shows! It's totally, utterly pathetic.

MRR: What do you say about, without naming names, Swedish bands being worshipped in the USA as real political die hard punks, while in Sweden everybody considers them a joke and not even part of the scene?

Tompa: I don't know. I think that Americans so badly want Swedish bands to be cool and political, that somewhere on the way across the ocean, the facts and the images get distorted.

MRR: Ok, fuck the USA and poser bands now — let's talk about punk! What is it according to you? Is it a lifestyle or just cool music? I know that you have a family these days and that you've moved out into the countryside. How has that changed your view on punk and how does it work combining responsible parenthood with a rock'n'roll lifestyle?

Tompa: I know that a house on the countryside sounds luxurious, but it's actually cheaper then living in the city. Plus, it's better for the kids growing up out here then in some concrete jungle. Combining family life with punk is working out just fine, but it does require a whole lot of time spent on planning. I was playing when I met my wife Sara, so we both knew what to expect from this relationship. And she has her own creative work, she writes manuscripts for TV and movies, so she totally understands me for playing music.

MRR: How many kids do you have?

Tompa: Two. One is one and a half years old, the other is five. As to the question of what punk is, it sure as hell isn't about drinking, being an asshole and just fucking shit up! To me, it's about doing something sensible and worthwhile with your time. To give people a feeling of hope, creativity, to give a feeling that it's possible to change shit that is fucked up. To take a stand in defense of free thinking and unlimited creativeness. And of course, punk has that nice feeling of being alienated from the rest of society.

MRR: As an old member of Grotesque, that later changed into At The Gates (broke up in 1996), you have your background in metal. How big of a difference is it to be doing all out hardcore punk these days?

Tompa: Officially I have my background in metal, but that's just because that was the first kinda band I played in that got known. I've always listened to and played hardcore punk, so there's not that big of a difference for me. I mean, I've been doing Skitsystem since 1993! And At The Gates always had a hardcore vein, if you ask me. I get really happy when punks tell me they like At The Gates. When we toured the USA with Napalm Death, there were lots of straight edge kids and crusties that got into us. That makes me really pleased, I succeeded in my mission to unite the two different worlds! Hahaha!

MRR: What did you learn from the years in At The Gates?

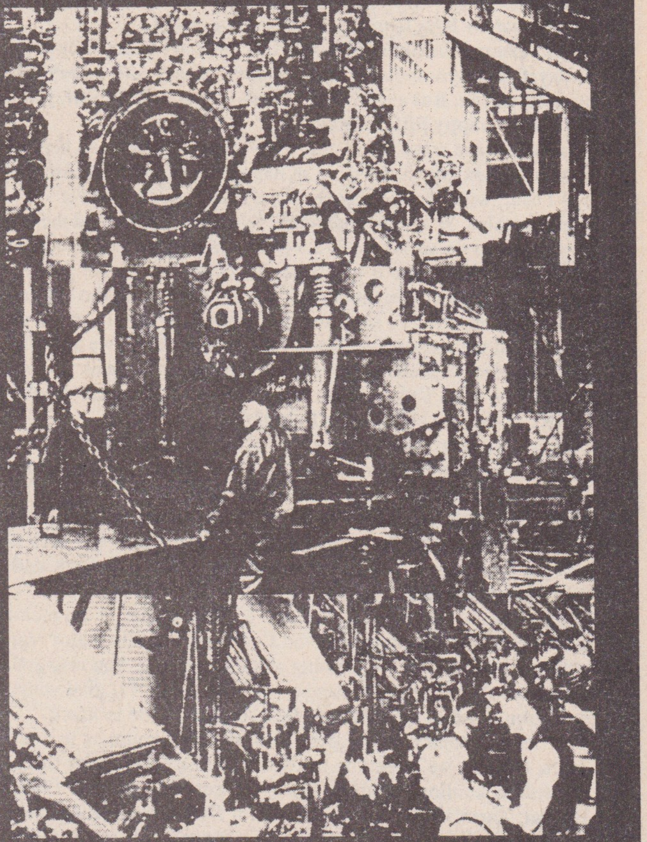
Tompa: A lot. I mean, we were together for six years so I'd be stupid not to learn anything. At the end, I even learned humbleness when it comes to creating music together with other people. The last album we did ("Slaughter Of The Soul") was the biggest compromise the members of At The Gates could ever agree on. If we had done one more record, it would either have been way more hardcore or way more melodic metal.

MRR: Skitsystem is from Göteborg (Gothenburg), a city with it's fair share of classic rawpunk bands back in the early 1980's. Is there any scene of that kind there now?

Tompa: No, that whole thing with the big scene of the 80's is long gone. There's new bands all the time but that classic GBG-sound, that was so special back in the day, is dead. But I mean, there are still a few bands struggling, flying the old Swedish rawpunk flag. Atomwinter is still around, and there's a new band called M:Pati that's pretty good. But it's not like in your town (Umeå), where everybody hangs out together. I guess that's the downside of living in a big city like Göteborg, the separation between the different groups in the scene are way bigger. You know, age differences and bigger distances and shit like that.

MRR: Ok, to round things off, I want you to tell me about when you filled in for Barney in Napalm Death last summer.

Tompa: Hahaha, that was an experience, believe me! I've known those guys for a long time, so when Barney flaked out on them they gave me a call. They were booked to do a festival here in Sweden, and the day they were leaving Barney just called and said that he didn't wanna go. The rest of the band said "fuck it, let's go anyway" and got on the plane. It was me, Miezsko from Nasum and the old singer from Vomitory who got to do the vocals at that one show. Totally unrehearsed and unplanned! Of course it was fun, but it would have been even more fun if it had been in a rehearsal room instead of on a stage… I mean, the old stuff I know by heart, but it was hell doing songs none of us had heard before! The rest of Napalm Death were like, "ok, we'll nod when your supposed to start singing"! I don't know how the fuck that spectacle turned out in the end. Some of the songs we nailed pretty tight but… I can totally understand that some parts of the audience weren't 100% satisfied.



SKITSYSTEM

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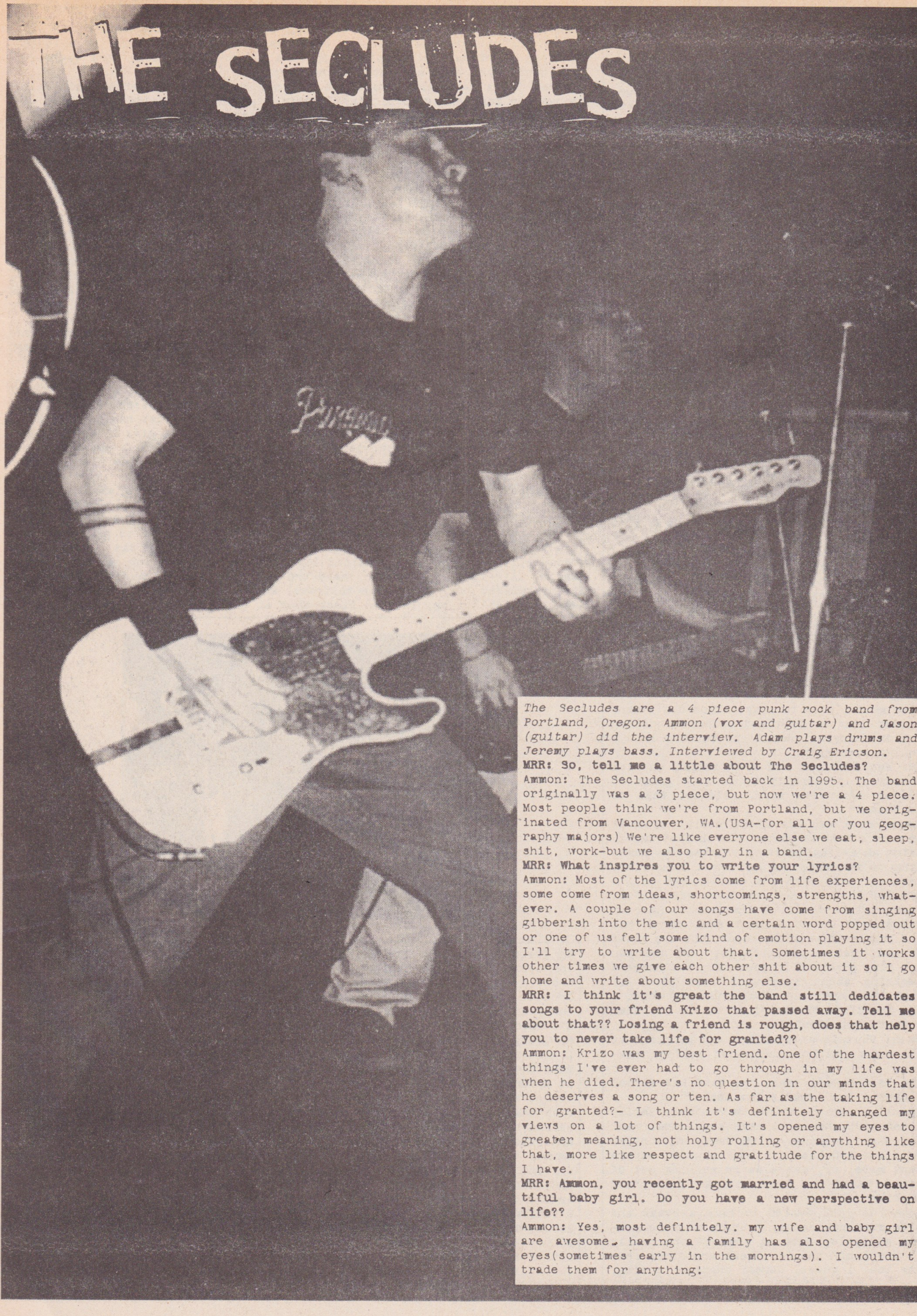
THE SECLUDES



The Secludes are a 4 piece punk rock band from Portland, Oregon. Ammon (vox and guitar) and Jason (guitar) did the interview. Adam plays drums and Jeremy plays bass. Interviewed by Craig Ericson.

MRR: So, tell me a little about The Secludes?

Ammon: The Secludes started back in 1995. The band originally was a 3 piece, but now we're a 4 piece. Most people think we're from Portland, but we originated from Vancouver, WA.(USA-for all of you geography majors) We're like everyone else we eat, sleep, shit, work-but we also play in a band.

MRR: What inspires you to write your lyrics?

Ammon: Most of the lyrics come from life experiences, some come from ideas, shortcomings, strengths, whatever. A couple of our songs have come from singing gibberish into the mic and a certain word popped out or one of us felt some kind of emotion playing it so I'll try to write about that. Sometimes it works other times we give each other shit about it so I go home and write about something else.

MRR: I think it's great the band still dedicates songs to your friend Krizo that passed away. Tell me about that?? Losing a friend is rough, does that help you to never take life for granted??

Ammon: Krizo was my best friend. One of the hardest things I've ever had to go through in my life was when he died. There's no question in our minds that he deserves a song or ten. As far as the taking life for granted?- I think it's definitely changed my views on a lot of things. It's opened my eyes to greater meaning, not holy rolling or anything like that, more like respect and gratitude for the things I have.

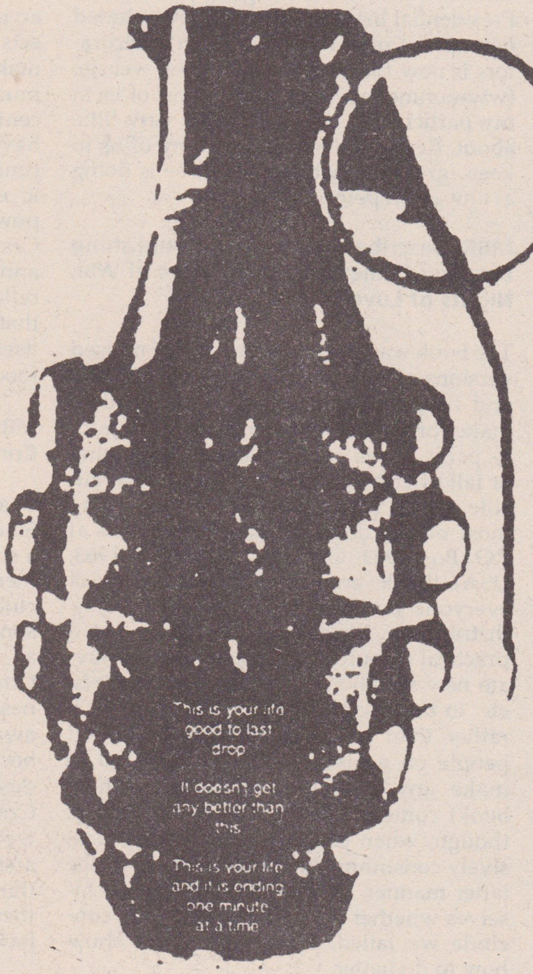
MRR: Ammon, you recently got married and had a beautiful baby girl. Do you have a new perspective on life??

Ammon: Yes, most definitely. my wife and baby girl are awesome. having a family has also opened my eyes(sometimes early in the mornings). I wouldn't trade them for anything!

MRR: You guys are from Portland, Oregon. tell me about the scene there??
Ammon: Well Portland's scene has been hurting for a while. a lot of the clubs are shutting down or they're poorly run. There's a couple of us still fighting for it though. there's also a few good bands around the area like- Everyday Victory AKA Tenpin, One Last Thing, Longshot, 800 Octane, Naked Violence and more.
Jason: the scene in Portland is kinda small but I think it's about ready to explode. Portland bands like 800 octane, Everyday Victory, Longshot, Berzerk and Naked Violence are all awesome bands that draw good crowds. Another band, One Last Thing is about to release their debut CD on Rise Records. They are gonna go huge. Definitely one of the most intense bands in Portland right now.
MRR: Is it hard to cater to the all-ages crowd and the bar crowd?? Is there a club that can have both?
Ammon: I don't think we're trying to cater to anyone really. We're just playing music and if they like it -rad, if not then they're just stupid and have no taste. ha, ha, Seriously, we don't care. There's a definite difference between the two: alcohol or soda pop(I'll take a beer please). We like playing to both crowds. As far as a club that caters to both, I would say pine street (ex-la luna)in Portland is set up and run well.
Jason: Pine street theater is the best all-ages/bar club we've got going right now. It's got the main stage for bigger touring bands and the balcony stage for smaller or local bands with a bar on both levels. Everybody's pretty stoked when a good show comes through there. There aren't many clubs that are all-ages with a bar. In fact I think Pine street and Roseland are the only ones. There are a few good all-ages venues like Meow Meow or Ethos. For the most part, Portland is hurting right now for good venues. It seems like there's only a few good places to play. Clubs don't tend to last long in Portland without shutting down or changing owners, or turning into a fucking rave club!
MRR: You just put out a 7" record on Rise Records. I personally think it's great to have an exclusive vinyl release. What do you think??
Ammon: Rise Records kicks ass!!! Blue is the name of the EP we put out on that label. Having an exclusive vinyl release was something we've wanted to do for a long time. Jason and Adam both are vinyl geeks so I'm sure for them it was even more meaningful.
Jason: I love vinyl! I'm stoked to have an exclusive 7", but I wont rest until our full length LP is in my hands. CDs are great and all 'cause the kids buy 'em and you cant play a record in your car, but there's something about scoring a rare piece of vinyl that keeps me always wanting more.
MRR: The title track "blue" on the 7". What is that song about??
Ammon: Blue is about liars and people that will burn you for their own selfish reasons.
MRR: In the past year, the band has slowed it down a tad. what's the deal??
Ammon: I don't think we've necessarily slowed down. We still have songs that haul ass, but I think we're becoming better musicians and that's allowing us to experiment more. Or, maybe we're running out of steam. maybe we need viagra. It's hard sometimes!
Jason: We just wanted to take a break and write some new songs. I think we were getting a little burnt on some of our really old stuff off the CD. There are other reasons too, I guess. Career changes, moving, breeding. none of these on my part! haha
MRR: What are your short term and long term goals for the band??
Ammon: Short term goals for the band: make a kick ass record, shop it out and see if we can get it picked up by a bigger label. Long term goals for the band: make kick ass records, be happy.
Jason: Short term goals would be to just keep writing better and better songs for our next record, play locally a little then maybe try to get out of town for a while in the next month or two. Long term? Shit. Put out a really good record and hopefully get picked up by a good label. Get hooked up with an opening slot on tour. Oh , and someday have a ridiculously large discography.
MRR: What are some of your favorite bands right now??
Ammon: There are so many good bands-Avail, Hot Water Music, Divit, Horace Pinker, Screw 32(rip), the list could go on and on and on. I listen to the oldies and 80's rock station too. I never said I was that punk rock!
Jason: Damn, where do I start? I've been listening to a lot of Hot Water Music. they are definitely one of my favorites. Lifetime, Texas is the Reason, Divit, One Last Thing is blowing me away right now, Avail, Snapcase, the Jazz June, and some Fat Wreck stuff like Lagwagon and NUFAN. But lately pretty much anything on Revelation hasn't left my stereo. I also love listening to U2, Flogging Molly, and the Bouncing Souls. it just depends what kind of mood I'm in.
MRR: The Secludes had a successful tour w/ Tenpin this past winter. What were some of the highlights of the tour?? What's the worst thing about being on the road??
Ammon: We had fun on tour with Tenpin (now called Everyday Victory), Loadstar, and Watch It Burn (ouch it burns) except for the fact that there were 15 guys with bags and other shit jammed into a 15 passenger van for 10 days. There are too many stories to tell. I guess you just had to be there. nothing is that bad on tour. There's a lot of things you miss like your family, your bed, your shower, especially your shitter. There's nothing worse than having to take a dump in a dirty ass, piss all over the place, turds and/or puke floating in the crapper bathroom toilet.
Jason: For me the highlight of that tour was just watching amazing bands play night after night. Watching friends of ours like tenpin and watch it burn on stage just killing it every night. Getting into the music, singing along, getting the band fired up, then us getting up there to play and having them do the same for us. The whole experience for me was just amazing because I had never done anything like that before. Meeting new people and making life-long friends who share the same passion for music that you do is priceless. Just being able to travel and play music with good friends is what does it for me. The San Diego show at the brick by brick was probably my favorite night of the whole tour. The crowd was insane and went nuts for every band. Tiltwheel headlined, but I think Watch it Burn stole the show. By the way, Watch it Burn has resurrected and re-located from Santa Cruz to San Diego. another amazing band whose moment is due. Partying on the road can't be beat either. We'd stay up all night drinkin' if we didn't have to barrel to the next town that night. the worst part of the tour? Probably being the only non-smoker in a van crammed full of 14 dudes. But I didn't bitch about it....until now I guess. haha

MRR: The band has new material for a new full length. Are you going to shop it around??
Ammon: Yes we're gonna shop the record. We think it's 10 times better material than anything we've ever done. As far as which label, the one that is behind us 100% and is willing to help us get on good tours
MRR: What's the worst thing about being in a band??
Ammon: The worst part of being in a band at our level is loading gear and driving the day after a bar show.
MRR: What's the best thing about being in a band??
Ammon: The best part of being in a band-playing music!
Discography:
1999 - Life Goes On - full length CD-Crazy Bastard Records
2000 - Blue 7" EP - Rise Records
2001 - New full-length CD - label-??
The Secludes can be reached at: thesecludes@hotmail.com
www.angelfire.com/punk/thesecludes

**you have to realize that
someday you will die.
until you know that,
you are useless.**


This is your life
good to last
drop
It doesn't get
any better than
this
This is your life
and it's ending
one minute
at a time

**it is only after you have lost
everything that you are free
to do anything**

CrimethInc.
Interview

CrimethInc.

Interview by
Sean Sullivan and Arwen Curry

MRR: When was CrimethInc. started? What was its original goal?

CrimethInc. began in the mid-1990s. I can't report on the original goals of all the participants, but I can trace my own initial intentions to a discussion among some friends about the revolutionary organization Winston joins in Orwell's 1984. The idea came up that it was actually a branch of the government... and from there, we began to consider what the opposite kind of organization would be (one that purported to be a part of the culture industry that rules today, while secretly undermining it), and how to form one. The irony and the margin-walking between contradictions both were intrinsic to CrimethInc. from the beginning. And honestly, I can tell you no better now than I could have then whether we are just indulging reactionary desires by forming yet another "revolutionary organization," or heroically helping humanity to evolve past the despotism of such a thing by detouring/deconstructing the idea of it.

MRR: Where can we read from CrimethInc.ers? What are some of the projects/publications you are engaged in?

Harbinger is probably the best known CrimethInc. publication, since it's free and has the highest circulation. In addition to it, and the Days of War book, there is a reading library at www.crimethinc.com. Several zines have been published in association with CrimethInc., including Inside Front, Icarus Was Right, Evasion, the D.I.Y. How-To Guide, A.T.R., and F.B.I., and there have been CrimethInc. pieces published in Slave, MRR, and many others (including the student newspaper of the University of Oregon in Eugene, I believe). There have been scores of pamphlets and booklets, and literally hundreds of posters and graffiti stickers, composed and distributed in the last six years or so. It's not easy to tabulate exactly how many of these there have been, since people are usually acting autonomously when making them, and other agents don't usually see them except by accident (and perhaps with their own contact address inexplicably listed on the back!). Literature and propaganda is not our only focus—there has been a record label operating as a part of the collective since almost the beginning, and there are other projects going on in a variety of other media. In the past year, there have been a handful of tours on which literature and other resources were disseminated and "performance art"-style presentations / interventions took place in environments from punk shows to dorm lounges at universities to public squares and beaches. CrimethInc. groups have done guerrilla "book signings" in corporate bookstores, organized campfire circles at events such as the Youth Liberation conference/hardcore festival in Gainesville, and have been involved in independent organizing for several large demonstrations, including the most recent Presidential Inauguration. I believe a broad network of urban and suburban redecorators is now forming around a new website (www.crimethinc.org), which most of us in my particular C.W.C. cell know very little about. Really, it's not easy for any of us to keep up with what everyone else is doing at any given point.

MRR: Describe the process of publishing the new CrimethInc. book, Days of War, Nights of Love.

The book was sewn together out of revised versions of previously published material and new texts and artwork designed to make for a whole greater than the sum of its parts. It was published at the beginning of fall of 2000, and is pretty widely available at this point (the faction overseeing most of the dispersal can be reached at P.O. Box 1963, Olympia, WA 98507-1963, USA), thanks entirely to the hard work of everyone involved in the world of d.i.y. distribution. It's designed to be used as a practical resource for people trying to create new situations (it offers images, texts, etc. to be plagiarized and deployed, etc.), rather than just another attempt to sell people on a given ideology. It's hard to make any book (especially a political book) come across in such a way today, though, when people are so used to passively consuming or rejecting books in the latter manner. Others can judge for themselves whether we succeeded; if they conclude we failed, I hope they will show how to do better.

MRR: How are decisions made inside the CrimethInc.? How are responsibilities divided up?

We are different from your average collective in that we do not vote democratically on things, nor do we seek consensus for its own sake. When consensus is sought, it is not to appease other participants, but rather to get their ideas and perspectives. The collective functions like an anarchist village, in that individuals within it work on whatever projects they want, seeking help from others when they desire it (that's how responsibilities are chosen and shared, not assigned like they are in some Communist parties); but the really utopian aspect of our dis-Organization is that, unlike in a village in which everyone's survival depends on cooperation and participation, departure from the group/working outside the group have no really negative consequences for anyone. This means that, to date, there has been very little squabbling about what we should do and how.

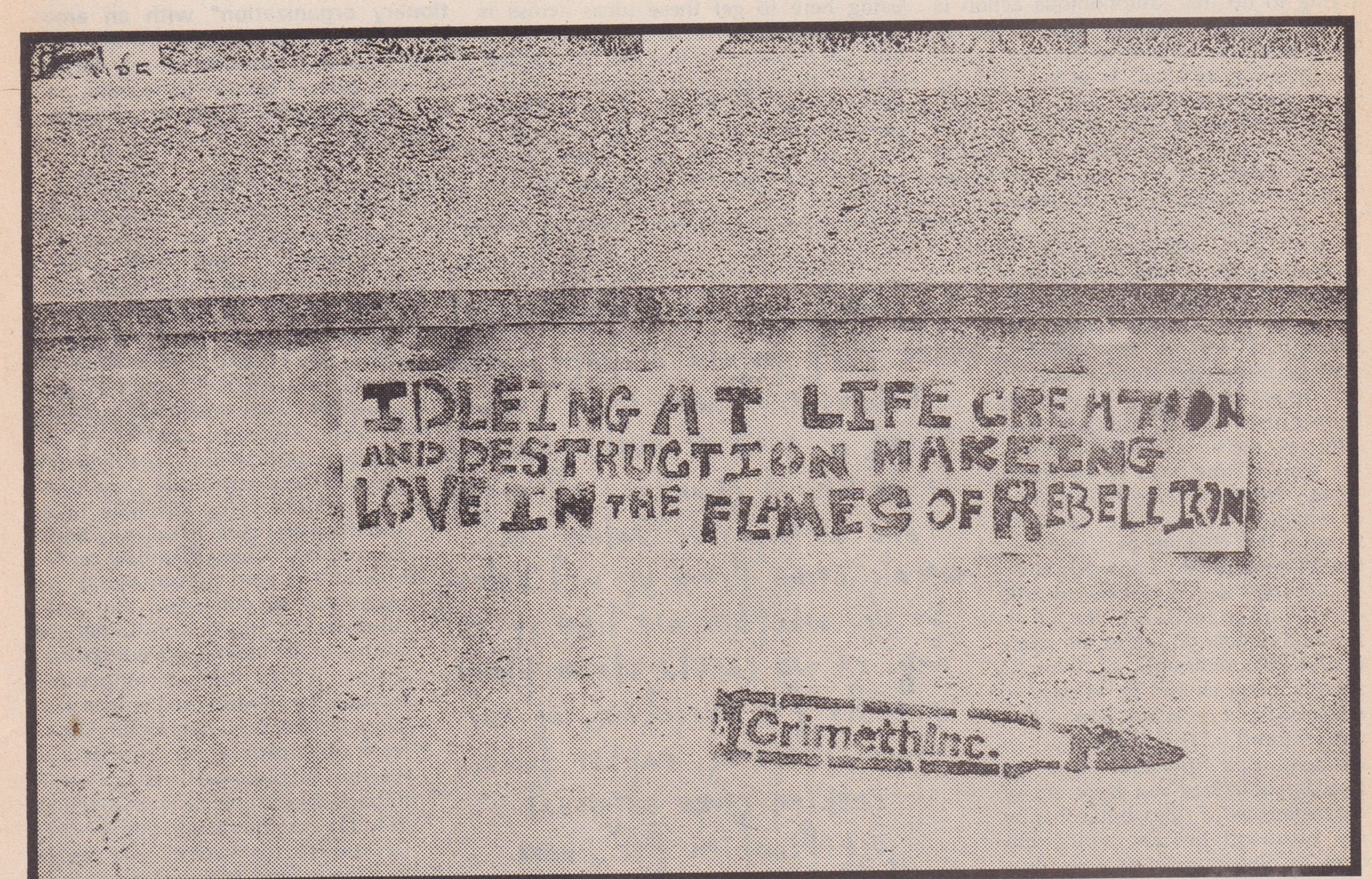
Those who have ideas of what they believe CrimethInc. should do work on them together in small teams, in a constantly shifting net of responsibilities. Resources are shared as they are in a gift economy, according to the needs of the various projects. This requires plenty of planning, to make things work out, but thus far not much conflict. Admittedly, power tends to centralize itself in the hands of those who have been involved the longest, but (unlike in a fascist or traditional democratic environment) there is no scarcity of power, since anyone can start her own CrimethInc. group and develop resources and knowledge of her own to share. This reflects my own personal idealistic dream, that we can create a world in which power itself is no more a scarcity resource than food, love, or selfhood.

MRR: How many people are involved in CrimethInc.?

That's the most difficult question of all. Since we pretentiously consider ourselves a social phenomenon, rather than a movement or (heaven forbid!) a membership club, we prefer not to answer it. I have personal experience working with a little over a thousand different people on CrimethInc. projects of varying seriousness, from mailing along fliers to be given away to writing and publishing zines and books. Of those thousand people, I would describe all of them as being involved in CrimethInc., but only a hundred or so would probably have the admirable audacity to claim CrimethInc. as something of their own the way I do. Outside these hundred, there are surely others I have never met who do the same.

MRR: What, if any, are the qualifications for joining?

One doesn't need qualifications for "joining" a social phenomenon—it's something that happens in the course of practice. If someone contacts one of our groups to get some posters, wheatpastes them up around town, enjoys it, and designs her own posters for the next wheatpasting, putting the CrimethInc. logo on the posters for whatever reasons of her own, she has effectively "joined" CrimethInc. If she gets along with another CrimethInc. "member" who has been doing similar projects for a long time and has a means to steal photocopies available, he will probably provide the photocopying for the next generation of posters, and there you have CrimethInc. organization at work—totally decentralized and autonomous.


IDLEING AT LIFE CREATION
AND DESTRUCTION MAKEING
LOVE IN THE FLAMES OF REBELLION
CrimethInc.

CrimethInc. graffiti, New Mexico

The criticism that this could result in the "CrimethInc." label being applied to just about anything frequently arises from those used to working in groups that march under a certain ideology. To march under an ideology, you need constant bickering about what the specific goals, motives, logistics, and rhetoric must be, from all involved. But since we are not trying to do that, autonomous action is much simpler. Consider the "anarchist movement" as a whole as another example--what "anarchism" is is basically de facto decided by those who call themselves anarchists. Certain anarchist parties (a phenomenon some see as a contradiction in terms) may agree on particular tenets of their own, but in general the nature of the phenomenon is decided and adjusted at every moment by those who act within it. In our experience, people come to be involved with CrimethInc. projects through a sort of self-selecting process: those who are interested in or inspired by what we have done before come to us, bringing their own new ideas and inspirations.

We want CrimethInc. to be something constantly evolving and changing, to be a vast, beautiful monster that contains the same contradictions within it that we do within ourselves as individuals, so little effort is made to "police" the activities individuals do under the name ("false" crimethought, if there is such a thing, should be as easy to recognize as a Food Not Bombs that sells food). The identity of CrimethInc., if it must have one, can thus be described not by a set of characteristics or rules, but rather by the historical process which has been its development as new ideas and activities grew out of the old ones (again, just like in the anarchist community). Incidentally, this was the only way Hume thought the identity of an individual human being could be explained: from birth to death, nothing is constant (as all the cells of the body are constantly dying and being replaced, memories forgotten, mind states shifting...) except for the process of living and evolving, the chain of events which actually goes back far before conception and extends in every other direction throughout the world as well. In the same sense, since CrimethInc. is not the intellectual property of any one group of people, we consider our projects "communalized" as a part of the cosmos—thus, "CrimethInc." can belong to anyone who sees a part of herself reflected within our actions.

MRR: When I first heard about y'all, in Inside Front, the whole thing came off to me as being a bit cultish. How would you respond to people who say your image is exclusionary and, well, cult-like?

I hope I've already dealt with the "exclusionary" issue—we actually practice NO exclusion. Although individual members can choose not to associate with others, this does not make CrimethInc. itself exclusive. The intellectual language I'm using here to get these ideas across is admittedly exclusive, as all dialects are—but I am to blame for that, not CrimethInc. As for the charge that, despite our non-exclusive policies, CrimethInc. is cultish... perhaps that is true, who knows? Given there are some pernicious things about revolutionary organizations in the first place: they tend to gather glory for themselves (when they are really just myths constructed out of the actions of individuals), they can be as seductive and dangerous to "rally around" as flags or ideologies... Our experiment here is, rather than denying our desires to be part of a group with revolutionary pretensions (desires which I feel are negative, dangerous, spawned from living in a world of teams and nations and clubs), to simultaneously indulge and subvert that desire—by participating in a revolutionary organization which is avowedly a myth, which is up front about being anti-organization, in which the chief resource of the organization (its notoriety) can be immediately at the disposal of anyone, anywhere who wants it (that's anarcho-communism for you!). My own experience is that beating yourself up (in the best Christian tradition) for having the "wrong" desires does no good—it is much better to find ways to put yourself in new situations which can foster new and different desires within you, and this is our undertaking here. Perhaps we will end up becoming just another reactionary cult, but for us this is a new experiment, and thus worth it.

There is no universal moral code that should dictate human behavior. There is no such thing as good or evil, there is no universal standard of right and wrong. Our values and morals come from us and belong to us, whether we like it or not; so we should claim them proudly for ourselves, as our own creations, rather than seeking some external justification for them.

MRR: Does CrimethInc., as a "revolutionary organization" with an amorphous structure, intersect comfortably with punk rock, another loosely defined counter-culture group? Or is punk rock too rigidly established to assimilate CrimethInc.?

Punk rock has provided a very fertile soil from which various CrimethInc. projects have grown, and a supportive community in which many of them have been carried out. Like anarchism itself, CrimethInc. is not dependent on the punk community alone, but benefits greatly from the resources gathered within it, and hopefully offers something in return as well. Although most of us are highly critical of the role subculture plays in modern society (as a pressure valve to co-opt rebellious urges and discharge them harmlessly, and a marketplace where identities can be bought and sold prefabricated), it's important to remember that d.i.y. punk rock is much more under the control of the individuals who participate in it than most subcultures are. It would be childish (and typical passive spectator behavior) for anyone to reject punk rock on the grounds that it is not "revolutionary enough"—the important question, as with anything in today's world, is what opportunities it offers for revolutionary things to happen, and how to take advantage of them.

MRR: Does CrimethInc. attempt to communicate with people involved in revolutionary activities outside of white youth culture strongholds like punk rock? Where and how do these broadcasts take place, and are they successful?

CrimethInc. does include people from communities outside the punk rock and youth activist arena, who share with their peers what they consider to be relevant. Some of the best examples I can think of off hand include a multiracial hip hop/graffiti crew in San Diego which does CrimethInc. "urban renewal" projects, a middle-aged author from the South now working on building up a d.i.y. zine network among women and men her own age, and the various imprisoned men and women who share CrimethInc. material with their fellow prisoners. Being decentralized is especially important in these cases, since different aspects of what has been "CrimethInc." to date are applicable in different circumstances, and it's crucial that the people doing outreach be able to decide for themselves which are useful to them.

MRR: Has CrimethInc. expanded to the world outside the U.S.? With what vehicle? Or is it a purely American cultural phenomenon?

There are groups at work in places as far apart as Brazil (in which Arauto, a Portuguese version of Harbinger was published), Sweden (from which the Days of War book is distributed in Europe), and Australia. As I stated before, it's essential that material be tailored to fit the needs of the people at whom it is directed, which are very different across the world—therefore I would say the CrimethInc. operations that take place within the U.S.A. are a response to specifically North American cultural conditions, which may not be applicable elsewhere. It is up to those involved in the collective internationally to make sure their projects have local relevance.

MRR: People are generally not credited for their involvement with your organization. What the logic behind that?

For me, one of the primary values of using the CrimethInc. label is the anonymity it provides. In this society, in which any action is seen to glorify the individual at the expense of others (see scenester fame in the punk community for a good example, or celebrities in the mainstream if you need a basic primer in the concept), it is a wonderful thing to have a name I can sign to a project that offers credit for the project to anyone who wants to share that name with me. Thus, I escape being singled out for praise and recognition as someone who does something, the implications of that praise and recognition being that others are not "activists" like myself. In another world, this would not be an issue, but we have a "scarcity economy of self" in this society, thanks to our spectacular economy and the values of competition. Being able to escape being put on a pedestal for my work saves me that embarrassment, and others the humiliation of seeing me as "above" them. There are a thousand other reasons for anonymity, such as doubts about the validity of the concept of "authorship" itself (in a world in which everything is intrinsically connected, especially ideas), but let's not go into those now.

MRR: How would you respond to someone who feels the value, revolutionary or otherwise, of their voice depends on its individuality, or on its being distinct from others?

Well, they are certainly free to do that, whenever they want to! Many CrimethInc. agents do both, you know, according to what they think is best for the situation. And maintaining anonymity does not undermine the individuality of one's voice—it simply makes it safer to speak, in certain circumstances. When it's more effective for us to cultivate personal fame as authors and activists, well, then I guess we'll all do that—though such a situation is difficult for me to imagine.

MRR: Do you worry about long term involvement?

We don't. The "CrimethInc." label can be set down as instantly as it has been picked up, should it prove unnecessary at some point to any or all of us—assuming we do not fall for our own cover story (as the agent in William Burroughs' books always does) and get carried away by the mythical grandeur of our fabrication, that is.

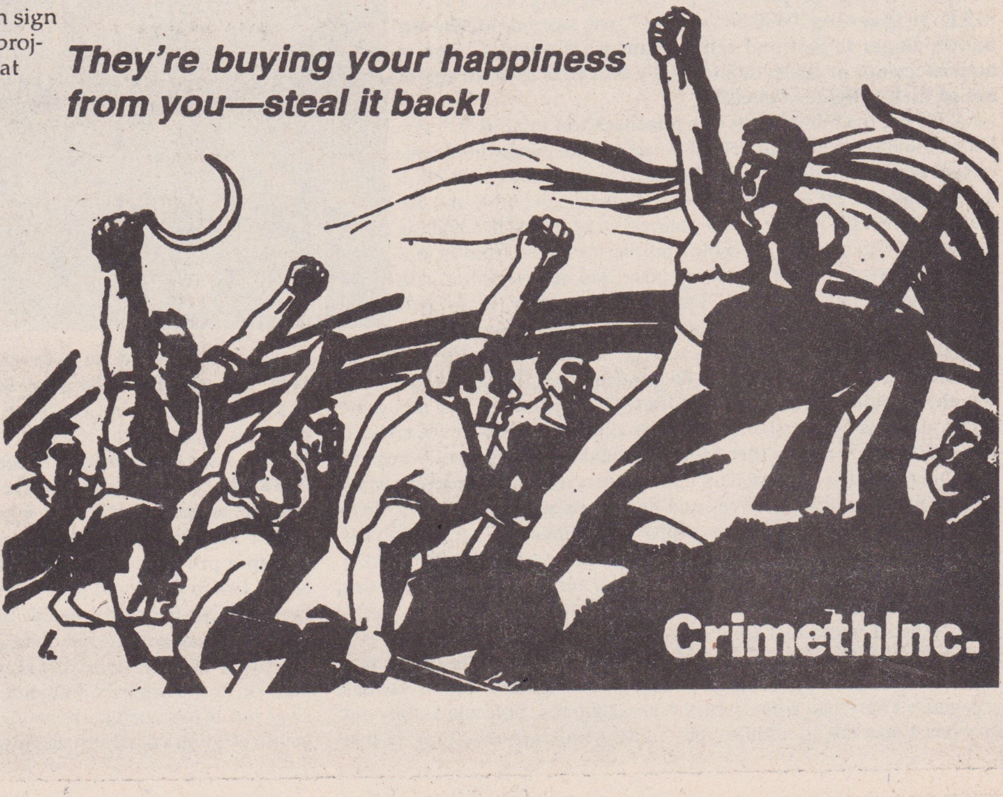
MRR: Is CrimethInc. a practical resource for living? How?

For many of us it is. Workless or workless living situations have played a critical role in making it possible for many of us to contribute what we have, and these largely depend on the support of tight-knit communities—in my case and others, these communities have come together partly as a result of people undertaking projects together. You could call this CrimethInc., or you could simply call it community organizing, but that's the case with everything we do, really. Draw the lines yourself, if you see a need for them—most of us don't.

MRR: What can we expect from you in the near future?

Well, what do you expect from yourself? It's not just up to us. Shortly, we're anticipating the publication of our second book, Evasion, by the author of the 'zine of the same name, as well as a release of the Breaking the Spell and Pickaxe videos as a low-cost double feature, another Harbinger, more records, perhaps another book eventually, and who knows how much else. I'd like to see more CrimethInc. folklore/folkwar tours leaving the subcultural ghetto, more thorough postering, more creative ways to sabotage business-as-usual at protests and in mainstream life in general. I've heard rumors about a massive, bi-coastal caravan in the planning stages for summer of 2002.

One of the longest standing CrimethInc. addresses is 2695 Rangewood Drive, Atlanta, GA. 30345 U.S.A. Write if you want more information, resources, or contacts. Best of luck in your own endeavors to wreak havoc and live life to the fullest.



ESPERANZA

Interview by Michael Thorn. Photos by Joshua Peach.

MRR: I was looking over the lyric sheet on the demo, the lyrics are pretty straight(forward), simple, and to the point, how important is it that the message be simple, to the point, and concise instead of vague, poetic lyrics?

Rich: I guess it's the kind of music we are playing, it (the lyrics) fits better. You're really constrained for time when you're playing fast hardcore songs, you're kind of throwing the lyrics in, you have to put in as much in as you can. Sometimes what you're trying to communicate does suffer, issues get cut. Complex issues get oversimplified when they are thrown into these limits of space with songs that are a minute and a half long with verse, chorus, verse and then you're done. You can't deal with issues as best as you really should be able to. That's why I think you need to stick to the point.

Steve: At least for me, I think that this band, its priority, is a political vehicle for myself. So for the message to be clear is really important, that it is very direct, to the people, is crucial to every song.

MRR: The lyrics are pretty crass, there's no room for interpretation as compared to other people, bands who play the same sort of speed. Is it a conscious thing to have it(the lyrics) be like that?

Rich: I think a lot of the things that we have dealt with in songs so far, that yeah, there are things that we don't want to be interpreted multiple ways necessarily. We are setting out to say something and we are dealing with that. I think there are some other songs that I have written that are a little bit more interpretive that still deal with similar issues but from more of a personal standpoint. There is one song on the demo about religion. It's very blunt. I really wish that we had included an explanation for that song because I think it really oversimplifies a lot of things. I wrote a new song that deals with family issues but it also deals with what I went through dealing with my own family when I didn't believe(in religion). It's a song that says something that I think you know what we are saying but it is also a little more interpretive, other people could get different things out of it.

MRR: In that song "Will Never Bow", you say you extend the middle finger to god and religion but what about Christian activist groups or liberation theology that base their struggles out of their religious beliefs?

Jake: I think the bible is sort of a rorschach test in a lot of ways. Hitler can use the bible to defend things he did, meanwhile, really cool political motivation can come from the same place. With that, I think that the numbers of people that take the bible and use that as a starting point for leftist political struggle are few and the people that have taken the bible and the messages from it to a more conservative or right-wing place are many. Even with things like liberation theology, I think that (what the) song "Will Never Bow", is trying to get across is the idea of surrendering yourself to this higher being. It's strange that even though a lot of people can get a lot of motivation to do political work through religion, the idea that people aren't responsible for what they do, the idea that some master being is responsible for what people do, that's where it ends all there. That's something that Mike has talked about before when we have played that song, people in communities that he is close to...when they're living really hard lives and things are are going against them because we live under a white supremacist, racist, power structure...they say "this is a test" or "this is what god wants." I think it would be really hard to write a song that is a minute and a half long that was all encompassing.

Rich: When I wrote that song it was largely inspired...my father is a fundamentalist Christian bastard, so I have grown up in this home that is pretty homophobic, very right-wing. That song came out of various arguments I have had with conservative religious people and mainly out of when I was taking a philosophy of religion class at school. In that class we covered people that I think are a lot more interesting that the song doesn't really apply to, like theologians that are more liberal or leftist. That song embodies a combination of my own angst that I had for awhile about religion. It's very short and fits into the constraints of us wanting the words to fit here(in the song). Religion is an extremely complex issue. I actually enjoy reading some theology like Paul Tillick and it's interesting but that song specifically relates to the majority of religious people that I run into who aren't running on the same wavelengths as more interesting, redeeming religious people.

THE REAL ENEMY

MRR: They way I look at lyrics like that...the lyrics you're writing provide a point that you can go off on a discussion easier. I would rather see something where you say "fuck god and your religion" and that provides a potential dialogue to happen...

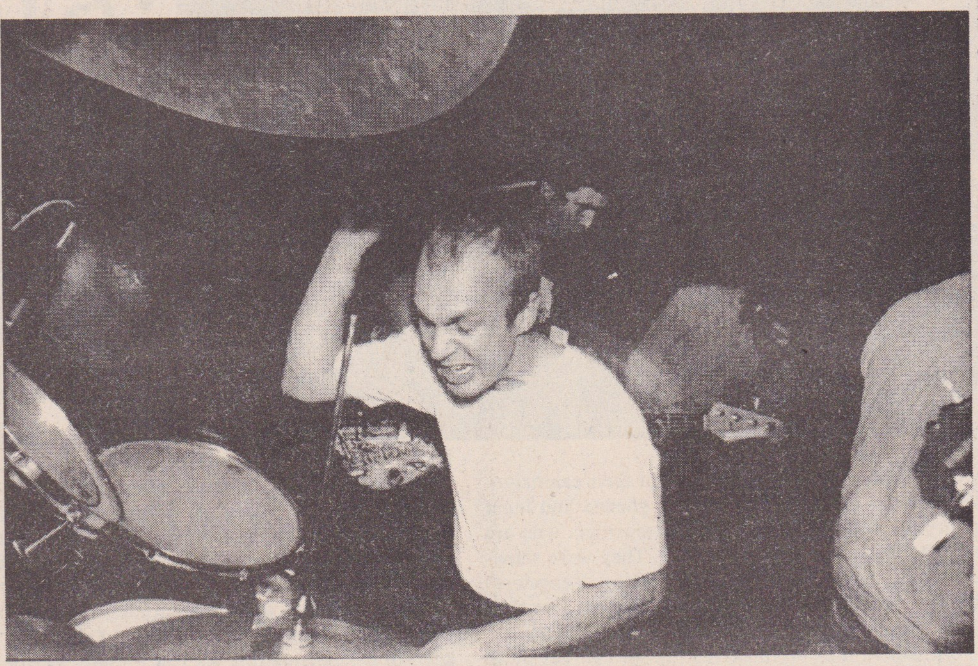
Mike: I wish we would have included explanations for all the songs on the demo but hopefully we can do that when we play live and do have some dialogue with people there.

Ray: That's always good. It's seems like there is also a lack of communication between songs, I am not saying that you have to explain every song but it just seems like there is a lack of communication between people. I think that really needs to be focused on, we need to bring the communication back.

Rich: I don't like the idea of a band educating people. Even if you explain your songs, you're not getting very deep into an issue. So I think if a band is a little bit more outrageous sometimes (it's) because of the lack of depth that they really get to go into. Hopefully that will be more likely to get somebody to..."…Hmm, this bothers me maybe I am going to check more into this." Ideally it would work that way, but probably doesn't.

MRR: Continuing on talking about songs, the song "The 21st Reason to Kill Pete Wilson", could you elaborate on what the song is about...you mentioned it tonight talking about the prison system and the prison industrial complex?

Rich: It was inspired a lot after Proposition 21 passed in California. It was a proposition that criminalized youth. It made a lot easier to convict youth of felonies and imprison them as adults...the younger people being able to be sentenced to the death penalty, I think 14 was the (youngest) age it could possibly be. Proposition 21 was helped be pushed through by Pete Wilson and his legacy of really fucked up things that he did in California. The song more generally deals with the prison industrial complex, I think that if you read the lyrics to the song a few years from now, even when Pete Wilson is more faded out of the picture then he already has...people will be able to see how these things are still going on. But yes, specifically it's about the final rage of Pete Wilson's reign of terror in California.



Steve: There are other issues too like a lot of the propositions that are very anti-immigration but are economically viable for corporations, to go inside and outside of California. Even beyond that, being part of this spearhead group to abolish affirmative action and all these policies and tactics to undermine people of color that are coming into California, in general...and a lot of immigrants coming into California. It's raising a lot of issues with racism again with what we were talking about before. When we say kill Pete Wilson...he has indirectly murdered, subdued, suppressed or incarcerated so many people just by creating these policies that affect the entire state, and in which they affect the whole US.

Rich: I can think of tons of fucked up things. He made it so that it wasn't an 8 hour workday but a 40 hour workweek (that determined overtime). Your employer would only have to legally provide you with overtime pay if you worked over 40 hours rather than an 8 hour day. Something else that I have learned recently is now in California when you get employed you sign a thing that says "at-will employment." The boss can (then) terminate you for any reason they want. I learned this because at my work my friend was looking into trying to organize a union because he had gotten fucked over with his overtime pay and he was going to report them to the labor board, but then the labor board basically tells him "you're going to get fired for it...you'll get your overtime pay back, but you lost your job." They can legally do it and are going to get away with it.

Jake: To touch on that specifically, with "The 21st Reason to Kill Pete Wilson", it's really crazy when you take a step back and look at that whole situation broadly...a lot of the sneakiest parts of all that was it changed...the three strikes(felonies) and you get life imprisonment. It made felony vandalism a strike and felony vandalism is anything over $400. Property damage which is nothing...if you spray paint a window it's going to be that (much monetary damage). It's really crazy when you step back and think that not only did Pete Wilson push this, but the voting people in the state of California decided it was a good idea. Basically they are in favor of incarcerating kids that are doing nothing more than spray painting on a wall and they are in favor of incarcerating them for life. It's totally nutty, evil, and vile.

Steve: One thing I learned that the majority of people incarcerated in prisons are for petty crimes, like drug offenses that are mainly focused in the ghetto areas...

Jake: Like non violent drug offenses.

Steve: When you incarcerate them, that's it, you basically jail them, lock them up and say that's it. Where is any type of rehabilitation? Obviously this is not working, but it's still continuing. When prison spending is number one in California and education is number forty-one out of all of California state spending, there is a serious problem. We really need to focus on putting the money into the education system, into the Los Angeles Unified School District, and areas that are impoverished. They are saying that they are doing it, but they're not.

MRR: It also plays into a lot of class issues because you have your petty crimes like drug offenders, and then most of the people are from poorer areas. A homeless guy gets picked up for drinking on the street and why shouldn't that person be allowed the same escapism that someone who has lots of money can do it behind their closed doors. The rich never get busted for their cocaine. The whole issue between powder cocaine and crack cocaine...

Steve: Yeah, totally...

Jake: The mandatory sentencing (difference) between crack and powder cocaine is totally fucking outrageous.

MRR: It's such a weird thing, as someone who has recently moved to California, there is this weird dichotomy of how strict so many of the laws are here and this idea of the "Left Coast." It's a far cry from that.

Jake: It's a Nazi health resort or something. (laughter) Texas and us are tied for the most conservative asshole state in the country.

Steve: When you see all these policies passing that you would think..these (policies) are blatantly racist or classist, these things are going against everything that would make sense...(but) a majority of people are saying ok to them. The media is portraying it as the most vital option for families and communities. Bamboozling even colored

communities that are falling for this too...

Mike: Totally, they did it with Prop 21, mainly a lot of their campaigning was done in communities of color, urban areas, ghettos and inner cities where they pretty much targeted the older homeowners who are sick of gang violence, tag bangers and graffiti artists. They were showing this picture of this safe ghetto, in one sense, by taking "gangsters" off the street, which it doesn't do. It was totally misleading, like they always are. That's how they won the people's vote in the ghetto.

Jake: At the same time where they were saying "if we can get these gangsters and taggers off the street, then the community will be safe", but at the same time the crash unit of the Rampart division (of the L.A.P.D.) was going bonkers and murdering people and doing all sorts of dope deals, stealing coke out of evidence lockers. If people think that kids spray painting on walls is what makes neighborhoods unsafe places to live, that's a really, really simplified and inaccurate view of maybe why people are in the situations they are in.

MRR: I am going to switch gears a little bit... despite all it's anti-capitalist rhetoric, it seems like the punk rock scene has just degenerated down into just small scale capitalism– everything is just a marketable commodity– be it a t-shirt, record or even ideas...

Jake: I got what you mean by t-shirts and what not– but could you explain what you mean by marketing ideas?

MRR: I guess just how... how things just get knocked down to slogans and how that sloganeering becomes an image for people to buy into... I mean you have a lot of kids who buy into these slogans without even knowing what they're getting into and even though there is that potential for them to dig deeper and find out more it... do you think that potential is good enough that it makes this sort of sloganeering a good thing or...

Rich: As I see it, sloganeering is always a problem– but especially when you are dealing with something art related– slogans just tend to be incorporated. Maybe it's just the nature of slogans and the nature of that kind of expression. It certainly is disturbing how many people get involved with something without going out and doing their own work to find out what it's all about... It certainly does reflect the capitalist society as a whole but at the same time,... I mean it really bothers me how much I see it in punk but I think that I tend to... I think we just need to keep in perspective that we can't totally escape the larger society and that we're going to be reflecting it to a degree no matter what and it's just an effort to try to minimalize that. But what can you do to make people be more thoughtful? Use less slogans? Use less catchy lines in songs for bands? That ends up defeating itself...

Steve: I think the more we critically dialogue about a specific problem we have at hand and pinpoint a viable solution and tangible solution where we can actually grapple and engage into it and be a part of it... I think that's the big difference than someone just saying "Smash the state!" you know? I mean how we do we smash the state?

MRR: A big hammer...

(laughter)

Steve: Ok, so how many hammers?

(laughter)

Steve: How big does it have to be?

MRR: Just one really fucking big one...

(laughter)

Steve: Well let's just get one big hammer and do it! I think its really important to just get down to the problem... and fuck there's always problems but there's also time to celebrate our victories and about each other and that's sloganized too... I guess you could even commodify

WE MUST LEARN TO REJOICE WHEN PIGS' BLOOD IS SPILLED
-ANGELA DAVIS

that but… but it's most important that we're dialoguing between peoples…

Rich: I think that part of it too is that punk has developed toward where it is somewhat of a culture and it's certainly part of a larger culture- but I mean we have our own myths and things like that that go along with it- just like every culture has its myths. Ours may tend to be in our slogans, us being able to do whatever d.i.y. and sometimes things don't work out – but at the same time, those myths, even though kids don't always know what's involved in it- they know the general ideas but don't learn them specifically. Sometimes I think it still does help that– ok they have these ideas and maybe they'll go look into it further. Punk is a culture, it tends to pass on its own values and not always in the way that is best for each individual, the way that any culture does…

MRR: I guess too, what do you think about bands, zine what ever that use those ideas/slogans as a marketing tool?

Jake: I think in that way there's always going to be suckers around and maybe people will get together to play music and maybe they'll do that cause there desire to be a big band or put out records or whatever and so they're like "all right we're going to play this style of music and the politics that go along with this style of music are… off the pigs and smash the state and fuck your god…"

(laughter)

MRR: Hey that's you guys…

Jake: But when I first got into punk there was no way I could be dealing with a lot of this stuff. I didn't have the background to be dealing with this kind of stuff in a really serious critical way but even in the cultural war that goes on right now even just having someone say …"fucking off the pig"… it puts an alternative in your head where most other people are like "hey, you might not always like the cops but they're here for your safety"… What you were saying about marketing and people using slogans and people coming out of the d.i.y. scene and using *that* as a marketing tool I think that now we're seeing now is the emergence of the sort of evil side of d.i.y. where it's sort of empowered a whole bunch of entrepreneur, where they're like "wow, I was involved with punk, and I can do my own zine and it empowered me to do whatever I want…" which is cool if that empowerment is used towards good ends but I think a lot of people are using it strictly as a way to make money so they can take the knowledge and the empowerment they got out of doing a little photocopied zine and now they can do a big glossy magazine where they can sell lots of ads and that are no different than any other kind of major media outlet– and that is unfortunate. Hopefully just as many people will take the lessons they learned from d.i.y. punk and apply it in really cool ways because it's a really powerful idea…

MRR: One of the things I've sort of thought a lot about lately is sort of moving away from the concept of d.i.y. and more to like do it together… it's something I think about a lot cause it seems like there is this whole culture of punk kids who don't have– I mean, for example, you have a band and you go on tour, you book it yourself, you sleep on peoples floors, you hang out and eat together. You meet people, establish relationships with people; but now it just seems so different… I've just seen a rise in towards instead using booking agents, and this concept of punk as a business and so you don't make these connections with people… it's a disturbing trend to me…

Jake: But hopefully we're going to see the counter to that which is where people take "d.i.y." or whatever to the next step… we know its not going to be booking agents or big venues or… it's just weird cause like years ago it just wasn't viable to make money off most kinds of punk unless you were playing totally sugary shit music, no one was going to pay you to play it. Now that people's musical tastes have been "broadened" by Limp Biscuit or whatever it's a lot more possible to make a lot more money, but hopefully people's interests don't lie there and they'll be that much more adamant to make this shit real… there goes another good slogan…

(laughter)

Rich: …and Jesus said "Make this shit real."

(laughter)

MRR: My favorite new slogan is "squares just don't know the game…"

(laughter)

MRR: I was wondering about the song "I'll Be The First One To Stab You In The Back" and that just sort of ties into what we're talking about…

Jake: Well especially in Southern California there are some really conservative asshole hardcore kids that despite the fact that we can both reference Gorilla Biscuits, our vision for the future and what we want to do with our lives have nothing in common with each other…

MRR: I just wonder how we've gotten to that and how punk has attracted that sort of conservative– I mean I guess it always has… you've always had your Cro-Mags…

Rich: I think that it's just the nature of capitalism to incorporate whatever it can, whatever part of sub-culture. There's constantly a need to find the new extreme, and punk just kind of becomes that… we were talking awhile ago how there's these MTV shows, first there was Tom Green and Tom Green gets washed up and now there's *Jackass; I* mean there's a Minutemen song in there opening sequence and its related to *Big Brother* (ed. skate magazine) and that's kind of close to where we're at. It's kind of bored with these things so fast because they realize it's artificial as soon as it's part of "the system." There's a need to go to the next thing and the next thing and they're constantly trying to co-op whatever they can. We're just part of what they're trying to co-op and it's not just business men in suits, it's also young kids who are "I need to find the next dangerous thing, the next rebellion" and the old safe forms of rebellion- you know the old form phase rebellion, which we hopefully see punk as being a little deeper than that. Most of those (forms of rebellion) have been replaced and things like punk are being seen as the new form of short term rebellion…

Jake: I think that you can see the reaction to that with the resurgence of really fast thrash– is that when punk sort of got bought out, when punk bands started going to majors and things like that, a lot of people sort of went "Ok, let's do something that is ours that they're not going to take from us, because they're not going to want it…"

MRR: …because you can't sell it…

Jake: You can't really sell thrashy hardcore very well cause it's not metal enough to be metal, and it's not sugary enough for MTV to listen to, and it's not extreme in the way that say like Pantera is… but chronologically it fits, that people would get into this music that's unsellable and won't be on MTV anytime soon…

Rich: I don't know though– maybe not the music itself, but certainly the fashion…

Steve: Bandanas and…

Rich: …someone I know said they were watching some sappy new teeny bop sitcom and someone had a Spazz shirt on, weird stuff like that. It pops up in movies with kids in Black Flag shirts…

Steve: …or with X's on their hands, in what was that, *Scary Movie*?

Jake: It just that a lot of the big "cool" things about punk and hardcore sort of got swallowed up… I mean a huge percentage of the country, if you say "mosh" they're going to know what you're talking about, where as before they wouldn't and…

MRR: …but would they know the difference between the appropriate time to mosh and the time the thrash, because they're is an important difference between the two…

(laughter)

Steve: Yeah, a very important difference…

Jake: This is totally unrelated, but there was this guy who was doing the talk show circuit who was saying "Now the kids are going to mosh no matter what, because that's what the kids do" and he had all these families that had kids who had died at big shows cause of moshing related accidents. So his whole deal was that if venues were going to have big shows where moshing goes on, then they need to have mandatory concussion mats for the kids…

(laughter)

Jake: …so that way none of the kids will die. If you had told someone that ten years ago, they would have thought that you were crazy and out of your mind…

Steve: …and those mats would be perfect for advertising…

Jake: Yeah I mean you could just have *Budweiser* across the front of the mats…

(laughter)

MRR: Any sort of closing comments, shit coming up etc?

Rich: Well we've recently signed to Warner Bros. records and…

(laughter)

Rich: …we got a deal with Uncle Slam and Wake the Dead records… we're putting out an EP on Uncle Slam and Wake the Dead records and a split EP with No Parade on Partners in Crime, plus songs that will be on the 625 and Lengua Armada comps. That's about all our specific plans, shout outs to *Christpuncher* fanzine.

Mike: If you need shows in L.A. just write us or something…

Jake: Just trying to think back about some of the stuff we talked about, sloganeering, and not being able to go into too much depth when you talk about songs...something that I've been thinking about a lot lately is that how if you're going to err in that stuff it's better to err on the side of totally outrageous political slogans than to err on the side of watering down what you are saying in order to make a little more sense… go be crazy, make music and punk a starting point…

Mike: …but don't let it be an ending point and don't fetishize records…

Steve: Yeah and listen to Dead Prez…

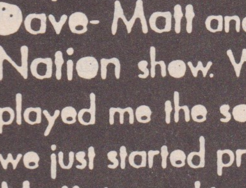
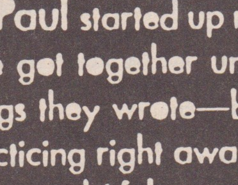
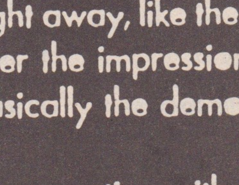
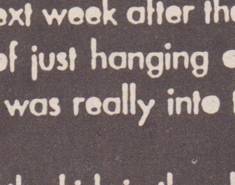
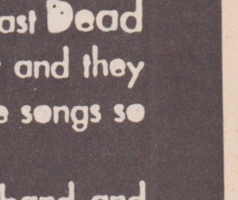
ESPERANZA
665 S. Vermont Ave.
Glendora CA 91740

MRR-After your last band ended you guys, or at least Dave, told me you didn't want to start another band for a while, but Tear It Up started almost immediately after. Why the change of heart?

Dave- **Matt** and **Paul** started up right away, like the next week after the last **Dead Nation** show. We got together under the impression of just hanging out and they played me the songs they wrote—basically the demo. I was really into the songs so we just started practicing right away.

Matt- It was kinda weird. I felt a real connection with all the kids in the old band, and I really didn't want to stop playing with them. I had a lot of songs written to use for another band for a long time because it was like impossible to get many of my songs into **Dead Nation**, and as soon as **Dead Nation** was over I asked **Paul** first if he still wanted to play together. He said yeah and we got together and showed each other the songs that would be the demo. Then we asked **Doug** to come and jam the next week and **Paul** lured **Dave** there (unbeknown to me) and we started to jam. I couldn't think of anyone besides **Andy** to play guitar with us. I loved that kid and how he played and it made my life complete when he said yes.

MRR-Wow Matt, that's really touching. I think I'm gonna cry.

INTERVIEW BY DAVE HYDE

MRR-So when you started out it wasn't necessarily going to be all the same guys? I think it says something that you just wanted to play with your friends and somehow you all drifted together again. That comes across in the music.

Matt- Um...when we started out I was hoping that it would be all the same guys minus that one dude who quit on us, remember his name? I just wasn't sure if everyone felt the way that I did, or if everyone still wanted to play fast punk rock or if they wanted to move to a different style. I couldn't be happier with the way it all turned out.

Dave- I think it makes us work together way better as well.

MRR-Matt, you mentioned that you couldn't really get any of your songs into the old band. How is Tear It Up different about those things? Has the sort of behind the scenes process changes from those of other bands you've been in?

Matt- Hell yeah it has. The thing with Dead Nation was that Matt Suxx wrote almost all the songs and before you could even try to show something the next record was finished and these were the songs that he wanted to go on it. So besides it being hard to try and time when to bring up a new song idea, it also disrupted the idea or flow of the record that Matt was going for. Nowadays it's pretty different. Right off the bat it was Paul and myself who were doing the writing of the songs, and although I did write most of the early songs and lyrics to get us going we really grew into a point where everyone in the band has an input on what goes into a song. We all share ideas about how our records should sound, and everybody helps write songs and lyrics.

MRR-Your old band put a lot of work into getting heard. You played shows constantly and slowly built up a fan base. But when Tear It Up started you had more hype and fanfare than Dead Nation ever achieved. Can you talk about the differences and how they affected you at the beginning?

Dave- It was definitely weird. Dead Nation were not a popular band until like the last 2 months or so. We played to dropped jaws and disgusted faces for a long time. It was totally new to have kids into it from the get go. I wouldn't look at Tear It Up as some band just living off past success because Dead Nation weren't successful. We lost a lot of money and played a lot of shows for nothing. We weren't huge. We weren't rock stars. We were the same people we are now.

Matt- I don't know, my philosophy has always been to play anywhere anytime, and do it because you want to do it. That's all we did. We went out played shows and worked our asses off. A lot of it had to do with having to live up to the Dead Nation legacy, I guess. I mean we wanted to work real hard not to live off that but to get away from that. We wanted to show that this was something different. I don't think we had more of a hype than Dead Nation did. I still don't think even now we're as hyped as Dead Nation was. I don't know.

Dave- We do our own thing. We aren't Dead Nation 2. We are gonna play our songs and do what we always did. Play fast and have fun.

MRR-I don't know, when you first started up it seemed there were people all over you guys who were never there before. There was all this talk on the Rev board and places like that, and it was based on, like, 2 shows and a demo. So what I was getting at was here you are where you've worked nonstop to get to a comfortable position, and you can totally just sort of take it easy, play occasionally, record now and then, and be huge, but you didn't do any of that. Why not?

Dave- Why do that? If someone is gonna rave about us than we want it to we worth it. Hype works both ways. In one sense it gets people to know our name and want to hear us. But on the other side we have to be amazing or we'll just be written off as some ex members of band. We want to play and tour and live up to any buzz that's floating around.

Matt- It's quite simple really. We love to play. I'm sure that there is nothing anyone in this band would rather do with their lives right now then play shows, and write songs, and screen t-shirts. Well maybe I can think of things to do other than screening shirts but the point is that we're not in punk rock to be huge or to live off our band or any of that shit that almost all "big bands" seem to be doing. If you don't want to play shows and write songs and this isn't your life you're in the wrong fucking place my friend. Punk rock is not about having the master plan on how to become a huge band so you can sit back and watch the acclaim and money roll in, its about being pissed and having something to say and fucking saying it, not waiting to see what labels will let you do so.

MRR-You came out of the gates like madmen. You immediately started playing shows anywhere and everywhere, and you had 2 records recorded within a month or two. Talk about the beginning of Tear It Up's reign of terror.

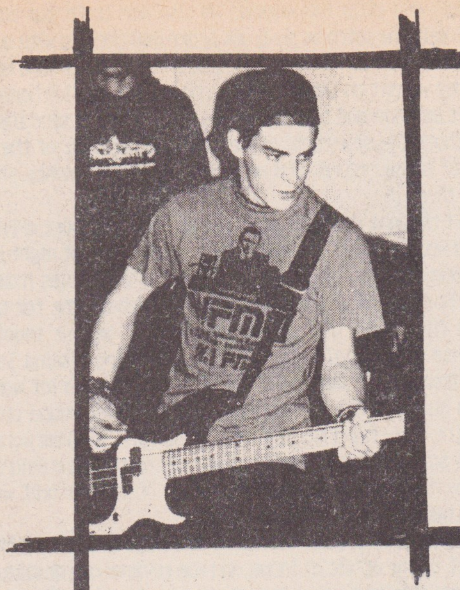
Dave- We just wanted to get our name out right away and make a name for ourselves over "ex-Dead Nation". We recorded a demo and mailed them out to get the name out right away. To kids in Europe and in the US who liked Dead Nation just to get them hip to what we were doing now. I would tell the crowd at every show that we wanted to play and to talk to us. We just started booking every show we could no matter where it was.

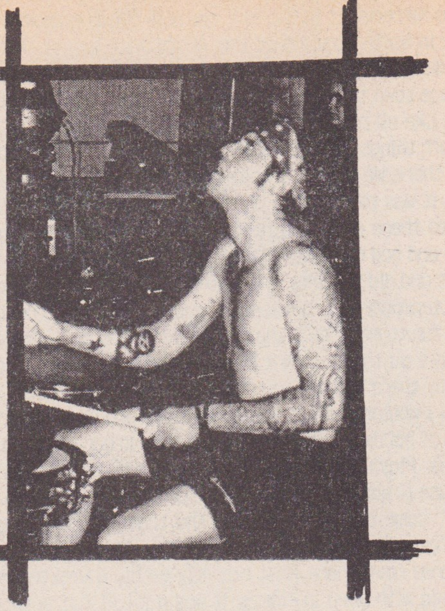
Matt- We just work so great together. We had all these songs written and after we sent out the demo we had all these labels that wanted to do records with us. So we got into the studio and had 2 records. We started playing like every weekend through contacts we made in the scene throughout the years and wrote more songs and had more labels that wanted to do records, and recorded again. It's been sick how busy we've been.

MRR-One of the things that I think is really important about punk rock is the network we create through our friends. That we have managed to link all these great kids from across the world together and do things on our own terms. I think that is really an amazing and empowering thing. And I think you guys really take that to heart. You are willing to play anywhere, seemingly with little notice, just to get out there and play and meet new kids. Can you talk about why this is so important to you?

Dave- I like playing. I will play anywhere if I can. We haven't really had any real tours...yet. Driving out to Minneapolis for a show is fun. Driving down to North Carolina for a show is fun. We will do any show as long we can. I hope to take Tear It Up over to Europe, Japan, and all across the US whenever the opportunity arrives. The DIY punk community will stay alive as long as everyone does their part. I try to help out touring bands when I can and I am always trying to get smaller bands on shows with us as well. I also do it because I would want the same thing done to me.

Matt- Punk rock is the only thing I've come across in this world that kids are





always about helping kids. I don't know of anything else where you can just pull into a town and see other punks and if you need a place to stay, some food, help with a broken van, etc. they rush to help out. I've been a lot of places and it's always the same, kids helping kids. That's what punk is to me so whenever I can help out a band on tour I just think about all the help I was given in all the countries I've been to and gladly reach out my hand. I mean if you're not into helping kids in the scene get the fuck out.

MRR-Yeah, Matt, you said it! If punk is about anything it's about kids doing what needs to be done for themselves and their peers. It's about throwing out the window all of the shit we've been taught about how things *SHOULD* be and about dogs eating each other and surviving and instead building an international community where we can solve each other's problems and help each other out when we're stuck. Goddamn, man, this doesn't really exist anywhere else in the world.

Dave- DIY and inner scene kindness are pretty much everywhere you go. But you also kinda lost me after the dog eating thing.

MRR-I want to keep talking about friendship, because that's what's important. You've recorded music for a shitload of records so far, but something that stands out is that all the records are done with people who are close to you: the first 7" was done with Felix, the upcoming 7" with Ernie, the split that Jon is putting out, and the splits with Fast Times and Down In Flames. Why are you consistently working with people who are smaller, but close to you when you could easily work with bigger labels?

Dave- Who wouldn't want to work with friends? I don't want to work with some label that just looks at Tear It Up as some number or some unit that they need to move off shelves. All the labels and bands we'll work with will be because we respect them and want to work with them. We have had some bigger, well big for us, not Sony or anything, offers but that's not what were looking for.

Matt- I think that it's great to get to a point where you've made so many friends in the scene that you can work with them on everything. I mean, we even have really good friends make our pins. Every aspect of, I guess, merchandising is done through people we love a lot. These people are like family to us and we want to help them out just like they want to help us out. I'm not into putting out records with a big label because I don't see what they could do for us that with hard work we couldn't do ourselves. Sure they might buy us a van, but then I would feel like a whore. I like to know that when we do a record the guy putting it out is working just as hard as we are to do something they love.

MRR-Yeah, I guess none of you guys are holding any delusional rock star beliefs of making it big. But you'd rather have to spend more time punching the clock and save up to buy a van than have one handed to you? Why? Why not take the easy street and tour 9 months out of the year and not worry about whether or not your records are making it into all the record stores?

Dave- Because that's cheating. I am in a hardcore punk band. I am not in a rock band. To me being in a punk band means struggling. It means that every show you play, every song you play has your fucking heart in it. It's not just a bunch of lyrics, it's not just a few chords. Touring constantly would be great but being someone's bread winner isn't for me.

Matt- You know it would be great to be on tour like all year but the thing about that is that a few of us, myself included, are in school, and even though the band is still top priority I'm really focused on getting my teaching degree so I can reach out to all the punk kids in high school that got shit on by everyone like I did. Call it the ramblings of an undergraduate, but I would love to think that I could help some punk kids in school, and also maybe sneak some cool historical facts in to the system that would otherwise not be taught. As for the van it sucks that we all have to work a bit harder to get the money to buy one, but if we had friends with the kind of money to just hand us one for doing a record with them I would take it. But we don't so we work a bit harder no big deal.

MRR: Well, I've skipped over what a lot of people think is the most important thing, the music. So what about the demo? What gives it that killer sound? (Ha, ha)

Dave- The demo was recorded by an older punk guy from northern NJ. It was a cheap studio and when our friends The Bad Form recorded there we decided to give it a shot. The demo is really raw and it has its charm for that reason but that demo was recorded when most of those songs were still very new to us.

Matt- The demo was just really raw and recorded quite quickly. We did most of it in one take. The place was cheap and I knew the guy so we hooked it up.

MRR-The thing is, yeah, the demo sounds raw, but something important comes across. There's an urgency there that most bands can't get across in any recording situation, let alone one where you didn't even use your own equipment. Those songs don't sound like you'd only played them together a few times, are any of them older°songs Matt had written but was holding on to, perhaps?

Matt- Lets see, I had a lot of the lyrics sitting around in my assorted journal that I had been writing for a few years. Some of the song lyrics came out of stories or poems that were in there, another one or two I had written recently, and two Dave wrote. The music, though, was all new. "I hate my life", "What's the problem?", "Failure", and "Your name here" I wrote in the same week. "Ruining your life", and "I don't care that I'm falling apart" Paul wrote in the same week too.

Dave- I would like to mention that Tear It Up did not play as a full 5 piece band until after that demo was recorded. All previous practices were not the full line up.

MRR-After the demo and a few months of playing out, you went into the studio again, right? What came of those sessions?

Dave- We went into the studio a few weeks later. We re-recorded the demo songs and a whole bunch more songs for a 7" on Havoc and a 12" on Deranged. The two releases will also be available as a CD together in a few months.

MRR-Cool, who's doing the CD?

Dave- Deranged is doing that as well as the 12". The will also contain the demo.

Matt- Hopefully it should be out soon.

MRR-I've alluded to you playing mad shows, but I'd like to hear some more specifics. What were some of the most memorable shows that you've played so far? Any crazy stories°killer reactions, long drives? You're the hardest working band since Black Flag, so let's hear the best of the best.

Matt- Hmmm... Road stories, huh, gotta be careful with this one. We drove from NJ to Minneapolis in a 2 door car with 5 kids equipment, and merch. We did a show in North Carolina at this skate park. We got there early and the show was delayed for a long time, so we had a lot of time to kill in this beat ass college town that was dead until all the drunks came out. Needless to say we were like all pissed so when we got to play we just destroyed. We were jumping off things throwing shit around it was crazy and there was only like 40 kids there. We played in Colombus, Ohio on a 2 day Down in Flames/Tear It Up tour. It was totally cold, and there was like no one at the show and again we got to there early and it started late. This time we took members of each band and had our friend Swank sing and made up a new band. We wrote like 3 songs and did 2 covers it was so damn funny. I love shows where if you counted attendance, merch sales, etc. would seem to be a bust. They always are the most fun to me. This is what it should be about playing cause you love it, not because all the kids want to dance and stage dive. I get so pissed when people say there was no one at the show so it sucked. Just stop playing.

Dave- I wouldn't call us the hardest working band since black flag. There are a lot of bands who do way more than us. In our 24 shows we have played in 11 states. Playing somewhere new is great. Playing Minneapolis was great because it was in a strange space and with great bands. Not to mention that our 7" came out at that show. And that was definitely the longest drive. Playing in North Carolina was amazing. Great kids down there, really good response down there. Most recently we did a weekend down to Maryland and Virginia with Down in Flames. It was a lot of fun. Both shows were great. We stayed at an awesome house in Maryland. Going on road trips is awesome because the shows are usually amazing and the ride out there is always filled with mischief and good times.

MRR-What about the show where you played CBGB for the Mouthpiece reunion show. You guys were completely out of place on the bill and Dave was fresh off a long fucking night in the hospital?

Dave- Yeah. Nothing like getting stitches and no sleep before a big show. We got on that show because the guy booking it wanted to get upcoming bands on the shows. It was a cool show to because it had us, Mouthpiece, American Nightmare, and a few others. All the mouthpiece shows had different bands opening up. Upcoming bands like Shark Attack in DC and Down In Flames in NJ. Playing with Mouthpiece was fun. Playing at CBGB's was cool. We were a little out of our element but its not like we only play one type of show.

Matt- That was a great show. I didn't think we would play more than five songs because of Dave's head, but we wound up doing our whole set plus a few extras. It was weird, I thought we would be a bit out of place because we hadn't played many big shows, or shows with those types of bands but it was great we got to play the whole time, and some kids actually liked us.

MRR-There's another funny story about the ride home from Minneapolis...what happened?

Dave- We were really crammed into my car. We had the car packed to the top before we left and after Minneapolis we also had to fit our boxes of 7"s in the car too. Well, the latch on my trunk broke and the bag with our 7"s on gold as well as some records we bought flew out. We turned around and looked for them but they weren't on the highway. We had a 20 hour ride home so we called Felix and let me know and told them if he found them to send them to me. Well he did and that's the story behind the "road rash edition" of the 7". I stamped the covers of those records and we sold them for less money. There is about 60 or 70 of them.

Matt- Damn, I thought you wouldn't ask this. Ok, so we were driving down the highway and we noticed that Dave's trunk was open. That night had been the record release show for the 7" and we got all of our copies from Felix Havoc that night. Most of them were scattered throughout the car but we had a plastic bag filled with the limited orange ones we put together for the record release show, and that bag was the only thing missing. So the limited press went from 500 to about 435. It could have been a lot worse we could have lost a guitar or some shit like that, but Felix wound up finding the records on the street and mailing them to us. Most of them were ok but just looked funny, so we stamped "road rash edition" on them and sold them at some shows. The best ones, like the ones that were cracked in half, we kept, and I framed mine because it was just so funny.

MRR-So the records that you recorded a while ago are just starting to make their way out to the public at large, and the reviews are absolutely amazing. I mean, you couldn't have asked for a better review than MRR gave the Havoc 7". So that, plus all those killer photos of your crazy shows, are gonna make people all over the world wanna check you out, what plans do you have to play out in their town?

Dave- We plan on touring with Fast Times in the summer. We will always do weekends and we are gonna try to get into Canada real soon. If anyone in Europe or Japan or anywhere wants to help us get shows it would be rad.

Matt- Anytime we can get there we'll play there. There has been a lot of talk about the Chicago fest and we got asked to play that. Also this summer we're going to try to do the tour so us and Fast Times can play with Life's Halt and W.H.N.? on their tour. I love those guys and Ernie and I wanted to set it up so we made sure that we didn't miss each other. I miss them a lot, and I totally need to hang out with all those dudes again.

MRR-So you're going to do a full-fledged US tour this summer? I'm sure the kids will greet you with open arms°that should be great. You're going out with Fast Times, another NJ band. There's a lot of cool shit going on in your home state, can you talk a little about some of it?

Matt- A lot of great bands are coming out of New Jersey, or are starting to get noticed. Down in Flames, To Each His Own, Blind Society, Something In the Water, and others are really out there playing shows putting on shows for kids in this state and for touring bands, and are some of our best friends. Not

to mention that the classic Deadalive Records resides in New Jersey

MRR-I know touring is really important to you guys. Why?

Dave- I really like road trips as I said. The shows and the ride are great. I also really need to get away from everything. I love being hundred of miles from home. No worries because all your problems are hours away. Your problems will be there when you get back so might as well enjoy your time while you can.

Matt- Touring is one of the best feelings I can ever have. Living day by day, waking up in a new place with new friends and seeing the world. For the time you are on tour you are free. You get to play every night, if you're lucky, and get to be with the people closest to you for a while. There is nothing I would rather do, it's the most awesome experience ever for me.

MRR-You just recently recorded again, right? What's going on with those recordings?

Dave- We recorded for a split 12" with E.T.A from Sweden for DeadAlive, a 1 sided 7" for Uncle Slam records, a split with Fast Times for Young Blood, as well as some songs for comps. We are recording again in 2 weeks for a split 7" with Down in Flames. Watch out for them. They are crazy, young, and they're amazing.

Matt- Doing all these records let us really grow as a band and progress with our song writing. It's great to be able to have all these records coming out to show that.

MRR-Yeah, as great as the first recording session was, I think the second is light years ahead. You've certainly grown as a band in a short time°why do you think this is?

Matt- Mostly it's due to having fresh input from everyone in the band on all the songs. I think it also has a lot to do with us just having to see each other 4 times a week or whatever and just getting closer as friends and songwriters. Plus we had a bit more time to develop how we wanted certain albums to sound.

MRR-Some of the lyrics on the new songs are great. We already talked about it a bit, but what inspired you to write "Revolution is a 3 Chord Song"?

Matt- Paul wrote that music, and had the idea for some lyrics but was hitting a brick wall. He asked me if I wanted to take a stab at it, and I said sure. I wanted to talk about how punk rock changed my life and what I saw going on from my experiences in the scene. You know how if you go away you meet kids and they help you out, and if someone comes to your town you try to help them out, and I wanted to just say fuck you to anyone who says that we're wasting our time by doing punk rock, and that we're never going to change anything, because even if we only have changed how we treat each other and what we do in the scene and for our punk community then we have been involved in some sort of revolution because there is nothing else that I have seen in the world that acts like punk rock does.

MRR-Matt, I remember we were at a show a little while ago joking about the "thrash revival" and all of these kids making fools of themselves to show off their new fashion, when the important things went right over their head. You said you were going to write a song about it. I'll assume that "Thrash Wagon" is that song, so can you talk about it?

Matt- Yeah, I was basically pissed off with the fact that all you had to do was mention the word thrash in your bands description, and you would sell out a pressing or blow up huge. I mean shit, you just slap a little buzz word on it and you can sell it to anyone. It pissed me off that all the bands that were achieving mediocre status as crust bands or grindcore bands saw an opportunity to get a new title and get some success. It was mainly about one band in particular. Don't ask who, but Dead Nation played in their town and not much effort was put into the show at all, and the next time we went up there this time in Tear It Up it was the same band, same place but now with the thrash thing getting thrown around there was a lot of flyers put up and attention paid to the show. Also the band had totally changed their style and were making song titles out of stuff straight off the dead nation posters we had brought up with us the last time. I was like you gotta be kidding me. Dude, this isn't cool that one word got so out of control.

MRR-I guess it's possible that some people might not have any clue what you sound like. What are some of your influences both that help shape your sound, and that you just dig otherwise?

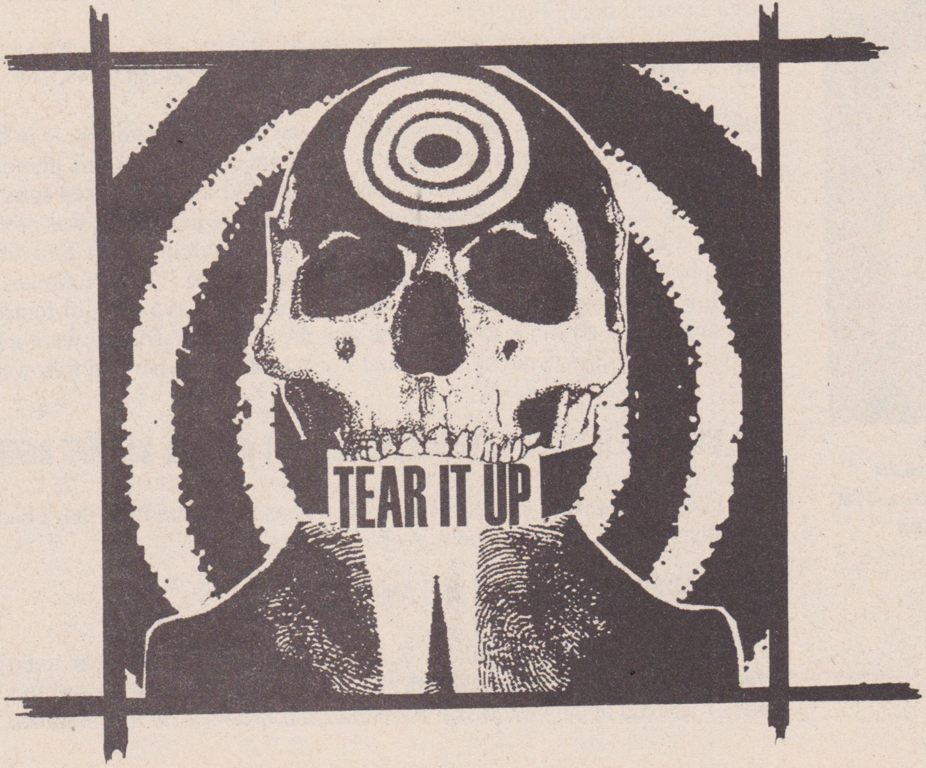
Dave- Well... We all have various influences. I have a million. I love 80's US hardcore like Jerry's Kids, Youth of Today, SSD, Black Flag, etc. I also am really into hardcore and punk from the 80s until now from all over the place like Code 13, Insane Youth, Anti-Cimex, Kaaos, Mob 47, Wretched, Bastard, Lip Cream, Life's Halt, WHN, DS 13, and Judgement. This is just a small list is what makes up my major influences right now.

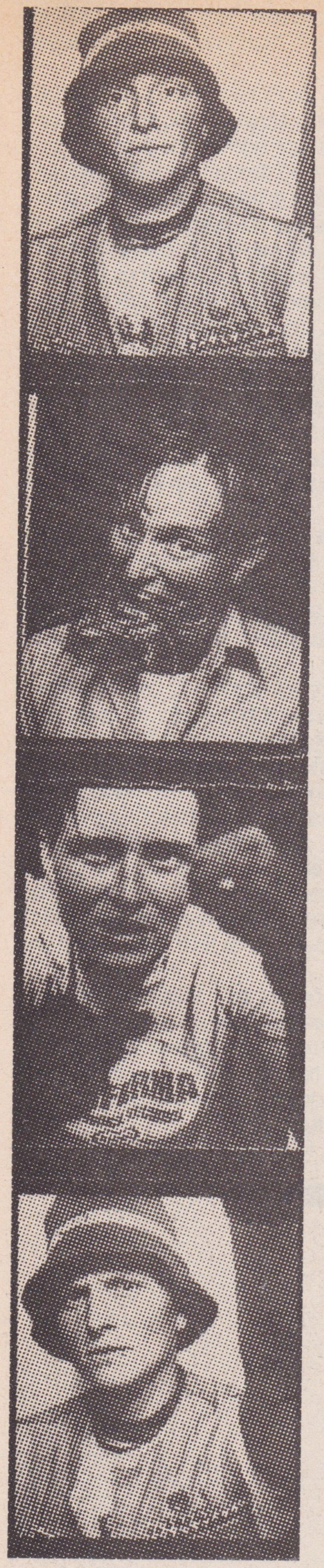
Matt- Influences? Well for drumming it's Bill Stevenson, and Troy from 7 Seconds. Those dudes are killer drummers, and they really influence how I wanted to play. As for song writing: Black Flag without a doubt, Crucifix, and the Descendents. Also, a lot of non punk stuff like the Beatles, and the Beach Boys. I'm really into putting the songs together in a way that makes it sound like an album you know so it all flows, that's really important to me. I've been listening to a lot of All, From Ashes Rise, and the Big Boys recently.

MRR-What are some plans for the future of Tear It Up?

Dave- Play a lot. I really want to do a complete US tour and I will not stop doing bands until I get to tour Europe and Japan. We are gonna take a little break from recording I think before doing an LP. We don't want to rush anymore than we already have.

Matt- Shows, touring, and no more damn records for a while, even though all these songs keep piling up. I really am looking forward to seeing a bunch of friends this summer when we go out on tour. One of these days hopefully we can go to Europe so I can see some kids I haven't see since I was there 2 years ago. If we peaked your interest you can email us at tearitup666@hotmail.com or write to us at 21 Sulliman Rd, Edison, NJ 08817.





PHOTOS BY ACE MORGAN
MORGANACE@HOTMAIL.COM
INTERVIEW BY ARWEN

MRR: GIVE ME A BRIEF BACKGROUND ABOUT WHERE YOU'VE BEEN TAKING PICTURES AND FOR HOW LONG.

Ace: I actually started taking photos in high school on accident. I took it as a blow off class and it turned into this exciting passion that I discovered. So I've been taking them since '87 or '88. But seriously only since '89 or '90—that's when I started seeing my work and really getting excited about it.

MRR: AND DID YOU EVER HAVE ANY FORMAL TRAINING IN PHOTOGRAPHY?

Ace: Just high school, and then I went to a community college. I took one class at the community college and was still excited about it, but didn't really like the college. Then I went to the Center for Creative Studies for two or three years in Detroit, and took a couple of classes there.

MRR: DID YOU LEARN BY EXAMPLE FROM ANYONE ELSE, EITHER WHO WAS TAKING PICTURES AT THE SAME TIME AS YOU WERE, OR WHOSE WORK YOU SAW AND WERE INSPIRED BY?

Ace: Yes. I would hang out at bookstores a lot, and plant my ass there, and sift through books, and discover all these people. I liked some of the earlier people, like Margaret Bourke White, and Mary Ellen Mark and Glen E. Friedman of course. His stuff was always amazing. Nan Golden, Gorden Parks, Sebastiao Salgado, Helen Levit, Eugene Richards, Alix Web. I was always learning from books.

MRR: HOW MUCH DID BEING INVOLVED IN PUNK ROCK INTERSECT WITH YOUR PHOTOGRAPHY?

Ace: I was punk rock when I was taking photos, so I guess it kind of happened at the same time. I was high school, I was definitely punk rock and taking pictures.

MRR: DID YOU FIND YOURSELF DRAWN TO THAT SUBJECT MATTER?

Ace: I happened to just be going to a lot of shows, so I would take photos. But I was following subjects at the time. In 1990, it was this old woman Mary that I met, and then it was this guy Wiz who I documented for about six months in Flint, Michigan. So I was working on different series outside of just punk rock stuff. Some people happened to be punk rock, like Wiz was.

MRR: TELL ME HOW YOU DECIDED THAT WAS THE WAY YOU WANTED TO TAKE PICTURES. WHEN WAS THE FIRST TIME THAT YOU KNEW YOU WANTED TO FOLLOW A SINGLE SUBJECT AROUND?

Ace: Actually, it was this professor at the Center For Creative Studies, who encouraged me to work on a series of photos and follow a subject, and just be intimate with something. That's when I started doing that.

MRR: DESCRIBE THE PEOPLE THAT YOU TOOK PICTURES OF IN THIS WAY.

Ace: The first series was Mary, this old woman. My sister and I were in her yard taking photos in '89 or '90. I went up to her house to ask if we could take some photos and she came to the door and it was like, "Wow, you're amazing, can I take your photo some day?" She said sure, come back, so I photographed her for a long time. The next series was probably Wiz, from Flint. I was at a show and saw him, and was hanging out with him for a long time, and just asked if I could photograph him anytime I came to Flint. And so I did: I followed him for a long time. Then it was my friend Chris—that was in Detroit. She was a male-to-female cross-dresser. I was just hanging out with her at this space that me and some friends were a part of in Detroit.404 willis. She'd always come by there, and I just got to know her and followed her for a really long time.

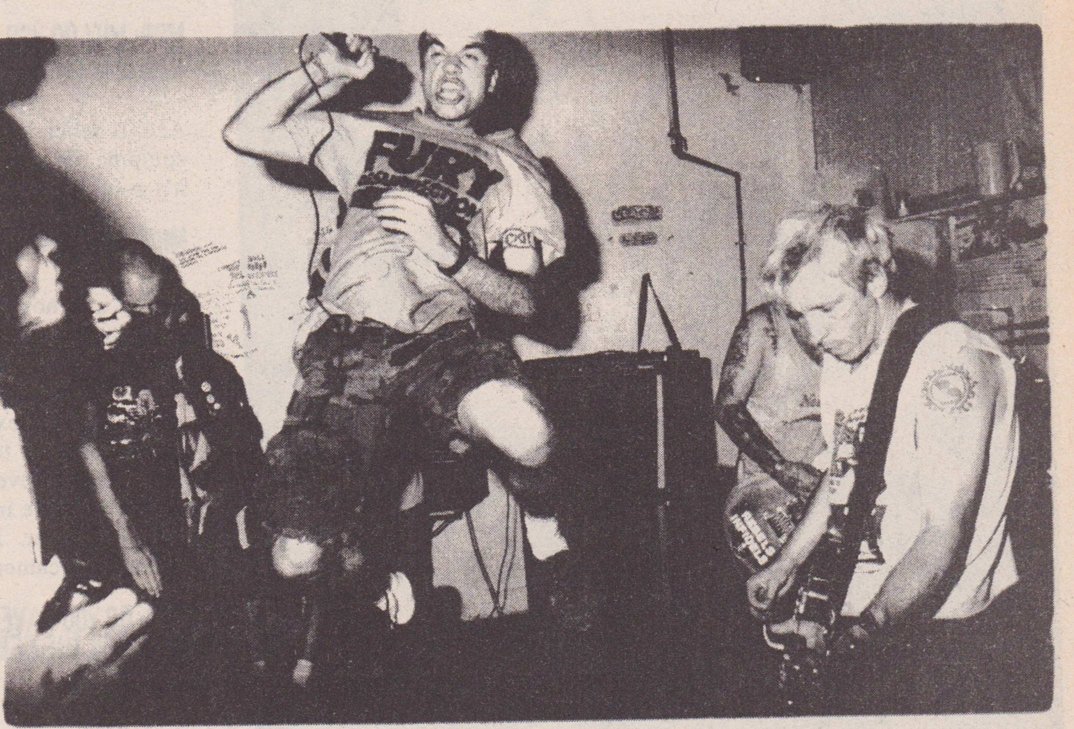
MRR: WHAT WAS IT ABOUT THESE INDIVIDUALS THAT YOU KNEW WAS JUST RIGHT?

Ace: I could relate to some of them, or there was just something that I had to capture and share with other people, mostly. These people's lives.

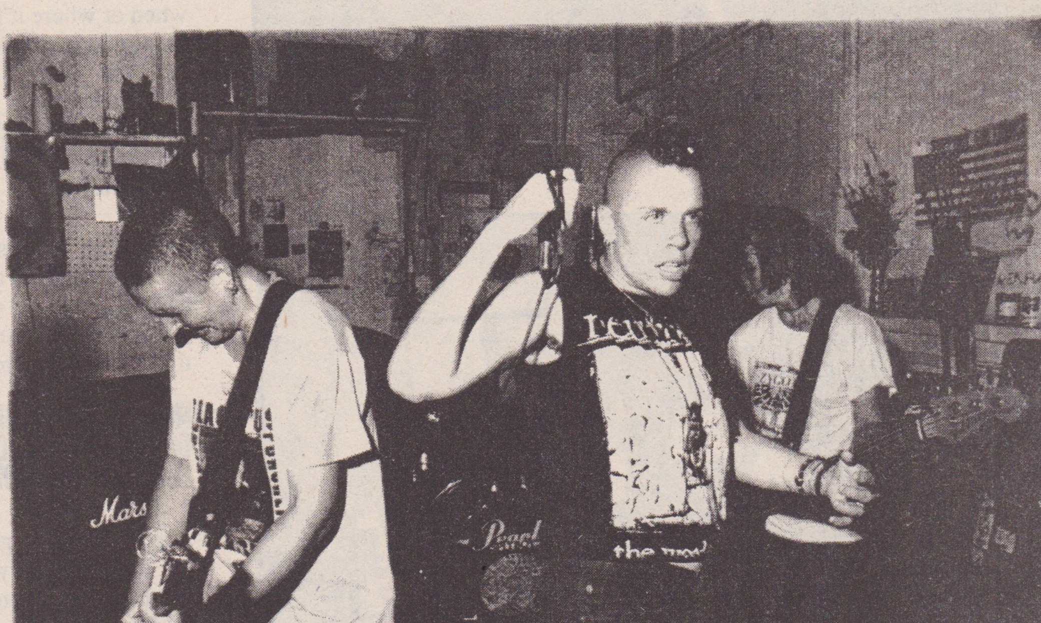
MRR: WHAT EQUIPMENT DO YOU USE, AND WHY?

Ace: I used to shoot with a Nikon F3. In1989,I sold my Honda Civic to buy it. I sold it for $800, which was exactly what the camera cost. I bought it from the boss at this one-hour camera lab where I worked at the time. I still have that, and I shoot with it sometimes, but now I shoot with

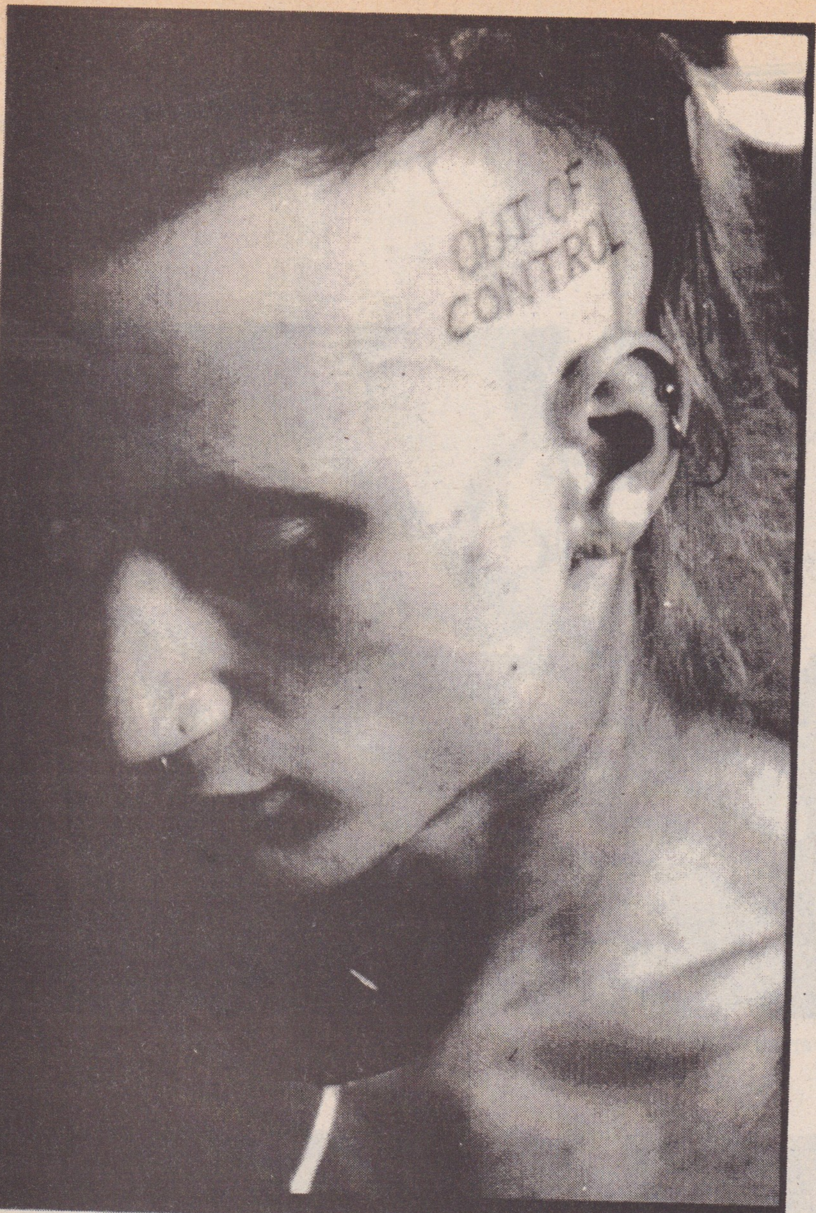
PHOTO BY ACE MORGAN



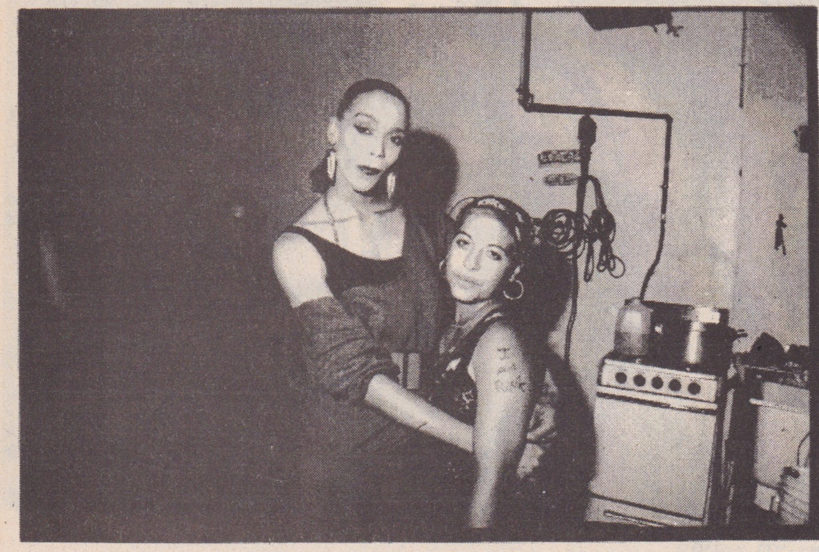
Econochrist - 404 Detroit - '92


Mars
Pearl
the mod

Spitboy - 404 Detroit - '91 or '92



Wiz - Flint, MI - '91



Chris & Todd - 404, Detroit - '91

a Nikon F5 and it's amazing. I slept with it when I first got it. I'd fall asleep reading the manual. But it's fast, with autofocus, just an amazing camera.

MRR: DO YOU EVER USE A POINT AND SHOOT?

Ace: I do shoot with a point and shoot a lot. It's an Olympus Epic. It's like a hundred dollars, it's a great camera.

MRR: WHY DO YOU DECIDE TO BRING ONE OR THE OTHER ALONG WITH YOU?

Ace: It depends on the situation, whether my equipment's going to be too heavy, whether it's going to be a long night.

MRR: WHAT ARE YOU PHOTOGRAPHING NOW?

Ace: Right now, I'm just printing about ten years worth of work. I'm always at shows taking photos, or I'm photographing my friends or other people. I'm not really working on a series exactly. But there are people that I continue to photograph and that I'll photograph forever, like my cousin, my sister, different people in my life that I've been following forever. I am always putting film through my camera.

MRR: DO YOU HAVE ANY PLANS TO PRINT OR PUT TOGETHER THE SERIES INTO SOME COMPREHENSIVE WORK?

Ace: Yeah, actually, I'm trying to put together a show right now, with all the work I've ever done or been excited about. I don't know when or where it's going to happen. It's going to take at least another month or two to print the stuff up.

MRR: DO YOU PREFER PHOTOGRAPHING BANDS, OR PEOPLE WHEN THEY'RE NOT ENGAGED WITH ANYTHING?

Ace: Both. I consider myself a documentary photographer, so the moment is what I like to capture. And it's always people. I'll do some environmental stuff, but it's definitely people that I like to photograph, on stage, off stage.

MRR: WHEN YOU PHOTOGRAPH PEOPLE THAT YOU DON'T KNOW, DO YOU HAVE A CERTAIN PROCEDURE THAT YOU FOLLOW?

Ace: I do photograph people I don't know, but they're mostly crowd shots. Usually people that I'm photographing I know or have some sort of connection with in some way. When that does happen, I'll always ask.

MRR: WHAT BANDS HAVE YOU PHOTOGRAPHED, AND WAS THERE A PARTICULARLY MEMORABLE ONE?

Ace: They all are, I think. You never know what to expect. It's a rush, the whole time you're on stage. Your heart's pounding to try to get a shot. They've all been exciting.

MRR: DO YOU FEEL A CONNECTION WITH OTHER ARTIST OR PHOTOGRAPHERS IN THE PUNK SCENE, OR OUTSIDE OF THE PUNK SCENE?

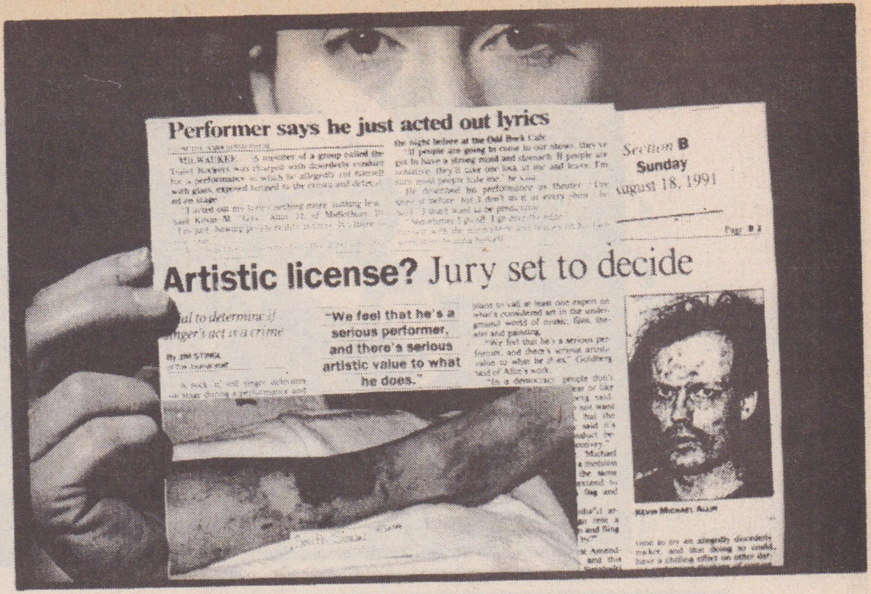
Ace: Both, definitely. I'm actually trying to get a photo group together right now. I was in a photo group called Point Blank and that's still going. It was a great group of people, not necessarily punk photographers, but it was just exciting to show the work to other people, since I'm not in school. We did guerrilla slide shows on the streets and things like that. They're still doing things like that, which is exciting, but I'm trying to start up another one right now. It's inspiring to be around other photographers—it's just exciting to talk to photographers.

MRR: DO YOU EVER HOPE TO DO PHOTOGRAPHY AS A LIVING?

Ace. I would love it. I guess you could say it was my first love. The first thing I discovered that I loved and felt good about doing. That goes back to high school: I hated high school and didn't do so good because I hated it, and photography was something I got good feedback and recognition for. Right now, since I've been laid off from Mordam Records, I've just been on unemployment, and getting all this money to do my work for the first time, which is exciting. I've never been unemployed for three months. That's why I get to be in the darkroom printing so much. Soon I hope it will turn into work for money.

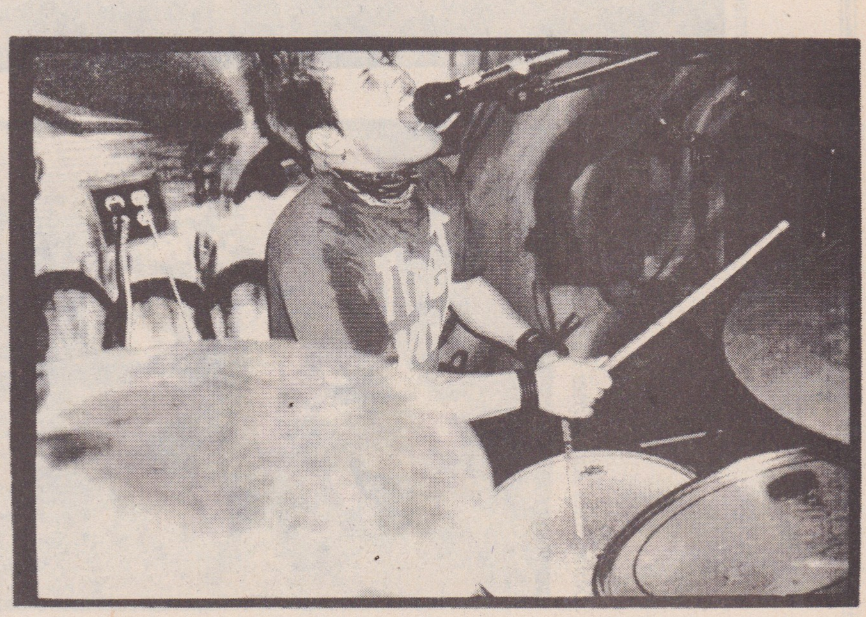
MRR: DO YOU FEEL THAT YOU HAVE A CERTAIN MESSAGE THAT RUNS THROUGH YOUR WORK?

Ace: I guess so. I'm always busy hoping, I guess you could say. That's the title of my show, Busy Hoping. The message would just be: look at these beautiful people. Look at what they're doing. Look at what they've done. Appreciating people for a minute, taking a second with people and showing their lives. Look at this fucked up situation, or this beautiful person. I am documenting my world around me—my message is to look at this world. One last thing I think is super important is to find community darkrooms and support them.


Performer says he just acted out lyrics
Section B
Sunday
ugust 18, 1991
Artistic license? Jury set to decide
"We feel that he's a serious performer, and there's serious artistic value to what he does."

LESLIE WITH NEWSPAPER CLIPPING

CROWD AT MISSION RECORDS, SF: THE NEED



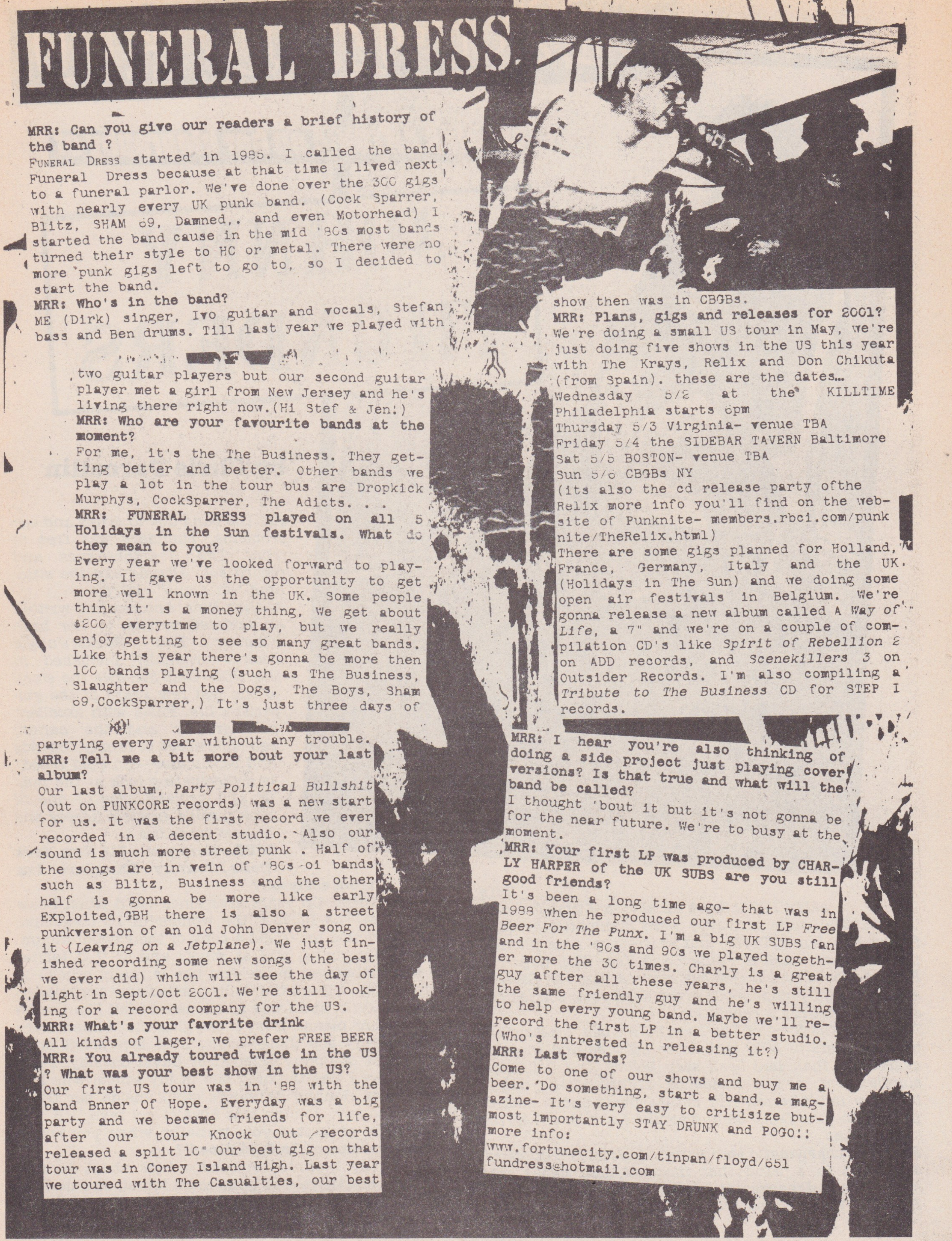
HARUM SCARUM - MISSION RECORDS, SF - '99

Harum Scarum, Gilman St. - '98

SPITBOY - DETROIT - '91

Don't Poke Among the Pebbles - Germany - '95

FUNERAL DRESS



MRR: Can you give our readers a brief history of the band ?

Funeral Dress started in 1985. I called the band Funeral Dress because at that time I lived next to a funeral parlor. We've done over the 300 gigs with nearly every UK punk band. (Cock Sparrer, Blitz, SHAM 69, Damned,. and even Motorhead) I started the band cause in the mid '80s most bands turned their style to HC or metal. There were no more punk gigs left to go to, so I decided to start the band.

MRR: Who's in the band?

ME (Dirk) singer, Ivo guitar and vocals, Stefan bass and Ben drums. Till last year we played with two guitar players but our second guitar player met a girl from New Jersey and he's living there right now.(Hi Stef & Jen!)

MRR: Who are your favourite bands at the moment?

For me, it's the The Business. They getting better and better. Other bands we play a lot in the tour bus are Dropkick Murphys, CockSparrer, The Adicts. . .

MRR: FUNERAL DRESS played on all 5 Holidays in the Sun festivals. What do they mean to you?

Every year we've looked forward to playing. It gave us the opportunity to get more well known in the UK. Some people think it' s a money thing, We get about $200 everytime to play, but we really enjoy getting to see so many great bands. Like this year there's gonna be more then 100 bands playing (such as The Business, Slaughter and the Dogs, The Boys, Sham 69,CockSparrer,) It's just three days of partying every year without any trouble.

MRR: Tell me a bit more bout your last album?

Our last album, *Party Political Bullshit* (out on PUNKCORE records) was a new start for us. It was the first record we ever recorded in a decent studio. Also our sound is much more street punk . Half of the songs are in vein of '80s oi bands such as Blitz, Business and the other half is gonna be more like early Exploited,GBH there is also a street punkversion of an old John Denver song on it (*Leaving on a Jetplane*). We just finished recording some new songs (the best we ever did) which will see the day of light in Sept/Oct 2001. We're still looking for a record company for the US.

MRR: What's your favorite drink

All kinds of lager, we prefer FREE BEER

MRR: You already toured twice in the US ? What was your best show in the US?

Our first US tour was in '88 with the band Bnner Of Hope. Everyday was a big party and we became friends for life, after our tour Knock Out records released a split 10" Our best gig on that tour was in Coney Island High. Last year we toured with The Casualties, our best show then was in CBGBs.

MRR: Plans, gigs and releases for 2001?

We're doing a small US tour in May, we're just doing five shows in the US this year with The Krays, Relix and Don Chikuta (from Spain). these are the dates...

Wednesday 5/2 at the KILLTIME Philadelphia starts 6pm
Thursday 5/3 Virginia- venue TBA
Friday 5/4 the SIDEBAR TAVERN Baltimore
Sat 5/5 BOSTON- venue TBA
Sun 5/6 CBGBs NY

(its also the cd release party ofthe Relix more info you'll find on the website of Punknite- members.rbci.com/punknite/TheRelix.html)

There are some gigs planned for Holland, France, Germany, Italy and the UK. (Holidays in The Sun) and we doing some open air festivals in Belgium. We're gonna release a new album called *A Way of Life*, a 7" and we're on a couple of compilation CD's like *Spirit of Rebellion 2* on ADD records, and *Scenekillers 3* on Outsider Records. I'm also compiling a *Tribute to The Business* CD for STEP I records.

MRR: I hear you're also thinking of doing a side project just playing cover versions? Is that true and what will the band be called?

I thought 'bout it but it's not gonna be for the near future. We're to busy at the moment.

MRR: Your first LP was produced by CHARLY HARPER of the UK SUBS are you still good friends?

It's been a long time ago- that was in 1988 when he produced our first LP *Free Beer For The Punx*. I'm a big UK SUBS fan and in the '80s and 90s we played together more the 30 times. Charly is a great guy affter all these years, he's still the same friendly guy and he's willing to help every young band. Maybe we'll re-record the first LP in a better studio. (Who's intrested in releasing it?)

MRR: Last words?

Come to one of our shows and buy me a beer. Do something, start a band, a magazine- It's very easy to critisize but- most importantly STAY DRUNK and POGO!! more info:
www.fortunecity.com/tinpan/floyd/651
fundress@hotmail.com

DEAD-END KID

NINA ANTONIA on her biography of

JOHNNY THUNDERS

by Chris Parcellin

The early 1970s were an abysmal time for rock 'n' roll. The radio airwaves were dominated by limp folkies like James Taylor and progressive rock phonies like Emerson, Lake & Palmer and Yes. With only The Rolling Stones and a few cult groups like The Stooges and The MC5 pumping-out great hard rock sounds the stage was set for a revolution.

It came in the form of The New York Dolls. blasting out of the gutters of NYC with more attitude and snarling aggression than had been seen before, the Dolls personified rock 'n' roll decadence. Unfortunately, due to industry indifference, bad management and a lack of promotion—the Dolls went over like a stinkbomb at the senior prom.

But their charismatic lead guitarist, Johnny Thunders, stood out in a band that included snot-voiced lead singer David Johansen and talented songwriter Sylvain Sylvain. When Thunders and drummer Jerry Nolan quit the band due to drugs and ego problems, Thunders was free to front The Heartbreakers and record solo albums like the stunning "So Alone" (1978).

Author Nina Antonia has written an updated version of her book (Cherry Red Books/Jungle Books)—originally published in the '80s—that includes the story of the last few years of the guitarist's life. Filled with excellent photographs and the candid remembrances of family, friends and bandmates—"In Cold Blood" is a fascinating look at the public and private sides of one of rock'n'roll's greatest heroes and biggest tragedies.

MRR: Were you a big New York Dolls/Johnny Thunders fan from early-on?

NINA ANTONIA: Oh yeah, ever since 1973 when I saw a picture of The Dolls in the wonderful 16 magazine, which prompted me to get a copy of their debut album. I was really young, still at school and at that tender age when whatever music you like is really crucial to your identity. I think the Doll's particularly appealed to alienated teens, and I was so alienated I felt like I came from another planet. Most of the girls that I knew were into the teeny bop thing—soppy little love songs sung by the likes of Donny Osmond or David Cassidy. I can proudly say I was the only one in my school who had a picture of Johnny Thunders stuck inside her desk. Needless to say, Johnny was always my fave Doll.

MRR: What prompted you, initially, when you wrote the first version of 'In Cold Blood'?

NA: Basically I wanted to read a book about Johnny Thunders and there was none to be found, so I decided I would do it! I began thinking about writing it in the early 1980's which was a particularly lean time for Thunder's aficionado's. Johnny was getting less and less press, The Heartbreakers had run aground and Gang War had burned out. Aside from death rumours and the odd album release, Johnny seemed to have gone M.I.A. so I started to do a little investigating. I couldn't have timed it better, 'cos I'd more or less just put pen to paper when Johnny surfaced in London, with a new manager, Christopher Giercke, and did a couple of gigs, then Jungle Records released some Heartbreakers material dating back to 1977.

MRR: How did you meet Johnny Thunders?

NA: Through Jungle Records, initially. The first time I met Johnny, I was so nervous I could hardly speak and he was pretty shy, but I showed him and Christopher some preliminary notes for the book, and they liked what I'd done. At that point, Johnny relocated from the States to Europe, he was living in Paris, but was spending a lot of time in London. There was nothing formal in the way that we went about getting the book done, it was up to me to get on with the writing, but whenever Johnny was in town, I'd hang out with him. He didn't like interview situations all that much, so it was a good way of learning what he was really all about, in a more relaxed way. Eventually I got over being nervous, and he stopped being shy!

MRR: Who gave you the greatest insights into Johnny?

NA: Nearly every single person I interviewed came up with something that was valuable. It may only have been one sentence or a throwaway line, but somehow it resonated as the core of the truth. I sometimes have a problem with biographies that have been written by an author who has never met the person they are writing about. How can you truly get to the essence of your subject without knowing them? It was of course Johnny himself who gave me the greatest insights, and sometimes he was pretty enigmatic about it! There is now quite a big difference between the original 1987 edition of In Cold Blood and the updated version which has just come out. In between, I wrote a biog of The New York Dolls entitled Too Much Too Soon (Omnibus Press) and until I did that, I hadn't quite understood the impact of Billy Murcia's (original Dolls drummer) death on Johnny, nor the whole story of the band, so I was able to use that additional material in the new In Cold Blood. Sylvain Sylvain was particularly great in regards to the Doll's story, and Sabel Starr (former girlfriend of Thunders) was also extremely enlightening as to how Johnny was affected by what went down. After Johnny died, I met up with Jerry Nolan again, and he gave me an incredible interview. Mariann Bracken, Thunder's sister was also very helpful regarding her little brother's early years. The extensive level of interviews from everyone involved helped to create a kind of collective collage through the different stages of Johnny's life.

MRR: What was the greatest stumbling block you encountered in getting the book done?

NA: I had no real problems in getting the book done, but getting a publishing deal for it was a different matter. In much the same way that the mainstream music business ostracised Thunders, I couldn't get a book deal through any of the major book companies. Finally Jungle stepped in to the breach and published it. For the updated version, Cherry Red—who are primarily an indie label—approached Jungle to license it. If it wasn't for Jungle and Cherry Red, you wouldn't have your hot little mitts on a copy today!

MRR: Was it difficult hunting down all those great old photographs that are in the book?

NA: Johnny's idea of a good biography was one that had lots of great photographs in it, so we created quite a rogue's gallery! It wasn't particularly hard hunting down the pictures as he was very well documented by some excellent photographers over the years, including New York's finest, Bob Gruen and Marcia Resnick. Johnny made a great subject because he had such visual flair. For the updated version, we kept in the best of the original selection, as well as more candid shots, which people like from the Oddballs line-up, were kind enough to contribute to the cause.

MRR: The last part of the book is very sad. Why is there so much mystery surrounding Johnny's death? Do you think the whole truth will ever be discovered?

NA: I wish it could have had a different ending. There is no mystery concerning why Johnny died, he was sick—as a quote from the coroner's report testifies. However, the circumstances surrounding Johnny's demise is pretty suspect. He was in a weakened state, exhausted and ill, easy prey for any passing opportunist. Thunders arrival in New Orleans triggered a surge of activity in the drug dealing community, but who out of them is about to come forward and be counted as having spent time with Johnny on his last night? Johnny's possessions were stolen, and I can't imagine the culprits confessing to ransacking the hotel room. To complicate matters further, the police weren't exactly thorough in their investigations. To them, Johnny Thunders was just another junkie John Doe. I don't think the whole truth will ever be discovered, because too many people have something to hide.

MRR: Did you find there was much of a difference between the public myth of Johnny Thunders and the actual person?

NA: There was definitely two characters going on. First there was arch-guitarist Johnny Thunders, the sleepy eyed gutterpunk who gave as good as he got, and epitomised the dark heart of rock 'n' roll. Then there was Johnny Genzale, the shy sweetheart who could be as sentimental as a valentine, and longed for a secure homelife.

MRR: Do you think Johnny realized how much he meant to his fans?

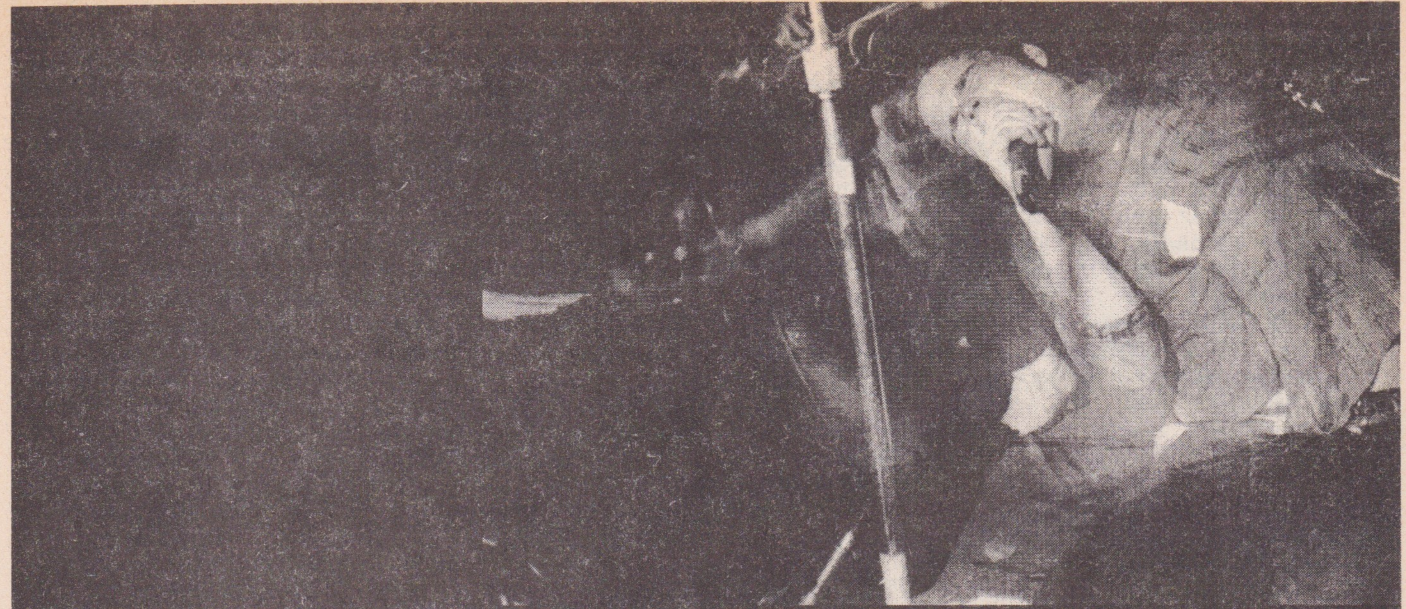
NA: Yes I do, I saw him so many times I've lost count, and on those nights when he really soared, it was definitely a two way process between him and the audience. Johnny Thunders wanted to put on a good show, and he toured long and hard. Towards the end of his life, I think he made a conscious effort to be less erratic on stage and that had a lot to do with his regard for the fans.

Nina Antonia today (courtesy of Nina Antonia)

MRR: What do you think it was that Johnny brought to rock 'n' roll that was so special that we're still listening to his records and talking about him?

NA: To quote from the introduction of In Cold Blood…"A legion of musicians have attempted to emulate his stance and attitude but haven't come close and never will. It's not too hard to play the way that Johnny did and guitarists have tried and will go on trying but they can't make it sound the same: a pact between persona, warmth and power that built to an extraordinary crescendo. When Johnny was on form, he could charm a snakepit of a crowd, snapping out of drugged lethargy to deliver all that rock 'n' roll ever promised to be: Freedom, Subversion, Style and Release. Johnny Thunders was the last embodiment of a broken perfection that was true rebel culture before commerce married creativity and stifled the bride." That's why we're still talking and listening.

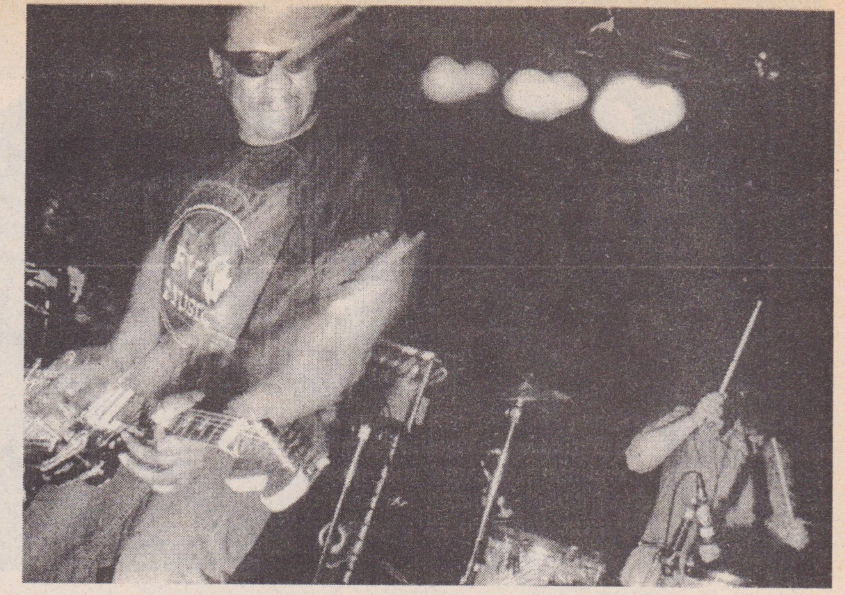
Copies of "In Cold Blood" can be ordered through Jungle Records (http://www.jungle-records.com) or e-mail: Tim@Cherryred.co.uk



THE CHICAGO BLACK OUT

ALL PHOTOS: CANDERSON

THE CHICAGO BLACKOUT WAS THREE DAYS OF ASS-SHAKIN ROCK N ROLL. IT HAPPEND APRIL 5TH — 7TH AT THE BEAT KITCHEN ON WEST BELMONT AND WAS BROUGHT TO YOU BY THOSE NASTY BOYS AT HORIZONTAL ACTION ZINE. LIKE ME, YOU PROBABLY MISSED THE SHOWS AND ARE KICKING YOURSELF FOR NOT BUYING A TICKET TO THAT UNFREINDLY CITY OF CHICAGO. IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THESE SHOWS YOU'LL PROBABLY KICK YOURSELF AGAIN AFTER I TELL YOU THE LINE UP:



APRIL 5TH,

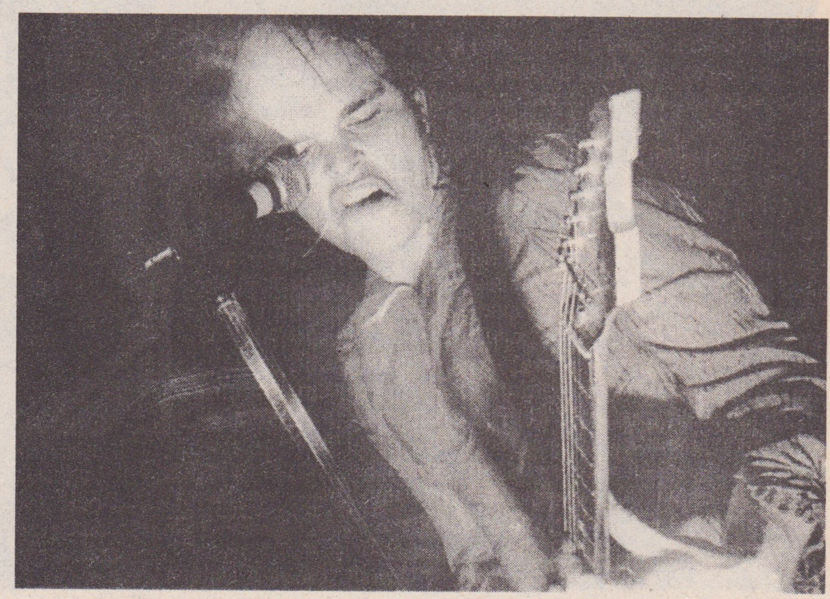
- TAV FALCO & THE PANTHER BURNS
- THE VALENTINE KILLERS
- THE MISTREATERS

APRIL 6TH,

- ANDY G & THE ROLLER KINGS
- THE CLONE DEFECTS
- THE DAYLIGHT LOVERS
- THE BLACK BEAUTIES

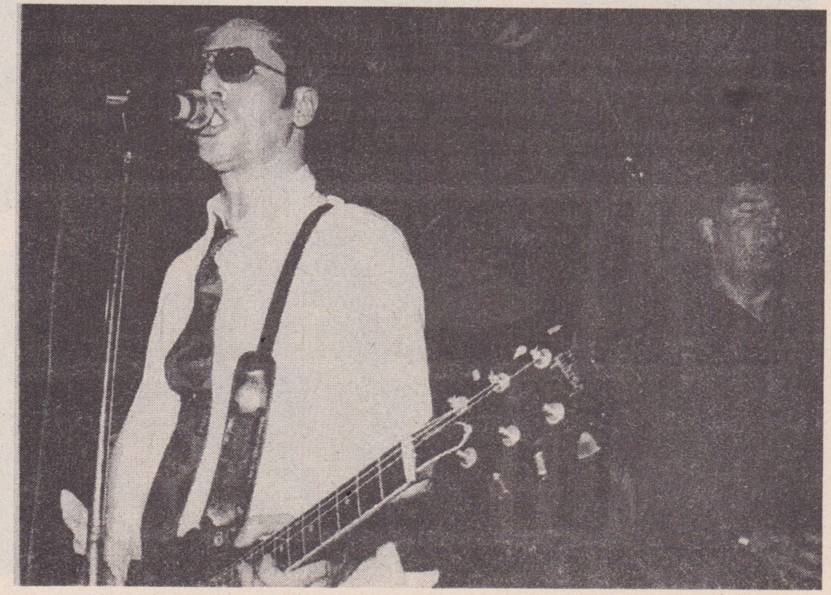
APRIL 7TH,

- THE DIRTBOMBS
- THE MULLENS
- THE BUZZARDS
- THE GUILTY PLEASURES

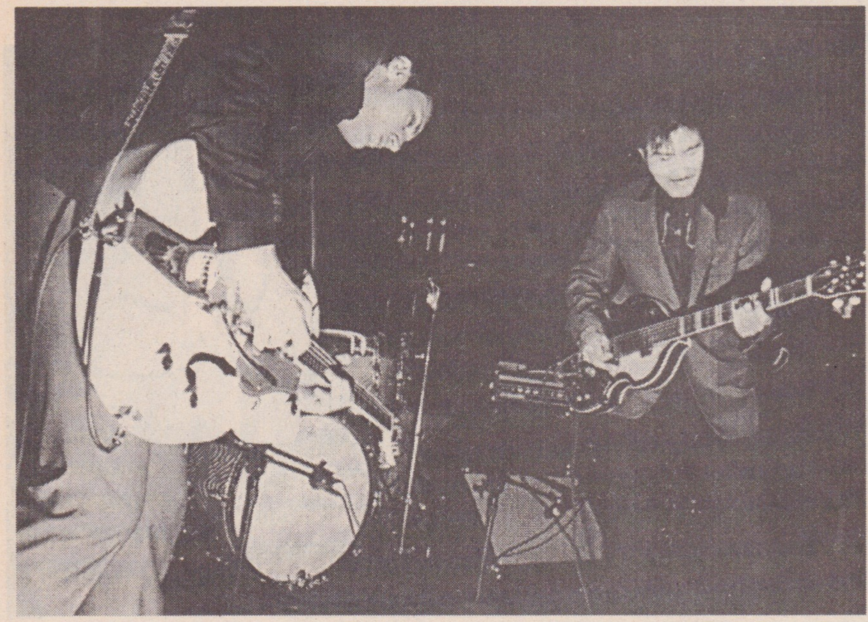


... NOT BAD EH? MAYBE THE BLACKOUT WILL START REPLACING THE SHAKEDOWN IN LAS VEGAS FOR "THE GARAGE ROCK SHOW" TO BE AT. IF THE LINE-UP IS THIS GOOD NEXT YEAR, I'LL BE THERE GUARENTEED. ENJOY THE PHOTOS.

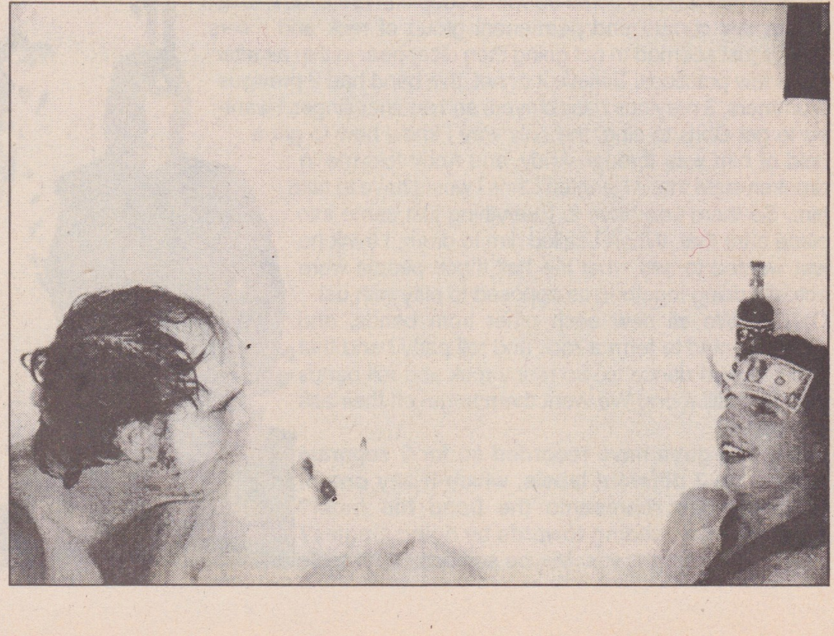
— ANDREW



LEFT, TOP TO BOTTOM: CLONE DEFECTS, MULLENS, + DIRTBOMBS
THIS PAGE, TOP TO BOTTOM: DIRTBOMBS, CLONE DEFECTS, ANDY G + THE ROLLER KINGS



THE CHICAGO BLACK OUT



LEFT, CLOCKWISE: VALENTINE KILLERS, LYLE SHERATON & THE DAYLIGHT LOVERS, MICK COLLINS (OF DIRTBOMBS), GUILTY PLEASURES, TAV FALCO + THE PANTHER BURNS,

THIS PAGE, TOP TO BOTTOM: VALENTINE KILLERS, MULLENS, AND THE JACUUZI CREW 2001 - TIMMY (CLONE-DEFECTS) + LYLE SHERATON (DAYLIGHT LOVERS)

THE PATTERN

The Bay Area has always been known for having a strong underground music scene. So strong in fact, and with so many good bands from the area or just touring through that locals often take it for granted. That's why it takes a lot for a band from the area to really shake things up. Well, my friends, that new band has arrived. They are from Oakland, they are a furiously tight fivesome and they are called The Pattern.

Just six months old, The Pattern has already left a permanent scar on the area with their fervent blend of rock and roll, pop, psychedelia and fun. They have a totally new sound and look. Something raw and loud and flashy. Ya, they all played in various other popular bands, and are known as having an "all star" line-up, but that does not matter, What does matter is that they put on a crazy live show, produce catchy songs and make you wanna dance. Interview by: Amy Monahan (UC Santa Cruz Radio KZSC 88.1FM) Interview with: Jason (guitar) & Carson (bass)

MRR: How did this band get together? Was it a combination of people working beforehand, or just an idea out of thin air, or what? What was the motivation behind it?

Jason: I had actually come up with a couple of previous line-ups before this current and permanent group of rock and rollers. Things just seemed to get going then disappear in thin air after just a few practices. Believe it or not, this band had 2 previous drummers, 3 previous bass players and another singer. I wanted to get Chris to sing, the only way I knew how to get a hold of him was through Andy, and Andy told me in a drunken state that if I wanted Chris I would have to take him. So there you have it. Everything just came into place after that. When I called Jim to drum, I think he just wanted to see what the hell these people were actually doing together, as opposed to play with us!

Carson: We all new each other from bands, and Jason wanted to form a rock and roll party band that people could dance to. So many rock and roll bands play to a still room. We want them to get off their ass and dance!

MRR: You guys have recorded so far 3 separate singles on 3 different labels, which if any one of those singles represents the band the most? What are you building towards by doing singles?

Carson: I am single, yes. Maybe someday I will settle down, but I'm still young. I don't know which one represents the band the most? I like all of them a lot. The Gearhead single was recorded after we had only been together for a few months, so that represents an early stage of the band. The GSL and Alternative Tentacles singles are more recent recording sessions so we knew what we wanted to sound like.

Jason: We are doing singles on GSL records, Alternative Tentacles and Gearhead records. We just figured why not spread the wealth. This is a good way for us to get our stuff out there to as many people as possible right off the bat. All the labels obviously have their own feel and audience so it really works for us. By doing singles hopefully we can give people a glimpse into our music.

MRR: Are you guys more of a live band, or do you feel more comfortable recording and being in the studio? What represents The Pattern better?

Carson: I think we are comfortable playing live and in the studio. Live is more loose and we are having a blast, and the studio is all about having a good time making the songs sound as good as they can, without losing the live feeling.

Jason: I think our live show is quite different in some ways than our studio stuff. Live, it comes across very in your face. Like an explosion. We go the light and fog show, and it seems more lights are being added every show. We want to really set ourselves apart from other acts and come out totally unexpected and intense. We want people to remember the show and have something to talk about. It's a mix of sex, glitz and dancing. I started the honestly, because I wanted to see people dance. That's it! In the studio we record much poppier and melodic. It's been a pleasure recording and adding all those fun elements like claps, tambourines and all that touches that make a song so much better for me in the long run.

MRR: You guys are a Bay Area band, specifically Oakland based, you seem pretty damn proud of that. How come? What does being a band from lovely Oakland, CA. mean to you?

Carson: The black panthers are from Oakland.It's the shared experience, the music, the culture, the people. There's a great sense of community, especially among subversive youth/artist/musician types. Some cities just have a spark of life.

Seattle is another west coast city with a spark of life. Oakland's like Seattle, except Oakland's got a gun and it's running away with your

the PATTERN

wallet.

Jason: I actually live in lovely San Francisco now! I did live in Oakland for four glorious years. I got burnt on seeing the same damn people everyday. So I moved here. Being a band from the Bay Area right now at least, is good and bad. Good, because honestly there are not a whole lot of bands around at the moment so it means we get some good shows. Bad, because there are not a lot of bands around so there are less people to play with and work with and do cool shit with.

MRR: There is a lot of rock and roll music going on right now in the underground music scene. Where does The Pattern fit in, in all of this? You guys have a really different sound, with more of a 60's pop vibe, and a heavier 70's feel on a lot of the songs too. It's all really authentic and still pretty damn original. How does this happen? Are you conscious about the music writing? Who writes the music?

Carson: Jason writes the songs and we all pitch in on the music, we play together well, like a chemistry, I guess. As far as the retro vibe thing, I mean yeah, there's aspects of that, but it's more something we try to reference, rather than ape. Powerful so-called rock & roll music is timeless, I say.

Jason: There is a lot of rock and roll stuff going on right now. It's actually difficult for me. I absolutely love music, I love rock music, and this band is making me happy. I just don't wanna feel like I'm jumping on some fucking bandwagon here. I want to think we are doing different from a lot of the other stuff going on right now. My desire is to keep the music real simple, fun and danceable. In many ways I think we are actually doing stuff differently. We have really strong roots in British sixties stuff, like The Creation, Who, Eyes. I accept all the influences, all the criticism and all the music going on around me. So far I've been coming up with the tunes, and the band will put it all together until it's good and rocking.

MRR: Explain your style of music. What are you guys going for?

Jason: Like I said I just really want to keep it simple. What is important to me is that people can move to it, sing to it and can't get those fucking songs out of their heads. I really want to convey a good melody with a strong rocking song. I want to keep the energy level of all the songs really high, so people feel like they can't keep their feet on the floor.

MRR: You guys put a fucking crazy ass live show. Just tons of raw energy and volume. The light show is totally over the top, and sets people off. What is the deal?

Jason: Hey, thank you. We try to make each show new and better and more energy filled. When the crowd gets into it, we get into it. The lights and stuff are just a way for us to be different, to make our shows more of a spectacle. We want our liver performances to be over the top, we want people to get in a fury and let loose. The lights just add to the kind of mood we want to create. I hope we get more of them, and continue to try different stuff. It's awesome to play a basement somewhere and have a light show and fucking fog machine!

Carson: Wow, thanks. It's not a planned-out vibe, it just happens when we get together. I mean, it sounds funny but the music just moves us. I mean, if we went out there intending to be this or that, contrived, I feel it work.

MRR: What kinds of art, music and culture inspires this band? Is there a kind of mantra you guys are going for?

Jason: Hedonism. People need to fucking relax and have a good time, all the time!

Carson: No specific mantra. All things sort of dangerous, daring, and new.

MRR: Everyone in the band has played in various other bands that all had some success in totally different ways. All those were really different from each other, and you guys make strange company. I mean, Chris was in the PEECHEES, Jason was in SAINT JAMES INFIRMARY, Jim was in BLACKFORK, Andy was in NUISANCE and Carson played in the CUTZ. How the hell did this random line-up of people get together? Why is it so good?

Carson: I think we all come from our own backgrounds, just like anyone, really. You kind of take the best things from each experience and wait for a chemistry like this one.

Jason: Ya, we played in some pretty different bands totally. With the stuff I was doing, it a lot more serious and musically challenging. This time I wanted to do something as simple as possible, and not super aggressive. Getting together with this group of people makes me happy everytime I think about it, or we get together. I love playing with everyone, and not thought I'd play with any of them. That's one of the things that make this band so much fun. We are all doing something different then our previous bands.

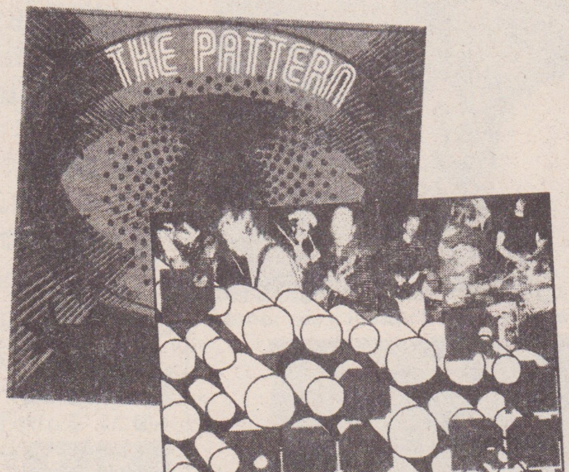
MRR: Is this band more about having fun, or you guys going for the gold? Or both?

Jason: For me, the band has to be more about having fun. I don't want this to ever be something that I dread or look at like it's not a totally awesome release and creative necessity in my life. That's gold baby!

Carson: Neither.

MRR: What lies in the future for The Pattern?

Jason: We are gonna do a tour to Texas and back, and hopefully gear up and write stuff for a full-length album.



THE PATTERN

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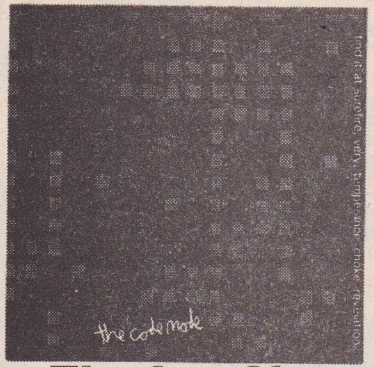
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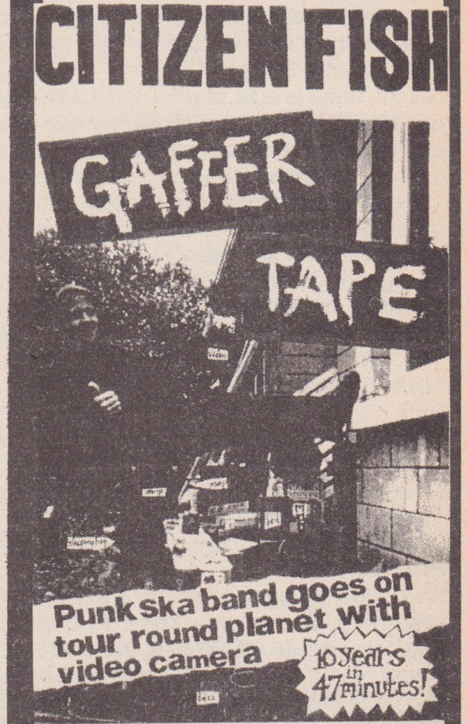

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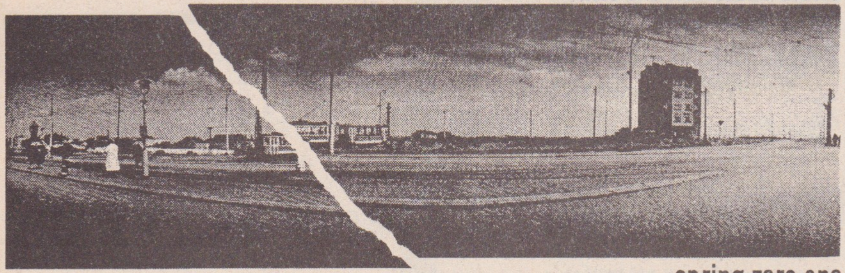

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Andy will be gone for a lot of the summer with Ruination, but things will keep going while he's away, although probably a little slowly. We'll have a couple of new releases mid to late summer, yay. Good stuff too, promise.

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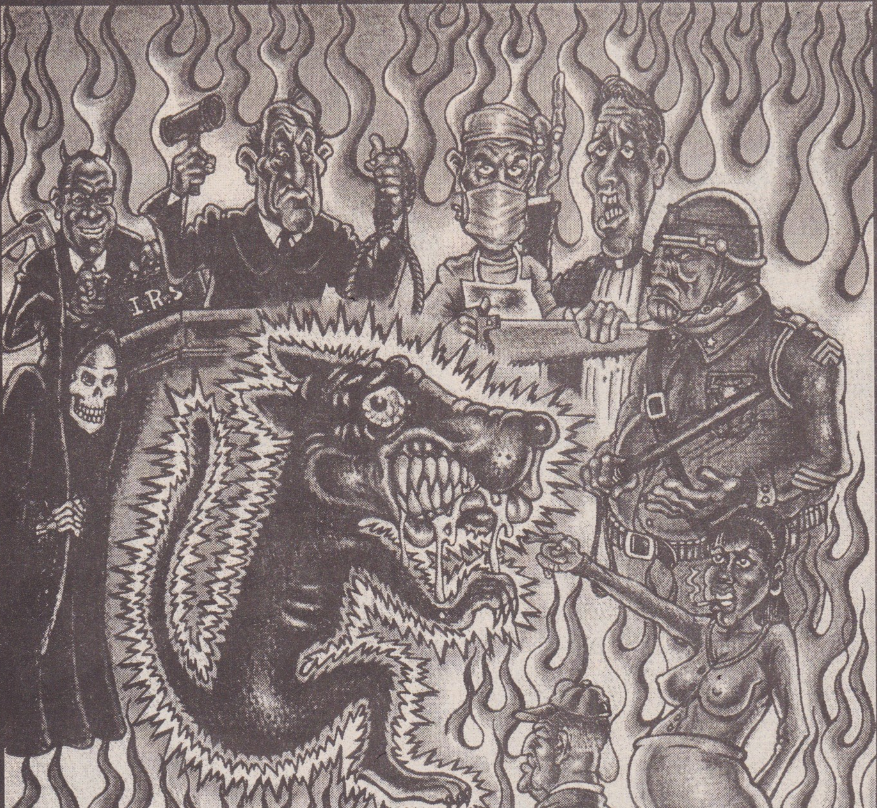

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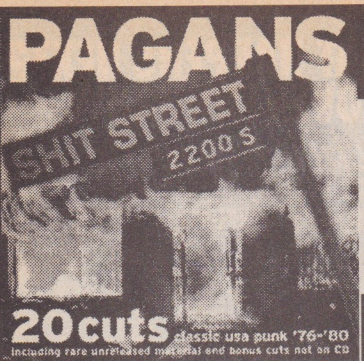
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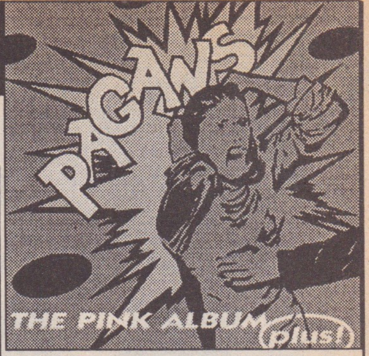

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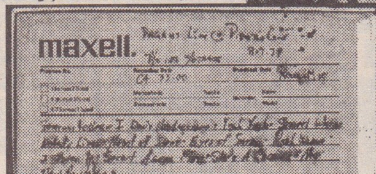

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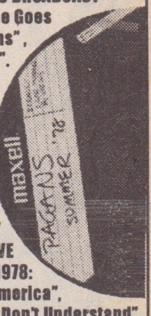

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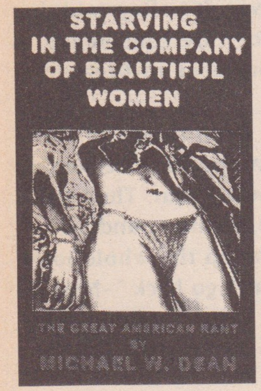


Well. This is a book about a low-rent alterna-rockstar junkie. It is written from the perspective of the star himself, Cash Newman, although it comes to us through the efforts of a friend publishing his journal posthumously. This is all spelled out in the epilogue, which for some reason is at the beginning. The story follows a pretty typical route for those of us in the punk scene, little kid from a messed up family, gets into music and drugs, finds the punk scene, downward spiral, blah blah. We are living a few days with Newman before his fatal overdose, and he is reflecting back on his life, telling us stories of childhood, adolescence and rockstar adulthood.

A little history might be needed at this point. The author, Michael Dean, is a older-time San Francisco character. He was in a band called Bomb. This city used to have a lot more of these junkie/alcoholic rocker types who basically fell into the rock band/bike messenger category. While I have never met him, I have had several people tell me stories about him, which usually went something like this, "I was at this party (bar, show, whatever) and I went into this room and Michael Dean was in there having sex with some girl and he just started trying to talk to me so I ran away..." from that and from the "realistic" nature of a lot of the stories in this book, my guess is that Cash Newman is based on the life of Michael Dean. I think the term "egomaniac" would apply to Dean, so I have no idea how true-to-life any of this is. Cash Newman is one of those rockstars who doesn't have a huge audience, but instead has a rabidly devoted core audience; this could be true of Michael Dean, I don't know.

The main thing this book is about is Newman having sex with lots of different women. There is the heroin and the rockstar thing, but that all kind of seems like a backdrop to the fucking thing. My guess is that Dean sees himself as some kind of sexual guru/troubadour quasi-hero who stands up against prudish killjoys. The truth is, as is often the case, he is a frat boy with scummy clothes who thinks that wearing a dress now and then somehow makes him so transgressive that he can't be considered a misogynist. How refreshing to see a man nowadays not afraid to revel in his attitudes that womens is there for fucking. So rare. Really, I think I should write a book about men like this; they are so multifaceted, yet so similar, it's creepy. Dean chooses the "I'll cop to it myself" route, which I guess is supposed to absolve him. Saying things like "Sometimes I wish I were man enough to only want one woman", and "In short, Becky was everything that a short, pig-headed misogynist asshole of a man like myself could want in a woman and more". This is a common tactic, designed to imply that he is really a good guy, and he "gets it" but is biologically flawed, so he won't bother to try relating to women as anything other than toys.

My favorite character for this type of writing is the Perfect Woman, who the protagonist is "hopelessly in love with", and of course, we have her here. Melody, the person who has supposedly compiled this narrative out of Cash's journal, has her master's degree, is like, totally hot, fucks like a whore, and "...lets me fuck all the other little pieces of catmeat that I wish, because she knows that I will always come back to her. I love her." This is really an opportunity for the author to chastise all the women who might want something else out of a relationship than to occasionally show up to save their man from an overdose and get fucked. Despite his self-flagellation, Dean obviously thinks the problem is with all the uptight women, not him. That's why it's a crock, an act, and a very, very old and tired one at that. I don't know why people like Dean hate women, but beyond that, what is so confusing is that they don't seem to know that they do. At times like this, I'm almost tempted to think that perhaps this is all satire, and I'm missing it. Fortunately, There is a photo of Michael Dean on the back cover with two bleached blondes hanging on either shoulder, looking at him adoringly. I'm afraid there isn't anything deeper going on here. If you want to talk about how lame society's version of "love" is, I'll be glad to join in and I could go on all day, yet for some reason, all the alterna-types seem to be able to counter with is this boring old Stern/WWF version; i.e., more tits and ass and simply leave out any kind of real feeling whatsoever. This isn't a revolution or departure of any kind; it's actually a hyper version of what the mainstream already promotes. Punk gave us "Be who you want," but it turns out most guys just wanna be dicks.

Looking back over this review, I see I haven't really told much of the story, but why bother? Dean has some actual moments of decent writing, but too little, too late. Contrary to appearances, I don't like cutting apart people's work. I'd feel bad if I wasn't so sure that Dean is the type who would consider a bad review in MRR to be a plus. If you thought *The Probe* presented an exciting, life affirming, fun version of sexuality, then you will probably like this book. If, on the other hand, you are left cold by statements like, "We've been fucking for six years, and I have genuinely communicated a lot more with her than with most of the animated dolls that I am usually pumping full of slime", then I congratulate you on your humanity, and can feel a little better knowing that I'm not alone. —Gardner Fusuhara

Dance Of Days • Mark Anderson & Mark Jenkins
414 pages • $20.00
Soft Skull Press • 98 Suffolk St. 3A • New York City, NY 10002

dance of days
Mark Andersen
& Mark Jenkins

After seemingly endless years of rumors, this book (rumored to originally be the text part of Banned in DC), all about the mystical DC punk scene, is finally out. Worth the wait? You bet. DC hardcore and punk has always held a special place in my heart. I don't know what it is about the place but there has always been such an extremely earnest feeling about the music that seems to flow out of the city like water. I get the same chills reading this book, especially the initial chapters, as I do listening to the recent Youth Brigade/Minor Threat demos bootleg that came my way. There's just so much youthful passion and pure love—you can just feel it.

The book reads like a straight history—beginning with such DC proto-punk bands as the Slickee Boys, Urban Verbs, Razz, Overkill, White Boy and following through to the mid '90s with Fugazi, Bikini Kill, Slant 6 and The Nation Of Ulysses. Stories abound of simply trying to find places that would allow such oddball sonic terrorism, to the struggles that abounded within the scene as it went from a small circle of friends to having the eyes of the underground (and the world, to some degree) transfixed on it. The parts I find most interesting are those contained in these first few chapters—as the foundations for a scene are laid. The struggle which arose between the bands and the club owners—and then the struggle that would later take place as the Georgetown scene (which would spawn the likes of SOA, Minor Threat, Youth Brigade and eventually Dischord records) and harDCore took over. I think that there is much to be learned from these pages, though sometimes it reads too much like the history of too many scenes I've witnessed. At times it seems like a soap opera that I've seen one too many times. It's so odd sometimes in a punk world that talks so much about acceptance and tolerance how unwilling to understand each other people can be. You see it in the reaction the older DC crowd had to the younger crowds style of music, and you see it in the homophobia documented in DC skinheads and more disappointingly in the Bad Brains.

The story of the Bad Brains reads out almost like a tragic play. The book follows their ascent from playing shows at Madams Organ, to their height (a huge show in California with MDC and Dead Kennedys), to moments that mark the beginning of their fall (like referring to Biscuits (singer of the Big Boys) as a "...bloodclot Babylon faggot...") to HR's attempts at a reggae career to their eventual self destruction and pathetic attempts at a comeback. Utterly depressing and sad.

This is well written and probably the most complete history of any scene I've seen to date. While I do disagree with some of the conclusions drawn over certain directions the DC scene took (like Rain Like The Sound Of Trains—yeesh! Not a good idea at all!) and while I do feel that once you reach a certain point in the book it goes from being an overall "DC scene history" to a "Dischord records and their friends history," I do not feel comfortable totally slagging the book based solely on these facts alone. So instead, I'll just leave you with my favorite quote which sums up the book and, at least to me, part of just what is so special about punk. Will we go back? Have we already? The book asks you these questions—and demands an answer. It's often said that those who don't know their own history are condemned to repeat it—and this is an essential document to break that cycle.

Guy Picciotto said, "I haven't been to one of those huge Cap Center shows since I was a midget. I remember thinking that that is what rock'n'roll was about. Then I saw the Cramps playing in front of my face, vomiting and throwing shit through the windows, breaking up the whole joint. And I never went back. Because you can't go back."—Michael Thorn

Some People Can't Surf: The Graphic Design of Art Chantry • Julie Lasky
160 pages • $27.50
Chronicle Books • 85 Second St. 6th Floor • San Francisco, CA • 94105

SOME PEOPLE CAN'T SURF
THE GRAPHIC DESIGN OF
ART CHANTRY
BY JULIE LASKY

Some People Can't Surf is a collection of 300 illustrations by the legendary king of punk rock look and feel Art Chantry. If you're not familiar with his name you've most likely admired (and imitated) his work on some of your favorite records of the past twenty years. His raw cut and paste style has graced over 3,000 albums, posters, and magazine covers. Among these design gems include the likes of The Makers first LP (photocopied middle finger), Poison Idea (Pigs Last Stand), Lord High Fixers, Gang of Four, Thee Headcoats, Pussy Galore, Monomen, Poison 13, Man or Astroman, The Lewd, Supersuckers, Sugar Shack, The Sonics, and the list goes on.

The thing that separates this book from most coffee table books is that Some People Can't Surf is not only a design book full of illustrations, but also tells the story of the man behind the art work. Chantry is for art and design what Lester Bangs was for the music journalism world of the '70s. An outsider with a different approach to dealing with the current methodology. And as a result, he gives a refreshingly honest and sometimes brutal interpretation of the world that surrounds him.

Chantry draws most his influences from his childhood and the people around him. Growing up in the blue collar town of Tacoma, Washington, he saw a somewhat dismal world full of smoke stacks and dingy half-illuminated neon tavern signs. Like most truly gifted people, Chantry has always been a bit of an outcast. He always admired underground culture and found commonality with other outcasts, but never quite fit the part of any particular subculture. He claims that "the punks distrusted him as much as the corporate world did, I didn't look right, I was too old." Yet he was still kicked out of high school for sideburns below his ears and holes in his jeans, like any other rebel.

His work has been called "low in technology, but high in creativity." Chantry has never used a computer, the modern graphic design tool of convenience, to render his creations. Quark and Photoshop are left by the wayside, instead he prefers a photocopier, an x-acto blade, and the printing press. His graphic design has the feel of folk art, and is more of a cultural statement about the audience or the people of the era consuming it.

Bottom line—this book is amazing. Chantry is an innovator and his artwork will most likely be admired and rediscovered for generations to come. I highly recommend finding this book and shelving it amongst your other punk rock novels: *Fucked Up and Photocopied, Banned in DC, Fuck You Heros,* and *Some People Can't Surf* will all be happy on your sticker-covered beer-stained bookshelf. —Andrew Scott

I Married an Earthling • Alvin Orloff

240 pgs. • $12.95 ppd.

Manic D Press • Box 410804 • San Francisco, CA • 94141

I MARRIED AN EARTHLING

I have a certain fondness for Cold War-era science fiction, both cinematic and literary. Other teenagers were going on double dates sightseeing in the Modesto Tallow Works or splitting malteds at the local soda fountain, while I was at home watching Michael Rennie threaten America's collected armed forces in *The Day the Earth Stood Still* or Earl Holliman share a bottle with Robby the Robot in *Forbidden Planet.* In the intervening years I've matured into a mostly-adjusted post-punk rock adult, with an appreciation for fine wines, aged cheese and Proust, though I've never abandoned my Space Nerd roots. Neither did Alvin Orloff, judging by his (debut) novel *I Married an Earthling,* sort of an equal-time rebuttal to the time-honored classic *I Married a Monster from Outer Space,* crossed with a bold queer attitude and plenty of sly humor.

Premise: civilization on the far flung planet of Zeeron has reached a pinnacle of evolution: its perfectly-developed humanoid inhabitants are free to either life lives of leisure, or follow whatever career they choose as a hobby (with academics and scientists ranking low in prestige, and celebrity hairdressers enjoying the status of near-royalty). Fashion, art, music, and party-going are at the very center of Zeeronian life, and all manner of sexual liaisons are engaged in a matter of social etiquette. The Professor of Earth Studies, Norvex 7, has an abiding interest in our world: despite our semi-savagery and warlike nature, we've also produced lasting art like *Bewitched, Absolutely Fabulous, Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf* and the collected works of John Waters. High and low camp are high culture on Zeeron, a world where a glitter-dusted white afro worn with tangerine lycra is as conservative as a worsted wool suit is on our own. Norvex might be a student of Earth's culture, but he's never considered actually setting foot on terran soil until his glamorous cohort Veeba 22 talks him into engaging in a little field research and jetting off to study us Earthlings a little more closely.

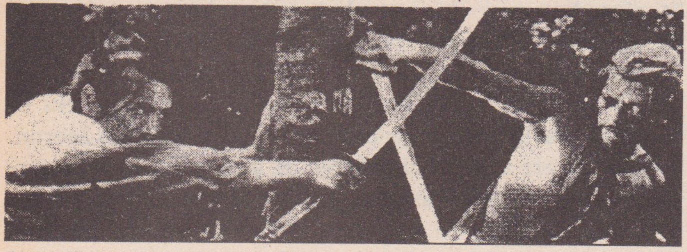
The account of Norvex' journey alternates with pages lifted from the diary of one Chester Julian, a 17-year-old mall goth with love handles, bad acne, and a mordant sense of humor. Chester' s life is an endless series of trials: he's the only openly queer kid at his suburban high school; his obnoxious brother is the star of a *90210*-styled teen show; his father and an endless series of stepmothers can't understand him, and he suffers under the desperate adolescent yearning to finally get laid. Norvex' and Chester's paths eventually cross, but not before the alien visitors inspire culture clashes on a global level and Chester's misadventures shunt him from the depths of Orange County to the depths of San Francisco's Polk Gulch. True to the pulp tradition, the novel contains a chase scene, an emotional payoff, the usage of all kinds of futuristic weapons, and at least a two kinds of dramatic climax. The SF that Chester explores unblinkingly is a lot more exciting than the one I've been living in for the last decade, but it's probably just poetic license on Orloff's behalf (or I've been attending all the wrong Tupperware parties).

Orloff is co-author of *The Unsinkable Bambi Lake,* editor of Blow Yourself Up 'zine, new wave DJ, and long-time San Francisco scenester, and *I Married an Earthling* fits nicely into the man's body of work to date. He shows a real affection for all of these characters, whether they're sequin-covered aliens in platform shoes or down-and-out Tenderloin hustlers. Chester's well-aimed sarcasm and essentially-good nature make him a fine narrator for the scenes that take place in the suburban wastes of Southern California and the gleefully sleazy side of SF that tourists really see. The Zeeronians' horror at Earth's barbarism and cultural gaucherie is another outlet for Alvin to vent his spleen at (non-fabulous) human society. You may find yourself identifying equally with Chester's juvenile desperation and Norvex 7's hyper-evolved fabulousness. It's a fun book. Read it by the pool.—Jeff A. Heermann

MOVIES

FINAL CUT

BY STEVEN SPINALI



MEMOS AND MYSTERIES

I can't recall ever having seen a movie quite like **Memento**, a meticulously made indie warped by a serious case of encephalopathy. It's part gumshoe yarn and meditation on the nature of memory, heavily dosed by thrillers and art films. Whatever it is, it's damn entertaining, and certain to become one of the most successful independent features since Quentin Tarantino's first movies.

Spikey-haired Leonard Shelby (Guy Pearce) will never have any problem with déjà vu. In fact, has no long-term memory at all; a bad concussion deprived him of the ability to make any new memories. (This real-life condition was mentioned in the Japanese documentary **Without Memory**, which was reviewed in these pages.) Whenever Lenny talks to you, he has to reintroduce himself as if you'd never met, and if he talks to you for too long, he'll likely forget what he was discussing. But he's developed a system for coping, an elaborate system which includes annotated polaroids, index cards, booklets, a poster, and tattoos that remind himself of who he is and what he has to do.

His one goal is to find and kill the man who murdered his wife and made him like he is. Of course, he has to teach himself to do it every day, and this leaves him extremely vulnerable to the manipulations of others. In fact, he's only just discovered that his landlord is charging him for two rooms instead of one, and even his friends don't seem to be what they say they are.

He has a sympathetic pal named Teddy (Joe Pantoliano) who seems to know too much and to be a little too altruistic. A battered woman (Carrie-Anne Moss, from **The Matrix**—another film about concealed memory) seems sympathetic to his plight, and even offers to be his off-again lover (even though he won't remember a thing the morning). But she seems to have ulterior motives, and her house is always suspiciously clean of pens or anything that might let him remember who she really is.

Memento has an interesting narrative quirk. It's a murder mystery that actually moves backwards, with Lenny learning less and less as the audience discovers more and more. (The opening scene—of a polaroid of a murder slowly turning blank—is the last event of the movie.) Necessarily, there isn't a scene that doesn't have Lenny in it, which only deepens our curiosity and sympathy.

But he's fundamentally handicapped as a self-made detective. When Leonard finds himself sprinting down the street, he wonders in midstride why he's running; when a bullet whips by, it's clear to him again. He's gotta run. By the time he's escaped, he'll be in the same situation all over again unless he takes some fast notes on the run.

Lenny is philosophical about his condition. He can't do anything about it, and he rationalizes that most people are in his predicament without even knowing. Crime witnesses distort and change their memory, perhaps seeing a blue car and remembering it as red. Most of our past, he reasons, is inaccessible to us, even though we've conditioned ourselves to believe that these gaps in our past aren't important. But who's to say that Lenny isn't susceptible to the same fault?

Faults of memory aside, audiences aren't likely to have problems remembering the film. Christopher Nolan's opus can be summarized in a polaroid, but it leaves an impression.

Jerome shows how a worthy American indie can drop through the cracks in distribution. Currently, it's making its way from town to town, much like its characters. If you're fortunate, you'll have a chance to hitch a ride.

A man, a woman, and a gun—that's really all any economical thriller needs. Wade Hampton (Drew Pillsbury) is a laconic, but basically decent-minded welder. He toils away in a modern-day working class dungeon joining rotor shafts to turbines; he does it for an irritable boss, for too little pay and less recognition, in a town that doesn't have any other jobs. Already one of his pals has been committed to a mental hospital after taking the abuse too long. Being something of a scrap-metal artist at heart, Wade has nurtured the dream of leaving this town and family to settle in Jerome, Arizona. There's an artists' community there, as he learns from a pal's postcard, and he's not going to let anything stop him from realizing his dreams anymore.

One day, he leaves work after just one hour and climbs in his car. It won't start up. Implacable, he steals into work and walks out again with the keys to his boss' Cadillac.

Thus starts a quintessential road movie, and an adventure that will lead him into a relationship with an unstable woman (Wendie Malick) who instills in him a love of side-roads and by-ways. She's escaping like him, but doesn't have a home except the flattop itself. And while Wade is a decent guy and all, few contemplate he could leave his wife and kids, and no one imagines he could eventually kill two people.

Jerome is a spare crime drama in the **Blood Simple** mode, with a plot so basic that revealing more of it would give away everything. The road movie is a peculiarly American invention, but it's ideal for a film like this. **Jerome** is a fascinating parable about how you can find what you're looking for in all the places you wouldn't expect—a moral that proves to be our hero's simultaneous downfall and redemption.

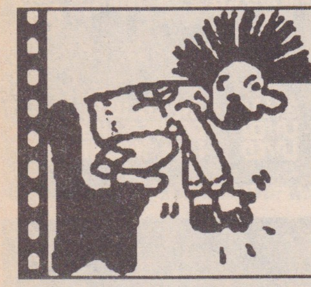
In **Too Much Sleep**, you get the feeling that independent film has almost become a franchise. All the cliches are there: quirky young characters, a penchant for non-sequitur humor, an acoustic guitar soundtrack, and a climax that dispenses with the comedy to become temporarily insightful (the gimmick from **Clerks** and **Welcome to the Dollhouse**). And yes, it's also a crime drama. It's a debut film, so add some technical raggedness and film school stylistic pranks to the mix.

Here, the skies are always sunny, and the houses have a New Jersey suburban feel. This is the world of Jack Crawford (Mark Palmeiri), a early-20ish security guard who can never get enough sleep. He dozes during his nightshift, and takes a nap for the day, and yawns most of the time he's awake. He's even learned to sleep standing up, so when gives up his seat for a distressed middle-aged woman, he discovers all too late that his gun is stolen.

There's only one man who can help, a delicatessen owner named Eddie (Pasquale Gaeta); Eddie was county clerk once, so he thinks he knows everything and has connections anywhere that matters. Turns out he does. Their search leads them to a first suspect (Judy Sabo Podinker)—who just happens to be the middle-aged woman on the bus.

But that would be too easy. On the way to the truth, Jack accosts a man with a bag like his (which only has latex dildos inside). He attends a strange party (where the 50-ish male bartender tries to hit on him), and the pretty girl from the bus (Nicol Zanzarella) appears and disappears. Jack makes a roundabout to a male stripper bar (where he gets pummeled by a bouncer he'd just made friends with minutes before), and finally a movie theater—where one employee—the girl, again, hasn't shown up for days. It's a conspiracy, but he's too late to do much about it. But Jack has begun to awaken to the world around him.

As a character, Jack is like a planchet waiting to be impressed by the opinionated (and often eccentric) people around him. He certainly doesn't have much in the way of his own personality. The movie has that same tendency soak up influences and ideas. If one were less charitable, one would call it derivative; but there's nothing wrong with being a copycat as long as you do a good job of it, and **Too Much Sleep** tries to kick up as much interest as it can for its tired story. —Steve Spinali



BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

WOMEN RULE

Face it, women are more interesting subjects for movies. I would rather watch a movie with a female lead than a male. I'm not just saying that because I'm a woman. Maybe it's because women are allowed to act however they want, 'cos, you know, "women are so emotional." Yeah, so what?

I always thought it would be interesting to make a film where the female and male roles were reversed. Some have tried, but it seems that something always has to happen to smooth out the edges. The Brazilian film **Eu, Tu, Eles** (Me You Them) comes pretty close. It manages to throw out conventions, yet remains very reactionary. That's what I like and hate about it. Darlene (Regina Case) realizes that one man is not enough, but she keeps them around by having their babies.

As the film starts a very pregnant Darlene is leaving her grandmother's house. Her grandmother seems to be kicking her out since she is pregnant with no husband, but Darlene acts like she is leaving of her own will. She promises to return after the baby is born to get her grandmother's blessing. Her grandmother says, "Don't bother." This type of attitude doesn't seem to deter Darlene. She is very confident, knows what she wants and makes up her own mind.

When she returns to her grandmother's house with her son, she finds her grandmother has died. After the funeral a neighbor Osias approaches her to make her an offer. He asks to marry her so she will have a place to live. He reminds her that she likes his house and after they are married it will be her house too. After thinking about it, she agrees to the marriage. On the wedding night, Osias reveals his true self. He is not a friendly, generous, considerate man. He is cruel, grumpy and lazy. He wants Darlene to break up the wedding party so he can go to sleep. He also tells Darlene that she and her son cannot sleep in the house. They have to sleep out back. Changing the initial agreement of the marriage. When Darlene calls him on it, he simply replies, "Now that you are my wife, you are my property. The house is also my property." Darlene doesn't argue. She just goes with it.

Darlene then takes on all the responsibilities of the house. She gets a job, sells the goats from her husband's farm, cleans, cooks and takes care of her son. She even manages to get pregnant with Osias, which is strange since he doesn't seem interested in sleeping with her. Then she has an affair with a neighbor Zezinho who moves into their house when his wife dies. She becomes pregnant with Zezinho child. After having that child she has an affair with Ciro from work. He has nowhere to live while he is helping with the harvest so he moves in too. Darlene ends up with her own harem. Each man pretends he doesn't know about the other, but they do.

I like the idea of the film. One guy isn't enough so she gets three men who all manage to live in the same house. Darlene never loses control of the situation. She always seems to do everything (and everyone). The down side is that she controls them by having babies. The feminine sides of the men come out. They want to nurture their children, but are respectful that they are living in Osias's house so they do not try to upset the balance fearing they will be kicked out and never see their child again.

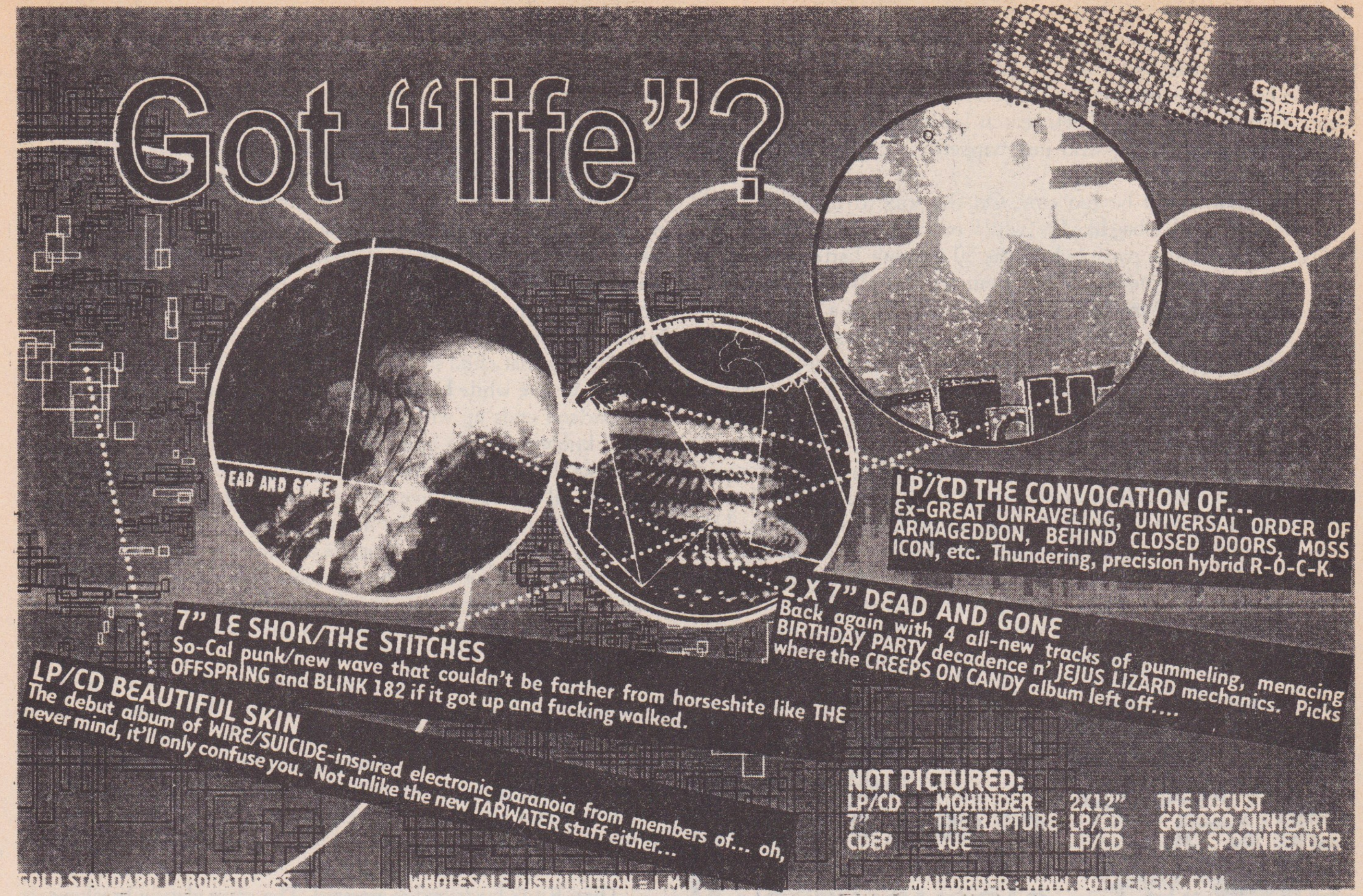
Stille nach dem Schuß, Die (Legend Of Rita) is a film that I could relate to more. Rita (Bibiana Beglau) is a West German activist who believes she can change the world. In the opening scene Rita and her friends rob a bank making a statement about the evils of capitalism and supplying money to their organization. After the robbery Rita encounters a man on the street begging. She pours out a sack of coins into his hat. She feels elated that they pulled off the robbery and enjoys surprising the homeless man.

Then Rita's boyfriend is arrested. The gang plans a breakout. It is successful, but now they have been identified and are wanted so they flee the country going to France where they have another run in with the law. This time Rita kills a policeman who chases her after she flees from his warnings of wearing a helmet. Rita practically loses him when she goes into a parking garage, but then she walks out of the garage as the cop is passing. He sees her so she kills him. This scene bothers me. It doesn't really make sense within the rest of the story. Rita is not afraid of breaking the law, but she also isn't stupid. That maneuver just seems dumb. She knows she is wanted for a bunch of bigger crimes. Why wouldn't she just hide from the cop?

Well, naturally, the answer is to move along the plot of the film. Rita has to flee Paris and in doing so she encounters an East German government agent. He is already familiar with her and her colleagues. He offers to help them. They are skeptical at first, but they hang out and begin to trust this group of government officials. They realize that their beliefs are similar to the East Germans. Each person is given a new East German identity. Rita fits in well with her new identity. She works in a factory and makes new friends, but ultimately her past will never leave her. She changes identities a few times after being discovered and is ultimately betrayed by most of the people she trusts.

I really enjoy the duality of Rita's personality. She is aware of the contradictions in her, but she always stands up for what she believes. Although all the men in the film turn on her, a female friend from her first job in East Germany manages to track her down purely because she misses her friend. I was sort of depressed after watching a person with such optimism fail. It makes me feel like more of a cynic than I already am. Maybe she should just have had a couple of kids and everything would have worked out.

I am always looking for films to review. If you mad one, I want to see it. Send a copy to me c/o MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760.



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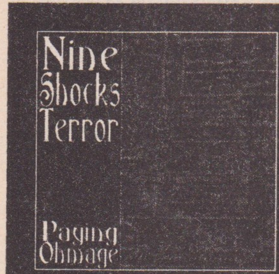

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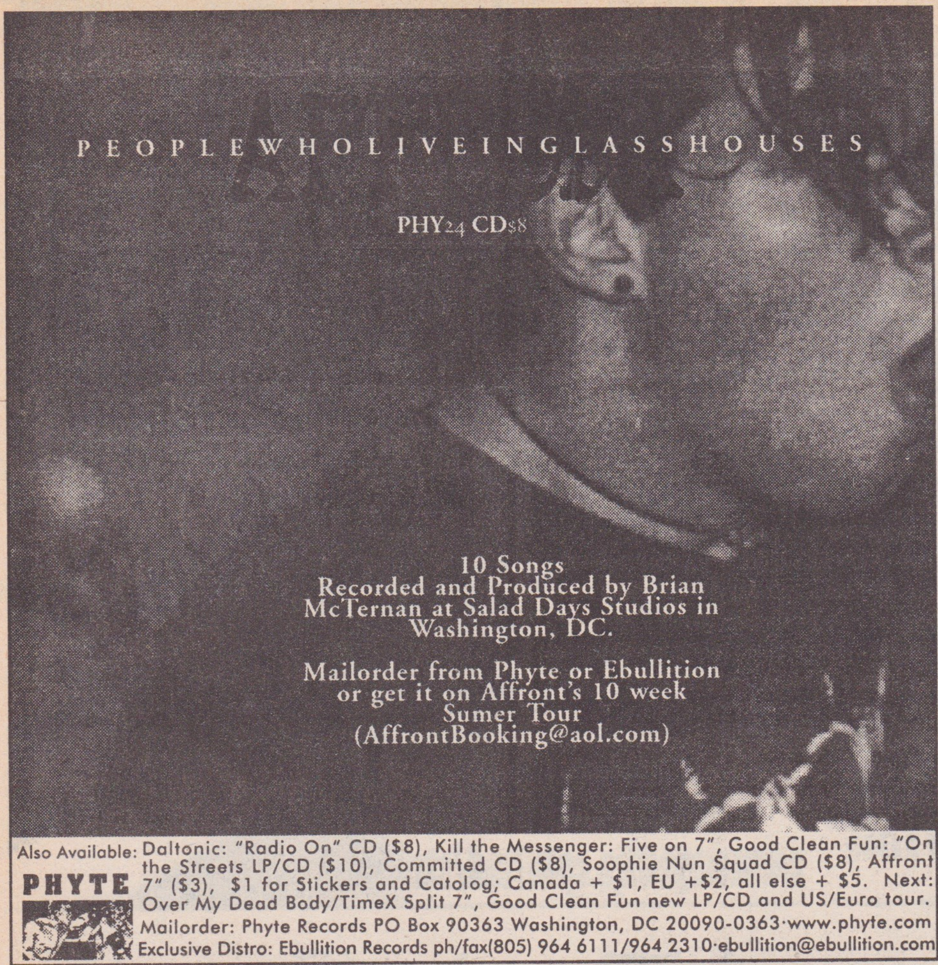

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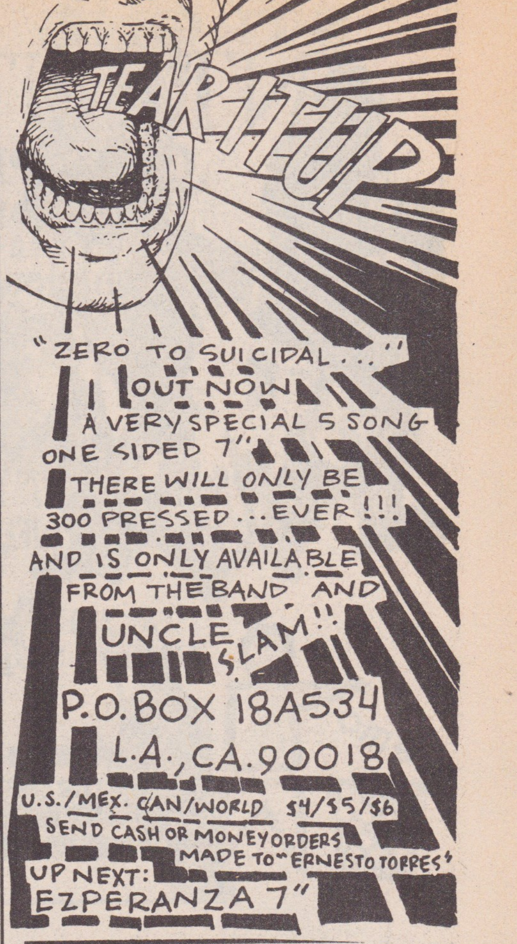

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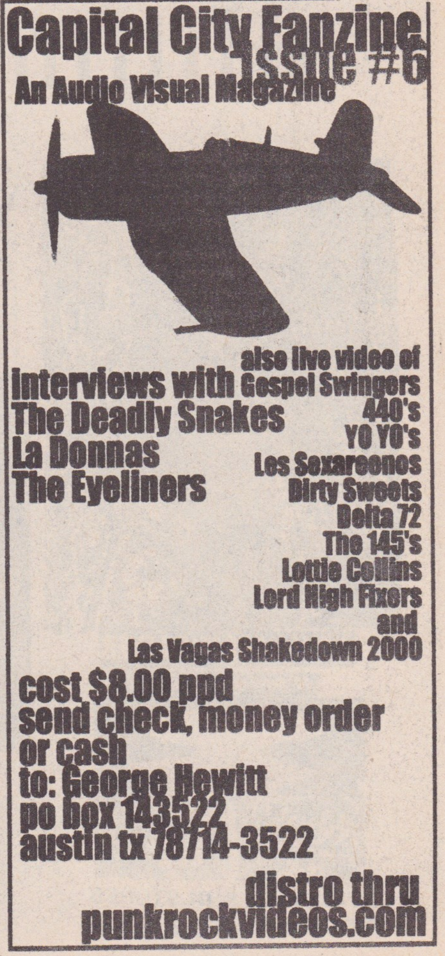

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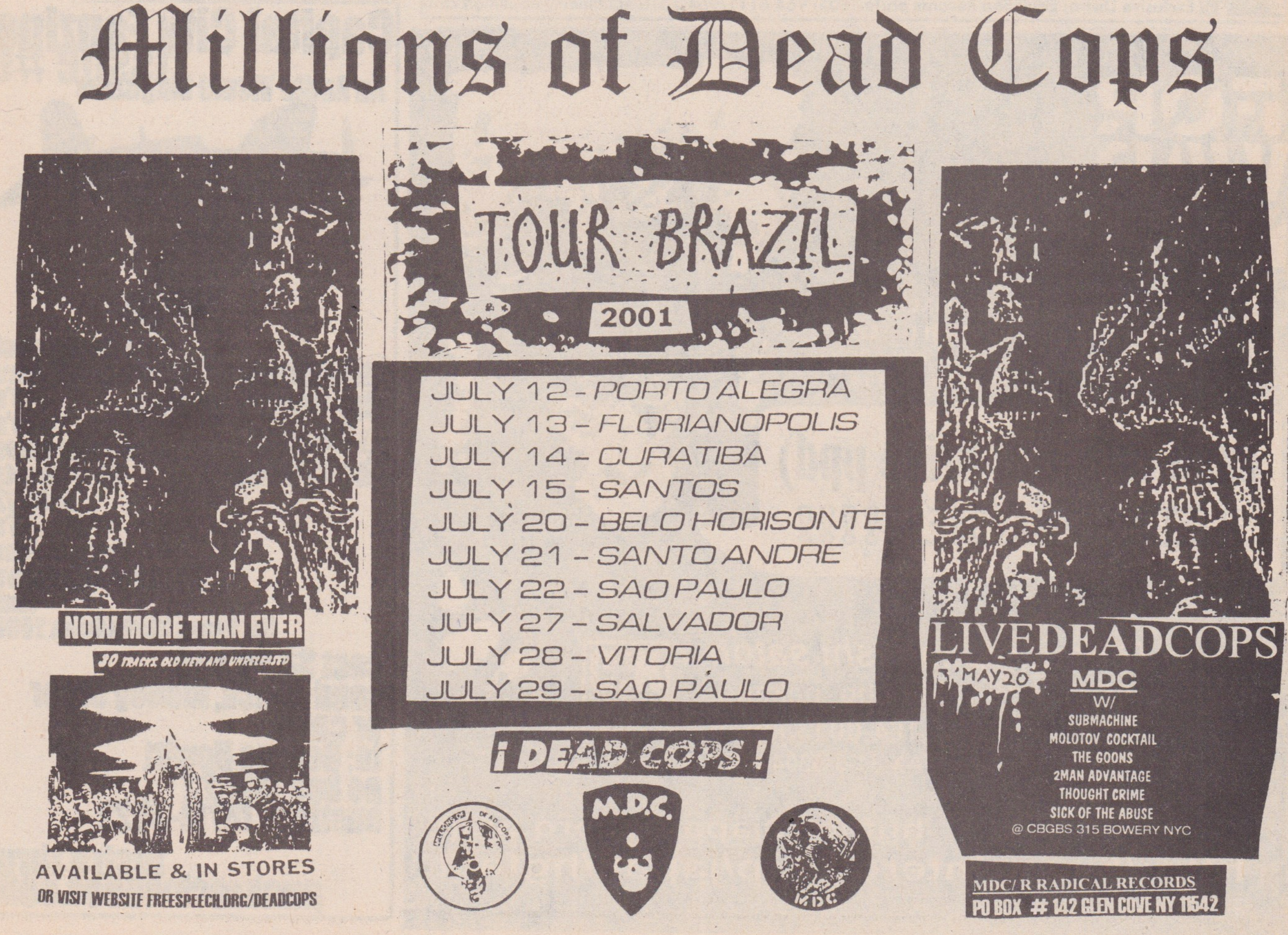

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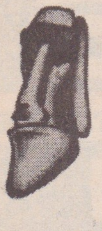

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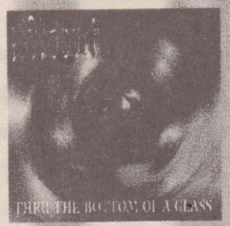

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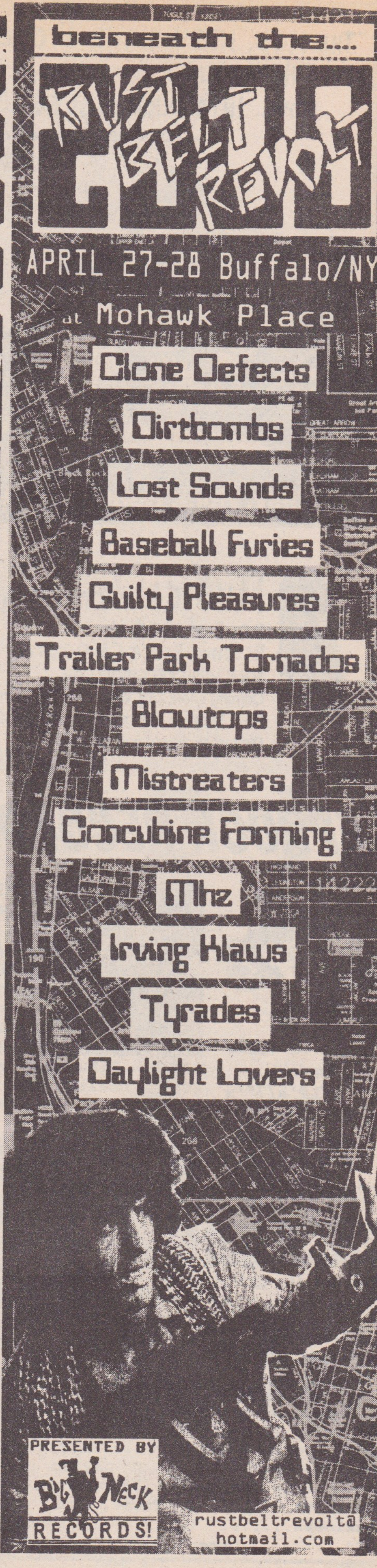

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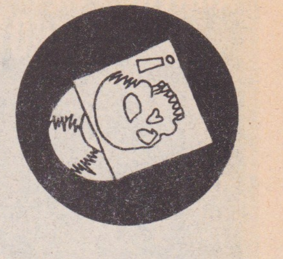

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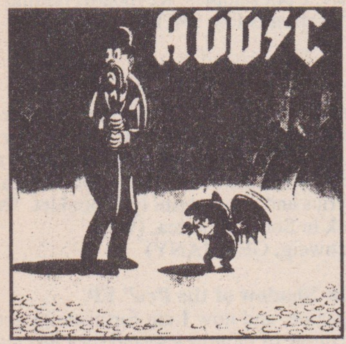


A.D.D.C. - "Savannah" EP

Over the last couple of years, This Here has a good deal for those of us who appreciate less structure (but keep the melody!) with our sloppy punk rock energy. A.D.D.C. out of Chattanooga is great livingroom/front yard punk rock, with a low-budge recording that's not nearly as shitty as they lead you to expect from the cover "art." I wish more folks would decide it was OK to sing about, or even romanticize, the actual contexts of their lives like these guys do, as opposed to sliding sideways into prefab attitudes. This is silly, DIY, and sincere, a fine combination. (AC)

(This Here, PO Box 481, Chattanooga, TN 37401)

AFO - "From Now On" CD

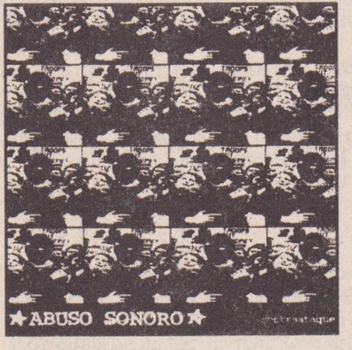
"You were the one running through my mind/you were the girl I thought I would never find." That's how this disc starts. Bummer. Super fast poppy punk by kids for kids. Good songs, mostly dumb lyrics (see above, and may I enter "I want a cheerleader chick" as further evidence), but I've heard worse. I halfway enjoyed this, I even smiled once or twice. (WN)

(PO Box 74, Kingsville, OH, 44048)

ALC - "1999 Demo" EP

Hailing from SoCal, ALC sound more like a mix between SICK OF IT ALL and mid-era AGNOSTIC FRONT than what has become known as the SoCal hardcore sound. Not mind blowing...but, not horrible either. If you like Back Ta Basics style hardcore this one is for you. (MW)

(Headline, 7708 Melrose Ave, Los Angeles, CA 90046)



ABUSO SONORO - "Hencia" LP

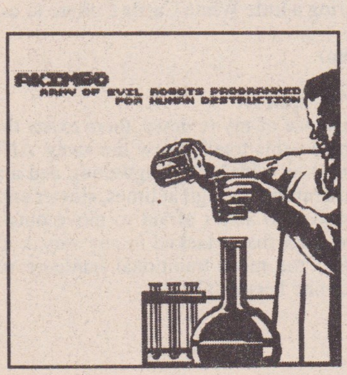
Brasil, why have you been so good to us punx? COLERA, RATOS DE PARÃO, OHLO SECO, and now ABUSO SONORO. A perfectly raging fast hardcore record with tons of hooks and sung in Portuguese? You betcha! Awesome lyric booklet filled to the brim with lyrics and in-depth explanations… fuck this is so fucking good. Probably one of the best punk bands going these days. A fine introduction to an amazing band, which is only the tip of the iceberg of the shit that rages in the south-western hemisphere. Totally essential. (MT)

(Six Weeks, 225 Lincoln, Cotati, CA 94931)

ABUSO SONORO/NO VIOLENCE - split EP

Fucking go! These two Brazilian powerhouses team up for one heavy dose of power-thrash with song-dynamic sensibilities that seem to be uniquely Latin American these days (ie FUN PEOPLE, etc.). I enjoyed the NO VIOLENCE side a little more, just cause the vocals are so amazingly passionate. Never the less, both bands fully know what they're doing and do an incredible job of flooring me, the listener. I can only expect that a live performance would be just as awesome. (SP)

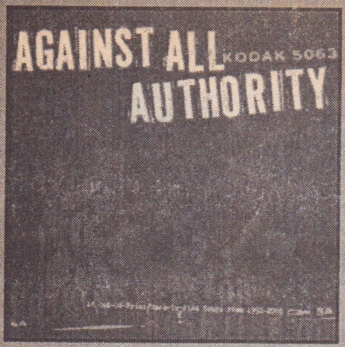
(Luna, c/o Leonardo, Caixa Postal 2480, Brasilia/DF, CEP:70849-970, BRAZIL)

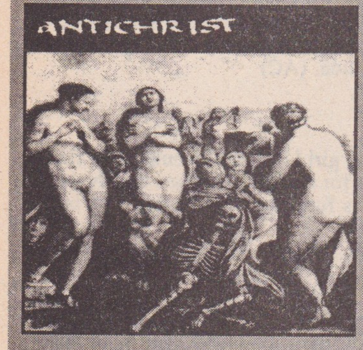

ACRID
ARMY OF EVIL ROBOTS PROGRAMMED
FOR HUMAN DESTRUCTION

ACRID - "Sea of Shit" LP

You know it is kind of funny. When these songs originally came out on CD (quite a while ago) it was rejected from the regular reviews for being too metal and I ended up putting it in my column. Well we have come full circle and now here I am reviewing it again. In all honesty I think these songs are just as amazing as when I first heard them. Amazing grind/hardcore that is as dark and fucking twisted as you can possibly imagine. This mid-paced throbbing metalcore flows along waiting to attack you with some crazy time change or blast beats. And the vocalist has one of the sickest pained growls I have ever heard in a hardcore band. On the back of the record is says "Poison-Free Powerviolence", which is accurate to some degree, but I think it is a fairly simplistic way to describe such a rad band. Nevertheless this is a fucking epic release, that truly took this genre to another level! (RC)

(No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604-4636)





ANTI-FLAG
UNDERGROUND NETWORK

ADAM WEST - "Piece of Ass/Iron Chain"

How this is considered punk, I'll never know. Maybe MRR will be reviewing the new MOLLY HATCHET record. It's not too far off from this shit. ADAM WEST play instantly forgettable hard rock, ala any number of late '70s/early '80s bands. I remember when this indulgent machistic shit was part of what punk was rebelling against. What the fuck? (BG)
(With An X, 66 Hope St, Brooklyn, NY 11211)

AGAINST ALL AUTHORITY - "Nothing New for Trash Like You" CD

At one time I thought AGAINST ALL AUTHORITY were going to be it. Their "Above The Law" EP lived on my record player, and I actually considered shortening a road trip so I could see them play with HUDSON at Epicenter (RIP). Why I thought the next couple of releases on Far Out continued the same path, somewhere along the way I think they lost the desperation that those seven inches had. Nothing New for Trash Like You is a collection of AAA's singles and comp tracks, it just makes the difference seem more apparent. Still, if you don't have the early AAA stuff, this CD is worth it for that alone. "Above the Law" and "Catch 22" still hold true. As a side note, part of this record goes to the Tooth Fairy Project, which is trying to seek physical evidence that radiation from nuclear plants is entering our bodies. (JF)
(Subcity, PO Box 7495, Van Nuys, CA 94109, www.subcity.com)

ALGOLAGNIE – LP

Euro political hardcore from France. I know that's just put 90% of you off but this is okay. Noisy growly punk rock with dual male/female vocals that breaks down into nice melodic territory here and there. Lyrics are in French without translation, so I don't know the specifics of what they're saying, but judging from the graphics and the fact that it's through Active Distribution I can guess that cops, racists, government, and pro-lifers will not be on ALGOLAGNIE's Christmas list this year. (AD)
(Nabate, BP92, 4000 Liege 1, BELGIUM, algolagnie@caramail.com)

AKIMBO - "Army of Evil Robots Programmed for Human Destruction" EP

This is futuristic, Jackie Chan, spy/action thriller music. Cool samples. Keyboards remind me of the LOCUST, but a bit more rockin'... Guitars and overall production is like SAITA. (JT)
(RocknRolePlay, 643 NW 48th St., Seattle, WA 98107)

AMEN 81 - "...Zuruck Aus Tasmanien" LP

Classic sounding German political hardcore, a little discore, a touch of crust, some samples, and that 1-2-1-2 drumbeat, and there you have it. Most of this record is a little slow for my taste, giving some songs a mellower MOTORHEAD feel, but the faster songs (like "Schmeckt's," even thought it is a love song) fucking rip. The guitars sound thick as hell, and the vocals are urgent and venomous. The gatefold layout is awesome, with English explanations for the German lyrics and a newsprint lyric booklet. Thumbs up for the song about Reagan working as a McDonalds fry cook in South America. (WN)
(Bilharziose c/o Norbert Sawall, Bertramstr 19, 38102 Braunschweig, GERMANY)

AMERICAN NIGHTMARE - "There's a Black Hole In The Shadow of the Pru" EP

I fortunately got to review their first EP for this magazine, and now I am fortunate to get their second one as well. And then I caught them at Gilman Street a couple of months ago and they just took the stage by storm with a ton a pissed off energy. This is hard-fucking-core, that blazes by with a ton of rage and passion. The production is really thick and heavy giving the sound a lot of bite. These guys have been taking the East Coast hardcore scene by storm, and you should buy this record and find out why. (RC)
(Bridge Nine, PO Box 990052, Boston, MA 02199-0052, bridge9.com)

AMERICAN STANDARD - "The New American Standard Classics" CD

Man, what a boastful title. Personally, I never thought they had a classic song ever, not even in their glory days. On this release they are still trying to mesh PEARL JAMish vocals to vaguely pop punk infused metal. Don't get me wrong, this stuff isn't horrendous, it just a far fucking toss from classic. It's inoffensive rock music that wouldn't be out of place on your local "alterna rock" station. It's all very polished and refined, but I can't feel any heart beating under all the chrome. (BG)
(Maggadee Records, PO Box 66, Hoboken, NJ 07030)

ANDY G. & THE ROLLER KINGS - 10"

This month's winner. Note: titular bandleader Andy G(ortler) was one-third of the DEVIL DOGS, who were responsible for a clutch of records that I hold both near and dear (Big Beef Bonanza, We Three Kings and Saturday Night Fever, among them). The ROLLER KINGS never stray far from the proven DEVIL DOGS formula (and well they shouldn't), dishing out high-energy, good-timey rock 'n' roll with winning charisma. Unlike the DOGS, the KINGS incorporate horns on every track and never break past a mid-tempo stomp...their version of "My GTO" sounds odd at first listen, but it's grown on me in short order. Hopefully they'll take their show on the road and bring a little White Castle Culture to us unsophisticated West Coast nabobs. (JH)
(Sympathy for the Record Industry, www.sympathyrecords.com)

ANGELS NEVER ANSWER/DEADLOCK FREQUENCY - split LP

Damn. This was something else. Having done the balance of my reviews, there exists the danger that my attention span waivers. Well, no danger of that here—this totally blew me away. ANGELS NEVER ANSWER managed to fuse the aggression that I insist on with both songwriting and arrangement skills that you don't hear often. It's both engaging and hard hitting—rough at times, slower and more involving at others. Think ACRID or the like. Certainly a band who aren't afraid to move outside the defined genres. Awesome. The flip didn't hit me quite as hard—not that it lacked in any way, but that's tough company to keep. DEADLOCK FREQUENCY worked the more traditional hardcore route—shorter songs, quick delivery, less obtuse lyrics. Overall—a definite keeper. (TM)
(Paco Garden, PO Box 18455, Denver, CO 80218-0455)

ANNA & THE PSYCHOMEN - CD

This is really horrible and too painful for me to listen to more than one song. It is really poppy and totally meaningless music that is trying to be surf and garage. I hate it, and I hate it when people just want to be in a band to be cute and cool and have nothing whatsoever to say. (JT)
(Amp, 92 Kenilworth Ave. South, Ontario, CANADA L8K 259)

ANNALISE – "Too Much Music & Too Many Bands" CD EP

A strong three song EP from this brit pop punk band. In fact, this has the retro qualities of the early JAM/STIFF LITTLE FINGERS or the STRIKE. I've yet to hear a bad release from this band. I'm ready for the next full length! (RL)
(Boss Tuneage, PO Box 19550, London, SW11 1FG, UK, annaliseuk@hotmail.com)

ANTICHRIST/DYSMORFOFOBIA - split EP

With a name like ANTICHRIST, you'd better be fucking evil, and this band is exactly that. Three songs of hateful hardcore similar to the likes of SYSTRAL (although not as heavy) or RORSCHACH. Great lyrics (translated for the Polish deficient) the evils of the overwhelming technological "revolution," and one song about the escape provided by dark smelly punk shows. Awesome stuff. The label catalog describes DYSMORFOFOBIA as "7 minutes long track of industrial punk." They are right. (WN)
($4ppd from: Trujaca Fala c/o Magda Gulda, Sarnia 8, 81537 Gdyniz, POLAND, fala@bg.univ.gda.pl)

ANTI-FLAG - "Underground Networkd" CD

Ok so I know some of my friends are gonna rip on me for this—but I really like ANTI-FLAG. Yes they're cheesy as fuck, they throw around more slogans than…fuck, I had some analogy going but then lost it…and yes they did tour with RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE, but god dammit is this catchy as fuck. Their song writing has improved ten fold since their first LP and the ideas contained within seemed a little more developed—plus I'm really into them including resource materials for the kids to look into to get some smarts. Totally punk in that early '80s British mixed with early RANCID sort of way. Totally solid. (MT)
(Fat Wreck Chords, P.O. Box 193690, San Francisco, CA 94119)

THE APPLICATORS - "What's Your Excuse" CD

Fashionable female streetpunkers sing their hearts out. Although their voices harmonize beautifully, their lyrics are lacking. I'm not really interested in hearing about a stolen cat. (I don't think they're referring to the pussy cat on this one.) The best song is actually a cover of SLEATER KINNEY's "Good Things." Bad lyrics aside, this isn't a bad attempt at the three bar chord punk rock. (SR)
(Cornerstone R.A.S., 6285 E. Spring St. #234, Long Beach, CA 90803)

ARRIVALS - "Goodbye New World" CD

Pretty straight-forward punk with some pop hints here. Musically there are some MISFITS influences in the guitar riffs and the vocal melodies. The actual vocals have a low, raspy sound similar to that of HOT WATER MUSIC though. The songs are mostly mid-tempo with the exception of a few faster ones but all of them are very rock and roll. (PA)
(Thick, 409 N. Wolcott Ave., Chicago, IL 60622, thickrecords.com)

ARSEDESTROYER - "Teenass Revolt!" LP

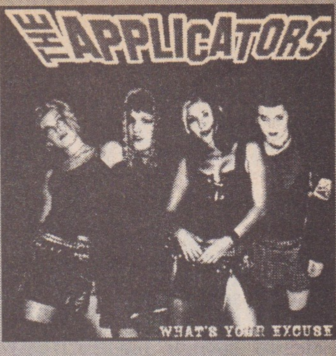
Damn. I was thinking as I pulled this out of the sleeve—"Wonder if they're slowing down...they're certainly getting older..." Couldn't have been further from the truth. While these are some older recordings, there's nothing slow involved in this monster! It's absolutely drenched with noise—there's barely anything else going on! It's a blazing wall of distortion—there's stuff lurking under the surface, but generally speaking, it's total blurr. Some screaming, obvious drum/guitar breaks, but mostly, well, just noise. Not a bad thing in my book, but certainly a departure from their previously more "structured" approach. The graphics would probably shock some midwest sensibilities—being in San Francisco, it's relatively tame. (TM)
(Devour Records, no address)

ASSFORT/CHAOS UK - "The Dangerous Study" split CD

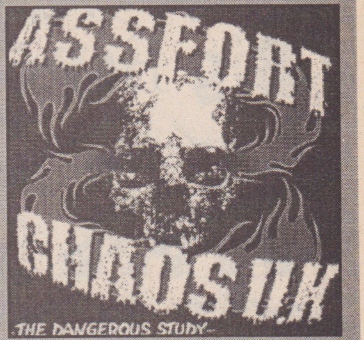
Two songs each from these high profile Japanese/English mavericks... including all of their clothing (?) sponsor's logos CD tray. Guess we don't have a policy regarding major label clothing sponsorships. Guess we haven't probably had to think about that before now. Weird. Anyway—the ASSFORT tracks are studio tracks consistent with their previous output—short and fast being the key words. They still manage to employ the straightforward aggression of their countries hardcore heritage whilst being somewhat "polished" and catchy. Tough act to pull off, and they're still doing it. The CHAOS UK tracks were functional—there was something there which reminded me of MOTORHEAD (a good thing), but I couldn't really put my finger on it. Something about the guitar work. Their tracks were more perfunctory, and left a predictable impression on me. Wonder how much they'll charge for a nine-minute CD? (TM)
(Vinyl Japan, 98 Camden Road, London, NW1 92A, UK, office@vinyljapan.com)

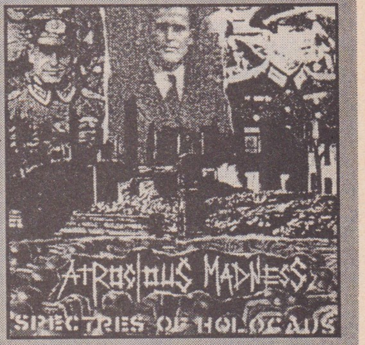
ATROCIOUS MADNESS - "Spectres of Holocaust" EP

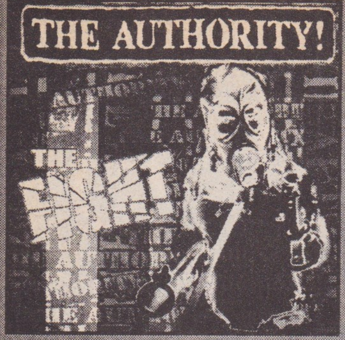
Once upon a time in Japan there was this band CONFUSE—never heard of them? Your loss I guess, cause they were amazing. ATROCIOUS MADNESS sounds like CONFUSE—and just like them they are amazing. Totally noisy, totally inaccessible and totally something the jocks that kicked the shit out of you in high school won't be blasting anytime soon out of their lifesized Hot Wheels cars. Speedy, feedback drenched, distorted and chock full of lyrics about how the remnants of Nazi Germany infest themselves in every aspects of our lives—from the foods we eat, to our so-called national security. Extra punk points for the song attacking mainstream beauty standards. One of the essential modern punk bands. Get it, slap on your studded jacket and lets eat! DISTORT PORTLAND! MT)
(Wicked Witch, PO Box 3835, 1001 AD Amsterdam, NETHERLANDS)



THE ARRIVALS
GOODBYE NEW WORLD






THE AUTHORITY!

BITCHY
Black Socks and Happines

THE AUTHORITY! - "The Fight" EP

Not to be confused with the infamous AUTHORITIES, this band hails from Glendale, CA. and employ more melody and less spite than their (almost) namesakes. It certainly has a '77 feel—you can almost hear the (suppressed!) fake English accents. The title track didn't get me going—just nothing there that would encourage me to check it twice. The flip was a bit surprising—because it rocked harder than the title track. Energy, some guitar intricacies that made it more memorable—there's still life here, doctor. Perhaps with time... (TM)
(77 RPM Records, PO Box 9186, Glendale, CA 91226)

THE BEATINGS - "The Ballad of Jimmy and Jenny.../Sex Beat"

"The Ballad" has a PAGANS feel with SoCal girly backups. Then the BEATINGS serve up a slightly crazed, psychedelic, gothic version of "Sex Beat." It's pretty good, but I prefer the GUN CLUB's version. Decent single with creepy packaging. (HM)
(The Telegraph Company)

THE BELTONES – "Shitty in Pink/Nobody To Love"45

Two new songs from the mighty mighty BELTONES! How long we have waited. Oh Lord... One original and one cover (NIPPLE ERECTORS) will suffice in the meantime until they record a new album (where is it already?). One of the best bands around—I'm so happy they haven't broke up and I hope they make it out here again soon. The record's fine, good as ever, two thumbs up, sorted. The rightful heirs to the SLF crown. (AD)
(Radio, PO Box 1452, Sonoma, CA 95476)

BITCHY – "Black Socks and Happiness" CD

Someone told me this is something to do with APOCALYPSE HOBOKEN, but they certainly don't sound like them, this is pretty raging. Fast and furious yet catchy with pissed vocals, this is what I like. No lyrics, just simple packaging and rockin' tunes, beats the hell out of most "melodic hardcore" crap out there. Reminds me of the Australian band I reviewed a while back CREEPING JESUS. Super; even the instrumental kicks ass. (AD)
(Thick, 409 N.Wolcott, Chicago, IL 60622)

BIG BOYS - "Frat Cars" EP

Here you have another bootleg reissue of the now legendary BIG BOYS debut 7" EP from 1980. "Frat Cars" is a fun song. "Heart Beat" was a boring new wave/pop song in 1980 and it has not improved with age. "Movies" has a decent jangly guitar sound that was the precursor to some of the white-boy funk that the BIG BOYS did on their later skate-punk records. "Mutant Rock" is crappy R.E.M. type of pop. If this record wasn't so damn limited in its day (500) and it wasn't from the great state of Texas, nobody would have bothered collecting it. The Frat Cars EP is definitely part of Texas punk history, but in retrospect, it sure ain't exciting punk rock. (BR)
(boot - no address)

BLAME - "No One is Innocent" CD

The unbelievably awful big-hair screeching vocal style completely ruins this mediocre guitar-filled melodic rock. Are these guys serious? They do an embarrassing cover of The Wizard of Oz's "Over the Rainbow." (SR)
(F.U.G., PO Box 11157, Pensacola, FL 32524)

BRANDO - "Diagram of a Scam" EP

Demo quality pissed-off hardcore. Once you get past the super long intros, it comes at you fast and hard. This appears to be very D.I.Y., with handwritten song titles on the 7" label. While this didn't rock me very hard, I definitely see some potential here. (RC)
(Brando, denounce98@aol.com)

BRUCE BANNER - "I Love Fucked Up Noise" EP

I remember a time not so long ago when I would have bought this 7" simply because it has 14 songs on it. And damned if it wouldn't have blown the doors off of most records I acquired when that was my criteria for buying music. They are short, but they are SONGS, and fucking great ones at that. Lots of chaos, lots of mayhem, lots of noise (even keyboards), but mostly lots of killer fucking riffs sailing across a wave of distortion. Most of the lyrics are silly, but I freely admit that I am amused..."mean green mother from outer space on a milky way race"...I love it. (WN)
(Bent Edge c/o Dadde Stark, Inedalsgatan 7, 112 33, Stockholm, SWEDEN, per.thunell@spray.se)

THE BUFF MEDWAYS - "'Til It Is Over" EP

The latest project from BILLY CHILDISH, and it is nice to see they have already starting cranking out the records. The music seems to be a bit more punky, by adding more distortion and slightly more complicated melodies to the songs. The vocals are still very distinctly Childish. How could they not be? Some great stuff. (CK)
(Smart Guy, 3288 21st St, PMB 32, San Francisco, CA 94110)

CALLOUSED/SHITLIST - "The Rebound of Evolution" LP

Both of these bands are fast and raging hardcore. CALLOUSED has female screams and male incoherent grunts. (You know what I'm talking about). Great political lyrics including some about male domination of women, the slaughter of animals, and the impossibility of avoiding giving money to corporations in our daily lives. SHITLIST has male guttural vocals and definitely a more gloomy feel. Less explicit lyrics about corporate America, talking shit, religion and identity. This split is really good. (SR)
(PO Box 8985, Minneapolis, MN 55408, fireup@visi.com)

CAPITALIST CASUALTIES/MACABRE - split EP

First off, MACABRE ain't punk. They are the original gore-metal band in my book; nobody wrote more songs about serial killers than MACABRE. They aren't the best, but they are damn close. Two

songs here, both alternate versions of songs from the Gloom LP. CAPITALIST CASUALTIES start off with a 20 second song about speed then offer up BAD POSTURE's "Time for Smack" and Urban Waste's "Ignorant," the latter naturally is much better. (WN)
(D.B.D. Records, PO Box 10086, Chicago, IL 60610-0086)

THE
BLAME!
NO ONE IS INNOCENT

CEASEFIRE - "The Cycle of Unbelief" CD

It's youth crew, but it is totally original, and it totally rules. Heavy as shit, with truly amazing lyrics about everything from the colonialization of Australia to the resilience of the human spirit to disabled people to God. Yeah, God. I'm having trouble with this review, because this band has awesome things to say (and the music is the best in this genre I've heard in a long time), and I cannot disagree with anything on the record except for the Christianity addressed in two songs. An end to consumer culture? That's a good thing. Don't judge others based on outward appearances? That's good too. Read a book? Thumbs up from me. "I spit on your flag"? Sounds swell. An inherently oppressive religion has stolen "humanitarian" beliefs from secular society, and tried to mask the atrocities committed in the name of Jesus. It's not your God that I hate, it's the religion. But I love the record, and your beliefs are yours, I just hope that you can maintain your ideals without being sucked into the dark side of Christianity, a side which I hope you already know exists. (WN)
(Resist, PO Box 372, Newtown, NSW 2042, AUSTRALIA, ceasefire-crew@hotmail.com)

I LOVE FUCKED UP NOISE!

CENOBITES - "Girl in the Woods" EP

I haven't heard such depraved psychobilly madness coming out of Europe since...what were they called, the NEKROMANIACS? Something like that. Anyway, unlike their predecessors, these guys are still alive and well, kicking out rough and tumble METEORS-tinged toe-tappers. Awesome broken tough guy English about various unsavory topics. Cool red and black spider vinyl, too. Hunt this down at all costs! (RD)
(Tocado, PO ox 3092, 3003 AB Rotterdam, Holland)

CHEETAH CHROME - "Alive in Detroit" CD

It's getting records like this that makes me miss Timmy Yo. He had the perspective I so lack, seeing this guy back when it must have been a mind-blowing experience. Today it just blows, at least on CD. Live versions of "Ain't Nothin' to Do," "So Cold," "Sonic Reducer," and "Caught With the Meat..." along with some new ones. The sound is mercilessly clear. (RW)
(DUI, PO Box 46073, Mt. Clemens, MI 48046)

CAPITALIST CASUALTIES
D.B.D. records

THE CONQUERORS - "In the Doggie Style" EP

Concept EP (tracks: "I'll Be Doggone," "Walkin' My Cat Named Dog," "Kitten Up A Tree," "Woof!"—can you see the thematic thread) by a fine garagish/mod band (that flavors its attack with a good dose of guitar noise) that's not afraid to go, uh, beyond (taking a Bill Doggett tune into post-bop territory). A-O.K.! (DD)
(Keystone, no address)

CONTAINER CRUSTIES FROM HELL/MIHOEN! "Living Our Time" EP

MIHOEN! produce a super high speed hardcore with pounding drums and raging angry vocals. CONTAINER CRUSTIES FROM HELL give us an intense non-stop crusty experience with ear piercing dual vocals and dirgy breaks. Props to these guys for contributing to the ABC benefit compilation record. I prefer the first band but the release as a whole is fine. (SR)
(Maloka, BP 536, 21014 Dijon Cedex, FRANCE)

CeaseFire
THE CYCLE OF UNBELIEF

COSTA'S CAKE HOUSE - CD

Well, you would never tell from the cover, but this is grindcore influenced German hardcore. It has all the driving metal riffs that the '90s German HC bands had, the wailing two vocalists....and the squealing guitars. In 1990 I would say this is death metal.....not bad. All you SXE kids into death metal, this is for you. (MW)
(Shogun, Phil Kieffer, 39 rue du Mont D'arene, 51100 Reims, FRANCE)

CREETINS – "Have You Ever Hit the Ground" CD

From the looks of the gothy artwork and the name of this German band I thought GROOVIE GHOULIES or RAMONES clone. No such thing, even though this has punk ass titles like "Get Pissed", "Bleed for Speed", and "Fucked Up Day", this is great melodic punk. Speedy stuff that reminds me of early FACE TO FACE with its great powerful playing. The vocals do have a Mark Arm of MUDHONEY quality to rough it up. A great rocking release! (RL)
(Vitaminepillen, Lambertusstr. 20, 52538 Selfkant-Hongen, GERMANY, creetins.de)

CRIMSON SWEET - "Foil Beach" CD-EP

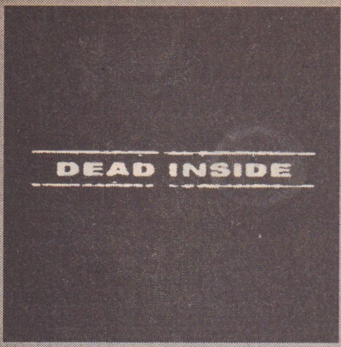
Sorta a punky, girl-vocals poppy thing here with arty Rough Trade records leanings. Music inhibits that '80s English sounding "goth-pop" thing ala PENETRATION or the MODETTES but with more poppy/punk trappings. A tendency here to run out of focus in the middle of a song. But still more interesting noise gets created in the blur. A good song in "You'll Sleep When I'm Dead" which is pretty damn cool with some real venom. A hard genre to pull off so, I'll give them an "A" for effort. (JY)
(Slow Zebra, PO Box 20506, New York, NY 10009)

CRIPPLE BASTARDS - "Misantropo A Senso Unico" CD

The CD version of the rare Czech pressed LP. 16 songs of driving Italian grindcore that tops their first LP by leaps and bounds. The rawness of the recording is the key to the beauty of this release. If you're a grind fan, you probably already have this. (MW)
(Deaf American c/o R. Hoak, #3 Bethel Church Road, Dillsburg, PA 17019)

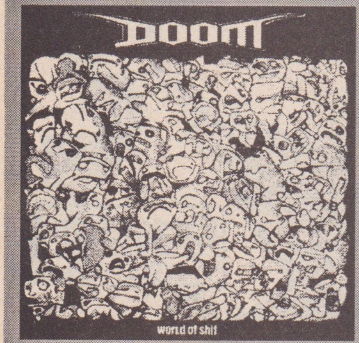
CRUCIAL UNIT - "Premium Iced Tea" EP

Squirmy hardcore that is as funny as it is fast. With songs like "Living Room Moshpit," "Baby, I Don't Want to Makeout...I Just Want to Circle Pit" and "Let's Unite The Punx and Skinz, Put 'Em On a



DEATHREAT
D.S.B.
DOUBLE DEATH

DISCLOSE
ENDLESS WAR



Boat, Send Then Off to Sea and Sink Those Fuckers" you know you are in for a treat. They have obviously taken their cue from bands like CHARLES BRONSON and the ULTIMATE WARRIORS and are now wrecking havoc on the Pittsburgh punk scene. I mean if a song called "Fuck Electrons", with the lyrics "We like protons because they are positive", doesn't make you crack a smile then you should probably have your pulse checked. (RC)
(Crucial Blast Records, PO Box 364, Hagerstown, MD 21741)

DBS - "Forget Everything You Know" CD
Scrappy, young and chaotically melodic, DBS have an original sound and off- the-cuff charm. Most songs build in a hardcore emo fashion, but are more sonically informed with a collision of post punk and pop punk. The first song is forgettable, but from the second song on, they are out the gates and running like wild dogs. I really like how they use over driven organ on a couple tracks. My only criticism would be that, again ala emo, the songs go on for quite a while before losing steam. Nonetheless, this is a passionate, intimate-sounding release. Check it out. (BG)
(Ache Records, PO Box 138, 1001 W Broadway #101, Vancouver, BC, V6H 4E4, CANADA)

DEAD INSIDE - "Release #2" EP
From looking at the gate fold sleeve, I thought we were getting energetic positive hardcore. Then I read the Land of Treason press release and my emo-dar started beeping, but when the needle hit the groove I was pleasantly surprised. This is what it sounds like when hardcore kids grow up without getting old and boring (like me) or self-consciously arty (like any band that thinks keyboards make them quirky). DEAD INSIDE play thick sounding fast punk with a healthy dose of rock power. A bit like middle-period BLACK FLAG, combined with a certain DC influence, but still pretty unique. Nice chunky vinyl too. (AM)
(Land of Treason, PO Box 2454, Dorchester, Dorset DT2 8YT, UNITED KINGDOM)

DEATHREAT/D.S.B. - split EP
There's really not much to be said about DEATHREAT that hasn't been said before. Totally well-schooled American hardcore with well written lyrics and a good sense of urgency behind the music. This release is a tour EP and is limited to 1000, only to be available in Japan for the DEATHREAT/D.S.B. tour. Indeed, DEATHREAT are ambassadors well-chosen to represent the US in foreign lands. D.S.B. combine the energy and flavor of DEATHREAT with a slight UK hardcore influence, like early VARUKERS, DISCHARGE, or EXPLOITED. In all, a decent split that will surely be picked up by many kids during the tour. (SP)
(Mangrove, ACP Bldg. 3F, 4-23-5, Koenji Minami, Suginami-ku, Tokyo 166-0003, JAPAN, mangrove@recordshopbase.com)

THE DICKIES - "Still Got Live, Even If You Don't Want It" LP
Apparently, this is a pink vinyl version of the Roir cassette "We Aren't the World" (I tain't never heard the cassette). The sound quality suffers a little being live and all, but it features the original four-song four track demo, and just about every great DICKIES song put out between 1977 and 1986. An excellent collection of twenty four tunes in 25 tracks on this awesome LP. (HM)
(ROIR, 611 Broadway Ste. 411, New York, NY 10012, www.roir-usa.com)

DIRTY OLD MEN - "Beer On" CD
Wow! A great action vomiting scene on the front cover! This twenty song 22- minute CD sounds like a homemade job. The mix is has the adequate drums and stumbling vocals overpowering the guitars. The tunes are kinda shaky, but quite spirited. It sounds like these goofy kids are having fun making up absurd tunes about their favorite cartoons, their pets and immature boy stuff. It's pretty hard to listen to this whole CD, but I can appreciate their goofy enthusiasm. (HM)
(Dirty Old Men, 1134 S. Grand Ave, Evansville, IN 47713, dirtyoldmen1234@hotmail.com)

DISCLOSE/SQUANDERED- split EP
So you know the fucking deal, DISCHARGE is well over and done with yet you still need that driving d-beat and songs about nuclear war, mass extinction and other really bad shit– and of course DISCLOSE is the best thing going these days to get your fix. Catchy, brutal and totally awesome as usual. Plus you get the joy if them doing a DISASTER song that was never properly recorded! Hey, you know what? SQUANDERED sounds the exact same– except with a much much better recording– or at least one that isn't intentionally blown out. Solid shit. A good starting point for a genre. Remember war=bad. I love this shit! (MT)
(No Fashion Hardcore, Caixa Postal 03-CEP:13450-970, Santa B. D'oeste- SP, BRASIL)

DOGS - "Bite Back" LP
Bootacious slice of the frog DOGS. Why didn't Munster (or was it Pennimen?) do something like this comp of all the good stuff instead of just re-ishing the first 45 in untinged format last yr. Here ya got the 45 tracks, their first super-rare 12" and a handful from their earliest Philips releases from '79/'80. The great thing is these frogs keep from embarrassing the revered DOGS moniker, not with the twisted or fierce punk of their named brethren, but with rootsy hard rockin' noisy gtr drenched, stonesy trash workouts. The FLAMIN' GROOVIES were probably somewhere on their radar screen. Other than lookin' a bit froggy, no frog accent. "19" is a fucking classic howler; what the EAT coulda been on a good day. Coulda done without the live "Boris the Spider" tossed in to fill in side 1, but otherwise a near perfect comp. (HY)
(Flashing Blood Records, no address)

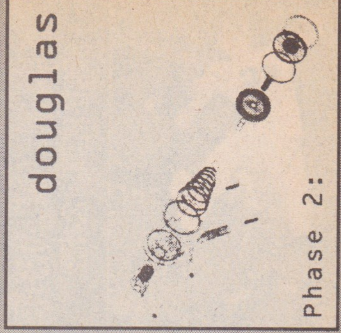
DOWN IN FLAMES/GATE CRASHERS - split EP
Although DOWN IN FLAMES seem to be pretty young, they have undoubtedly done their reading on early '80s DC hardcore, even throwing in a VOID cover. How awesome is that? I'm pretty young myself, and I don't know anyone my age or younger who listens to VOID. They even do the song (and the genre itself) incredible justice. Right on, boys! GATE CRASHERS are a little more hectic, which works both to their advantage and disadvantage. I don't think that needs explaining. This is good, real good. (SP)

($4 ppd: Broken Glass, 1688 Fairway Dr.,Jamison, PA 18929)

DOUGLAS - "Phase 2" CD EP

DOUGLAS play the kind of melodic aggro rock that bands like BIG DRILL CAR and ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT pioneered. It is very well played rock that definitely has a punk energy propelling it. This would be great music for driving late at night in the summer; sweat on your neck and the sky clear, the road wide open. The production deserves a note, too. It's big and crisp, without sounding commercial,and is used extremely creatively on a couple of numbers. An excellent release all around. (BG)

(23:59 Label, 32 Splott Rd, Cardiff, CF 24, Wales, UK)



DOOM - "World of Shit" CD

Ok, I want to throw this in and say "this sucks, should've stayed broken up...not as good as their older stuff"...but in all its generic, mid-tempoed glory, its not all that bad. Sure, half way through it loses its appeal, but the first songs is pretty damn catchy. Recorded in 1999-2000. (MW)

(Vinyl Japan, Hamada Building 1F, 4-7, 7-Chome, Nishi Shinjuku, Shinjuku-ku, Tokyo, JAPAN)

DOUGLASS KINGS - "Inc." CD

Somewhat aggro-vocaled anthemic, sway-rock here. Rhythmically, they seem to be somewhere between emo and ska (I kid you not!) and even LIMP BIZKIT. But most of the time, this sounds like heavy-handed emo stuff with a pretty slick air. Lots of bluster and carrying-on, all for what, fellas? Lighten up, will ya. The stench of taking-ourselves-way-too-seriously permeates every photon (its a CD right?) here. Also, songs tend to sound all alike. (JY)

(Douglass Kings, PO Box 577909, Chicago, IL 60657)

THE DRUNKEN CHOLOS
"LIVIN LA VIDA LOCO"

DRIFTNET - "What We Seek" CD

DRIFTNET from Germany play good solid hardcore with a quality mix of melody and youth crew antics. The production is good and sounds very clean. They even throw in a WARZONE cover to make sure you are still awake at the end of the CD. Recommended! (RC)

(Let It Burn, c/o Daniel Nagel, Krautgartenweg 3A, 86663 Asbach Baumenheim, GERMANY, keepthe-faith.de/letitburn)

DROP DEAD - LP

This is a collection that contains tracks from their first EP, split 8" with RUPTURE, split 5" with CROSSED OUT and some comp tracks. Keeping in the tradition of the DROP DEAD discography this is a repress, of a repress, of a repress...(MW)

(Armageddon, PO Box 56, Providence, RI 02901)

DRUNKEN CHOLOS - "Livin La Vida Loco" CD

My mother shares a town with these jerks (the original QUEERS line-up: Joe Queer, Wimpy, and Tulu). Portsmouth, NH houses these has-been, boring, racist, dried up old homophobe punks, Lisa Carver, my Mom, and a few other New England types. Killer! If she only knew. More uninspired crap from Joe, with the other guys along to make sure it doesn't sound like recent QUEERS, but it ain't old QUEERS neither, nope, just poo. (RY)

(Hopeless, PO 7495 Van Nuys, CA 91409-7495)

DURGA DURGA - "Painted Dead" EP

Beautiful evil ancient-sounding silent movie soundtrack keyboards soar through heavy bass and epic drums, with screaming and thoughtful violent gory lyrics—"The end result of red-stain removal/You'd take this away from me/Where is your soul/After I've worked for this you'd tell me to walk away/My hands are bleeding my world is dead there is a dead end..." This is really cool. (JT)

(I'm The Prettiest, PO Box 122923, San Diego, CA 92112-2923)

ETERNAL YOUTH • THE FARTHEST MAN

THE EAST BAY CHASERS - "Blood Money/Lock and Load"

The CHASERS like those minor chords, and they know how to arrange them into a catchy groove. Lots of cool bass and guitar hooks and interaction on "Blood Money" which sounds a lot like NOVI'S CAP. "Lock and Load" reminds me of some RAMONES and STITCHES concoction. Hard to pin point but good. (HM)

(Industrial Strength, 2824 Regatta Blvd, Richmond, CA 94804, industrialstrengthrec.com)

EASY ACTION - CD

Packaged in the cover art of Mitch O' Conner, Michigan's EASY ACTION spin deliberate, steady, and hard...maybe too seriously. The vocals are all blood 'n' guts, lead by vocally muscular John Brannon of early LAUGHING HYENAS and NEGATIVE APPROACH fame. They tamper with the wet sounds of the wah-wah and play with the power of musical build ups, then finish it all up with a BRIAN FERRY cover. (DL)

(Reptilian, 403 S. Broadway, Baltimore, MD 21231)

THE EJECTED - "The Spirit of Rebellion" LP

Reissue/bootleg of this old English band's second album (remember "Have You Got 10p?" from Punk and Disorderly?) I don't know, the music's not bad (the same can be said for most of those Riot City bands) but their lyrics are pretty up and down, some smart stuff, some dumb shit. "Greenham Women" is just awful, a misguided attempt at reggae under lyrics that took the tabloids (of the day) view of that situation. (I always kinda admired the women of Greenham Common...) I don't know why someone saw fit to repress this—the more I listen to it the more I don't like it. Fuck 'em. (AD)

(no address)

ETERNAL YOUTH/THE FARTHEST MAN - split CD EP

Not sure why this stuff is just now seeing the light of day two years after it was recorded, here's two songs of average youth crew-ish hardcore from ETERNAL YOUTH (who do not, unfortunately

don't quite live up to their name), and two songs of slower more metal (read: more commercial) stuff from the FARTHEST MAN. Neither band ripped my head off, but I preferred the more rock leanings of TFM. (WN)
(Surface Records, PO Box 23313, Rochester, NY, 14692)

FACE OF CHANGE
1990 DEMO 2xEP
U.C.

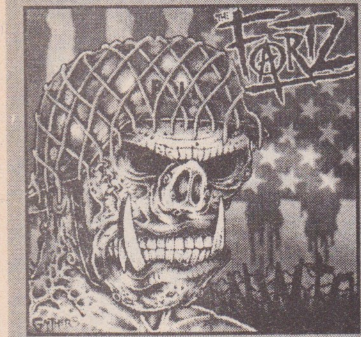
FACE OF CHANGE - "1990 Demo" 2xEP
What we have here is a retrospective of demo recordings from Sapporo's FORCE OF CHANGE. Indeed, we all know how demos have a special place in Max Ward's heart, and this release tells the reason why. FACE OF CHANGE may have existed more than ten years ago, but their music serves as a monument to a thrash scene in Japan that once thrived (and probably still does). In terms of sound, FACE OF CHANGE have the raging energy and roughness of the earlier MINOR THREAT recordings, yet weave in a good deal of melody ala 7 SECONDS. Even though posthumously released albums will always be met with a good deal of criticism, some stuff just needs to be released. This record is a perfect example. Go! (SP)
(625, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3413, 625thrash.com)

THE FAIRLANES
WELCOME TO NOWHERE

FADED GREY - "A Quiet Time of Desperation" LP
Positive hardcore from Las Vegas. This has a lot of melodic breakdowns and rousing build-ups. Emotional vocals with group back-ups. Well played and nicely packaged with mostly introspective type lyrics. It's a little too clean and gym class for me but all you young hardcore kids would like it, it's perfect for some pointing action. (AD)
(Indecision, PO Box 5781, Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

FAIRLANES - "Welcome to Nowhere" CD
Early BLINK with a little 96-era Lookout! thrown in. Not bad but not really something I can get into, nor listen to everyday. Still it's not that awful. (BM)
(Suburban Home, PO Box 40757, Denver, CO 80204)

THE FARTZ - "N.W.T.O." EP
Hot damn, it looks like the FARTZ are coming back strong for a second time around. They just put out a CD, which I got to review last month and now this EP. I think all these songs are already on the CD, but you should definitely check out one or the other. Whiplash inducing punk rock with lots of speed and good thick distortion. And it is all topped off with Blain's patented vocals. They are going to be playing a show at Gilman Street this summer, and you know I will be there. I wonder if they will be playing their MOTORHEAD cover?! (RC)
(Transparent, 6759 Transparent Dr., Clarkston, MI 48346)



FEDERATION X - "Night Train/Mountain Lion"
This music reminds me of painfully rowing a boat through thick molten tar in 100 degree heat, beads of sweat rolling off my forehead, and my muscles are burning. FED X is pure lo-fi (in a garage kind of way) stoner sludge. Think of SLEEP, KARP, the MELVINS, and MUDHONEY sitting on a couch pulling bongs together on a couch up in Bellingham, Washington ...This is the result. (AS)
(no address)

FIRST OFFENSE – "The Army of Youth" EP
Mohawks, studded leather jackets, and bondage trousers. (The cover has a really [really] badly drawn picture of people wearing aforementioned attire.) This is more of the 'wear it on your sleeve, punk is all about...being punk' CASUALTIES school of hairdressing/punk rock. It's actually pretty good (says the jaded old fart). Songs attacking "Dirty Fucking Hippies" will never go out of style in my books. Not sure about the song about doing it while listening to RANCID, what the hell's that? (AD)
($4 ppd: First Offence, 51 Cambridge, Akron, OH 44305)

First Offense
the army of youth ep

FIVE AND DIME - "Ride This One Out" CD
From the sound of this, these boys are gonna ride the whole BLINK craze out until it stops paying for their hair bleach, gel and designer sun glasses. More power to 'em if they are cashing in but god damn this music bores me. (BM)
(Drop, fivedime.com)

FIVE MINUTE MAJOR - "When It Ends" CD
This is heavy duty New York hardcore comprised of thick chords and thick necks. The mid-tempo hardcore just charges along rarely breaking pace. I bet these guys listened to a lot of SHEER TERROR and KILLING TIME when they were growing up. (RC)
(District Productions, BP 425, 75233 Paris Cedex 05, FRANCE; innerrage.districtproductions.net)

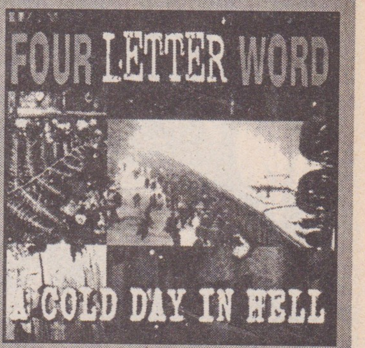
THE FLESHTONES – "Solid Gold Sound" CD
FLESHTONES are a NYC garage band whose heyday was the early '80s, led by the Zaremba/Streng core. They took a long hiatus through the latter half of that decade, with Zaremba gaining minor celeb status hosting MTV's indie rock special, The Cutting Edge, and Streng did side projects like the FULL TIME MEN with Peter Buck. I'm not exactly sure when they reformed, but I saw them play last year after seeing them last in 1984. The verdict is they're still a total party band in the tradition of JOE KING CARRASCO, and while their live show is their forte, it's transferred pretty well to disc here. Chockfulla "Hey Hey Hey's", the classic harmonica and organ fills, you get a new set of rehashed classics for the now generation. Look ma, no ballads…(HY)
(Blood Red, 2134 NE 25th Ave, Portland, OR. 97212)

FORMER MEMBERS OF ALFONSIN/SAWPIT- split EP
Fuck! The great splits just keep coming, and I keep on getting left in the cold with no extra copy of awesome releases—what's up! This was the first I had heard from Japan's SAWPIT, and they leave me desperately wanting more. The music is melodic but with a pinch of abrasiveness bringing to mind some early nineties Bay Area bands like J-CHURCH, as well as some DC-sounding influences like GRAY

MATTER. The vocals, however, come with a completely unexpected harshness bearing a striking resemblance to Sonny Kay's vocals in ANGEL HAIR. I know the combination sounds a little awkward, but SAWPIT pull it off with perfection. The FORMER MEMBERS OF ALFONSIN songs compliment the SAWPIT side extremely well, only adding to the glory of this record. I've always thought of FMOA as a band who is extremely unique in their sincerity and dedication to hardcore, and a band who really made people think when approaching their music (both live and on record). "We are an army of double agents dropping our souls down time card slots". Essential. (SP)
(Dim Mak, PO Box 14041, Santa Barbara, CA 93107, dimmak.com)

FORMER
MEMBERS
OF
ALFONSÍN

FOUR LETTER WORD – "A Cold Day in Hell" CDEP
Some shite demon-industry-spawned boy band took the name FOUR LETTER WORD and so due to legal crap the band lost their deal with BYO Records here in America, this really sucks as it will be harder for all you Americans to hear one of the best bands in the UK. Think a really good FACE TO FACE with great social/political lyrics. Buy this if you see it, if not get their two albums on BYO. This CD is as good as ever, four originals and a DAG NASTY song. Wicked. (AD)
(Suspect Device, PO Box 295, Southampton, SO17 1LW, UK, fourletterword@btclick.com)



FUTURES/DIOS HASTIO - split EP
Blazing hardcore from Peru (DIOS HASTIO) and Japan (FUTURES). DIOS HASTIO typically operate at the acceptable speeds of fast and faster. The guitar and bass mush into a fuzz assault while the vocals chatter right along. The last song slows down enough to let the vocals grumble and a bit of guitar flare walk about. FUTURES get the same gold star that their last EP earned. The guitar can really skip about at odd times in the drive forward, leaving the listener slightly dazed before the rumbling breakdowns kick in. The timing can get a bit MINUTEMAN but the speed/energy is Bandana Barbaric Thrash. (TH)
(Answer, Hose Building No. 2 B1, 5-49, OSU 3 Naka-Ku, Nagoya City, Aichi 460 JAPAN)

the futures
ANSWER

GASOLHEADS - "Sixty Seconds Swingers" 10"
Four Pepe Le Pews with an attitude, here. In that fuck-shit-up style of HENRY FIAT'S OPEN SORE, the GASOLHEADS pull out all the stops with spun out energy, heavy garage punk guitar and manic raw skin peelin' vocals. This is the perfect record to play loud and loaded. Yeah, yeah, yeah! (DL)
(Lollipop, 7 Imp. Monsegur 13016 Marseille, FRANCE)

GERALDINE - "When the Rooster Crows/Last Match"
Sometimes punk rockers are way too ambitious in their efforts. I know that probably doesn't sound like a good thing to say, but it's a fact. It's not merely my opinion, it is fact. This isn't bad, by any stretch, but it's got its problems: the vocals are fuzzy and, at the same time, mixed a little too low. Overall the production is lacking, I think. It sounds like they're trying to get some sort of a STOOGES type sound, but it doesn't quite work. Still, the band does seem to have a certain energy in their delivery and there is a lot to be said for that. (KK)
(Red Hour, PO Box 82094, Columbus, OH 43202)

GINA GO FASTER/THIRTEEN - split EP
Nitro. That's the only word I can think of to describe these bands. Both serve up two songs that sound like they might be up Dexter Holland's alley but not mine. (BM)
(PO Box 1164, Denver, CO 80201)

the glasspack
AMERICAN EXHAUST

GIZMOS – "1975—1977: Demos & Rehearsals" 2xCD
When this band's recent release of studio recordings came out on CD (and later on vinyl) it was a good thing. These guys put out great lo-fi garage rock and roll way before it was cool. I highly recommend that disc of self-described swamp garage rock. If you love that you may like this double disc of guitar/vocal demo and rehearsal tracks. Personally I don't but I still need this for completest reasons. Mainly for collectors. (RL)
(Gulcher, gulcherrecords@aol.com)

GLASS CANDY - "Smashed Candy" EP
I love this band!! This six-song EP was recorded live at Kimo's in SF, (which has the worst sound in the City) but it still rocks! Minimalistic, three piece glam/disco/new wave/pain opera/dance punk. These three are a neurotic, eloquent, very original three piece from Portland. Vocalist Ida No has an amazing voice—she sings/screams/purrs psychotically, like a cross between David Bowie, Grace Jones, and Lux Interior. Awesome driving bass and disco drums. Includes a cover of "Johnny Are You Queer" by Josie Cotton and "I Wanna Hurt" by the SCREAMERS. Check out their first two 7"s, Brittle Women and Metal Gods for better recordings... (JT)
(Vermin Scum, PO Box 22202, Baltimore, MD 21203-4202)

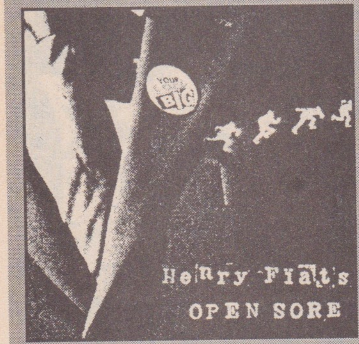
GLASSPACK - "American Exhuast" CD
Bet these guys get on famously with NASHVILLE PUSSY, though there might be some kinda regional rivalry between Kentucky and Tennessee that I'm not hipped to. The GLASSPACK specialize in a (virulent) strain of medium-to-slow guitar chug with Helios Creed-ish guitar noodling run through an arsenal of flange pedals and distortion. Lots of muscular strut and swagger on tunes like "Shut Up and Ride" and "Hall of the Mountain Speedlab." Odd that they credited a secretary in the liner notes, though I suppose somebody's gotta take minutes at all those band meetings. (JH)
(Riverock, 135 Vernon Ave., Louisville, KY 40206, riverrockrecords@ yahoo.com)

GODSTOMPER/ENTRAILS MASSACRE - split EP
GODSTOMPER thrash out with their patented bass and drum grindcore assault with a couple of tracks that were recorded back in 1997! While ENTRAILS MASSACRE from Germany go fucking ape shit with some blazing fast grindcore and they even toss in a ELECTRO HIPPIES cover. I think they say it best on their lyric sheet, "Play Fast...Or Die"! (RC)
(Rescued From Life, 6208 McCullar, Haltom City, TX 76117)

THE GOOD LADS
BEER & SEX & CHIPS n CURRY

Guyana Punch Line

HAYMAKER
LOVE THE
MUSIC, HATE
THE KIDS!!!



THE GOOD LADS - "Beer & Sex & Chips & Curry" EP

Alan "H-57" of No Pride Records has released a hell of a piss- take on the MACC LADS called the GOOD LADS. This punk band, containing members of the BLOODY MUTANTS, is a raucous beer-swilling tribute to the infamous MACC LADS album Beer and Sex and Chips and Gravy. On this drunken debacle you get Al, Bundy, Shep and King Slug all singing frightening harmonies you would normally find only in a pub late in the evening. This twisted punk rock has the names of the songs slightly mutated to protect the guilty, but you know who the foul culprits are that exposed you to this indecency. This is good novelty punk rock that screams out for twenty pints of beer and a turntable! (BR)

(No Pride, c/o Alan Hynes, 352 Divisadero St., San Francisco, CA 94117)

THE GREENHORNES - LP

Can you say "Yeah!"? Can you say "Oh Yeah!"? I knew you could. The GREENHORNES play mid '60s style garage like nobodies business. You know the stuff, all those kids in their garages in the '60s trying to do their own versions of the STONES and YARDBIRDS, inadvertently coming up with something rawer and more primal in the process. This band knows how to put the razor edge in their R&B, and the perfect organ fuzz on the upbeat numbers Three of the members sing, and they all have raw-throated, soulful voices. Unlike many other bands trying to do this style, they are confident enough in their original material that they don't feel the need to include some obscure covers in the mix. They also know how to play at more than one speed convincingly. I love their slow, aching ballads almost as much as the howling upbeat ones. There's not a clunker in the bunch here. It'll be a damn shame if they don't get as much recognition as WHITE STRIPES are currently enjoying. Get this immediately! (BG)

(Telstar Records, PO Box 1123, Hoboken, NJ 07030)

GUYANA PUNCH LINE - "Irritainment" LP

First off, this is great just because they used an old DEL SHANNON LP sleeve for their own, and altered it slightly, DK-style—they even have hand-written labels! The music is something else—insane tempo changes and lots of dark bass stuff. I don't know how they combined the straightforward, no-frills hardcore of TALK IS POISON with the bloodcurdling emotion (yeah, it's emotion to me, just not like the GET UP KIDS) of CATHARSIS. Totally intense and, in its own way, pathological. The singer sounds like one cool and intelligent guy. The arrangement of all the songs keeps them memorable and structured; you aren't just exposed to 18 minutes of blinding distortion. Watch out for this band. (RD)

(Prank, PO Box 410892, San Francisco, CA 94141-0892)

GUYANA PUNCH LINE - "Red Sea" EP

Odd to get this, am I being suckered? Okay, this is a hardcore thrash record that have bits on the second side that remind me of a more interesting AVAIL. The A-side hates your skin and would rather it were plastered on the wall, so there! There are little electronic bloopings on both sides, a sop to the MENS' RECOVERY juggernaut, the sellouts. This band should be huge. (RW)

(X-Mist, Leonhardstr. 18A, 72202, Nagold, GERMANY)

HAYMAKER - "Love the Music, Hate the Kids" EP

This record is a fucking hate-o-rama. Downtuned madness that will make you run for Mom in just ten songs. Fast and furious throughout, with lyrics that are very angry indeed, but still intelligent. If I had a complaint, it would be that the vocals are a little bit weak, but they said they don't care what I think, so I suppose I shouldn't bother mentioning it. (WN)

(Deranged, PO Box 543 Station P, Toronto, ON, M5S-2T1, CANADA)

HATE FUCK TRIO - "My Girl Do Not Think I Funny" One-sided 7"

I've always thought one sided 7"s were a rip-off, but when you combine it with two previously released tunes, you really are pushing the envelope. That being said, this record rules. In my mind the HATE FUCK TRIO may be the most unappreciated band in America, and the two songs on here from the debut CD kick butt. For those of you who have never heard of the HATE FUCK TRIO, lets just say they combine the best of NERF HERDER and SCHLONG. Translation they right catchy funny songs with a juvenile bent, just listen to "My Dad's a Fuckin' Alcoholic" and you will agree. (JF)

(Boss Tuneage, PO Box 19550, London SW11 1FG, UK, hatefucktrio.com)

HEAD HITS CONCRETE - "You Came Searching" EP

Yep. Could guess about this one when I picked it up—saw "Sounds of Betrayal" as the label, and the 15 songs, you know it. This label has done no wrong by me—awesome stuff, every time. This is more—ferocious, unrelenting hardcore—it overwhelms itself with sheer speed at times, becoming a unfocused onslaught. Quick songs, quick resolution of political parasites (read "Neo-Nazi Public Execution"), and convincing delivery. Another winner from.... (TM)

(Sounds of Betrayal, c/o Rodrigo Alfaro, Sodra Parkgatan 35, 214 22 Malmo, SWEDEN, putridfilth@bigfoot.com)

HENRY FIATS OPEN SORE - "Makes Your Cock Big" EP

The insert tells me these "hoodlums" are from Sweden. That surprises me because it's a little fast and trashy compared to most Swedish stuff I've been hearing lately. At the same time, it doesn't surprise me because the quality is Grade A-Choice, which is typical of most Swedish stuff I've been hearing lately. While this is definitely fast and furious, it manages to remain melodic and somewhat catchy. The first 500 are on "BART ticket" blue—you gotta love it. I must admit that I didn't really believe that listening to this would make my cock big, but it did!! I gained a full 3/4". (KK)

(Rocknroll Blitzkrieg, PO Box 11906, Berkeley, CA 94712, rnrblitz@mindspring.com)

HIGH SCHOOL ROCKERS - "Lets Kill the Reekys Tonight" EP

Basic 1,2,3,4 style punk rock that has a good deal of power pop elements while being a lot rawer. Nothing really special on this seven-inch, but nothing screaming bad either. Good toe tapping music, sometimes that is all that you need. (JF)

(URU, Svedeliusvag 16, S-611 38 Nykoping, SWEDEN, beat-it@aliensnatch.de)

HOBIS - "US History" CD

17 tracks of what I believe to be the debut release of Maryland's HOBIS. I really liked how they divide the many parts of their three epic songs into separate tracks on the CD (creating 13 songs instead of 3). Interesting. Like a lot of young bands these days, there is a lot going on in the songs, and sometimes the endless cut-and-paste song-writing is a bit too much. Despite that, the melodic vocals interlaced with sporadic shouts, really works well. In all, HOBIS reminds me a lot of Canada's DBS. This CD shows awesome effort, and I think that as HOBIS matures as a band, their music is bound to get better. (SP)

(Hobis, 6011 Middlewater Ct, Columbia MD, 21044, selfexplanatory@aol.com)

IDIOTS - "Evil" CD

The IDIOTS may be the punkest band in the whole Bay Area. Sure they aren't the most talented of bands. They aren't doing anything new with their thrashy skate punk reminiscent of DAYGLO ABORTIONS or AGGRESSION on a bad day, but so what. If you ever see the IDIOTS you'll know they don't care, and their is something refreshingly punk about it. Punk to the core. Saying that, this CD is pretty bad but it is still punk as a two-day-old falling-over mohawk. (JF)

(Beer City Skateboards & Records, PO Box 26035, Milwaukee, WI 53226-0035)

INNER CONFLICT/KONTERBANDE - "Which Side Are You On" split EP

INNER CONFLICT, whose first EP came out in '98, have two solid originals on here, plus a punk rock cover of the old labor song (see title). Tip-tappy drums and chanted choruses are saved by the female singer's strong and clear voice and an edge to the songs. The boy singer rocks out too, now that I'm on the subject. KONTERBANDE plays one sort of droning, industrial anti-fascist song and one lively, still electronically-influenced instrumental with a couple of voiceovers. It's not really my style, but they've got the pop hooks to make it work. (AC)

(Disgust Red Flag, c/o Le Sabot, Breite Str. 76, 53111 Bonn, GERMANY)

JUGGLING JUGULARS - "Propaganda Immunity" CD

These longtime Finnish punks have added a female vocalist to the line up. She screams and sings with much projection. The only aspect of JUGGLING JUGULARS that can keep up with her and garner some of the spotlight is the guitar. It power chords, crunches, and noodles with quirk through all of the thick Scandi-punk. Reminiscent of LIFE...BUT HOW TO LIVE IT, without the RUSH influence. (TH)

($8: Magda Gulda, Sarina 8, 81537, Gdyniz, POLAND)

KATASTROPHOBIA - "Age of Aquarius" LP

KATASTROPHOBIA, from Belgium, play dark, mid-tempo, AMEBIX-styled hardcore. The apocalyptic theme is taken to the umpteenth, with a persistent plague motif no American band could get away with (at least not without sounding über-pretentious). The writing, both in lyrics and liner notes, is remarkably open-minded and some of it's quite good; from the back cover: "the metabolism of the world as a convusling body of human error." Very good if you like it driving, gloomy, and urban. (AC)

(Nabate, BP 92, 4000 Liege 1, BELGIUM)

KEYSER SOZE - "Eye Fucker" EP

Crazed mayhem with lots of hooks to draw you in, cool dual-vocal interplay to keep you from getting bored, and time changes that make you want to play it again. Nothing too mind-blowing, but the energy is definitely there. A better recording would have surely helped. I especially liked the thoughtful array of samples used all over the record. A little humor never hurt anybody, right? (SP)

(Keyser Soze, 2114 Lee Pl, Memphis, TN 38104)

KID WITH MAN HEAD - "Fond Memories of the Halibut Rodeo" CD

Arrgh. These guys really put me in a tight spot. The music is all heartfelt up-tempo pop (not pop punk, for better or for worse) that was produced by Greg Graffin, and more often than not veers into RADFORD and MATCHBOX 20 territory. Yes, they're skilled at what they do, but, like their previous release "Flapjack Hairpiece," I don't know what they were thinking sending it into this particular zine. (RD)

(PO Box 19550, London, SW11 1FG, UK)

KING KURT - "Alcoholic Rat" CD

Now here's a good collection of 16 songs by an early '80s psychobilly band from London. Its a combination of classic psychobilly rockin' and the silliness of MADNESS. Psychobillies all around take note. (SR)

(Harry May, PO Box 184, Ashford, Kent, TN24 0ZS ENGLAND, harrymayrecord.com)

J.J. NOBODY & THE REGULARS - "Rock 'n' Roll Doesn't End at 2:00" CD

Shucks, what a misleading opening track. Totally classic SLOBS mixed with a new and improved U.S. BOMBS. I took the next song, the title track, to be a throwaway - acoustic, harmonicas, yearning—and he sounded like that chump from the MUSHUGUNAS. However, it was just giving way to the rest of the album, which sounds like a plodding, slightly tougher WESTON. This sounds like fucking WESTON. (RD)

(Hopeless, PO Box 7495, Van Nuys, CA 91409-7495)

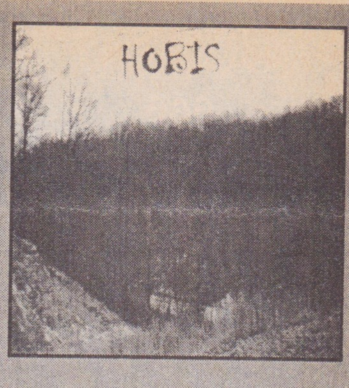
JOHNNY THUNDERS & THE HEARTBREAKERS - "L.A.M.F." LP

This album has been reissued "like a mother fucker"!!! Hahahaha.... I love Johnny Thunders, don't get me wrong, but do we really need another reissue of this? What does that bring us up to about a billion Johnny reissues on the streets? Oh well, at least its not another IGGY & the STOOGES reissue. (BM)

(Phonac, 32, rue D'Hauteville 75010 Paris, FRANCE, phonac.com)

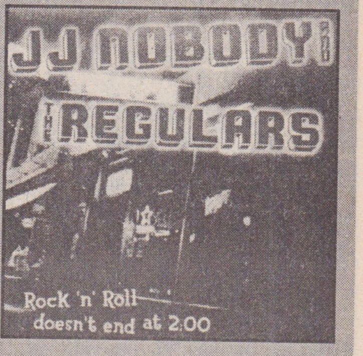
LEAGUE OF STRUGGLE - "The Nature of the Pig Is Greed" EP

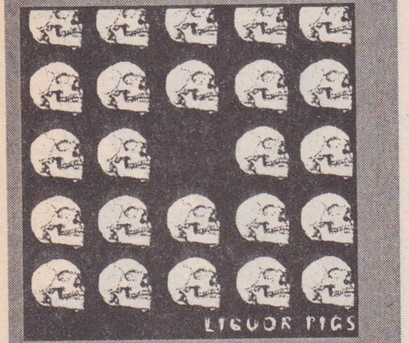
Solid no-nonsense, dual voxed, crust for by and of da punx. No lyrics included (the main singer was mia- nothing unusual according to the liner notes) but you can only guess with song titles like

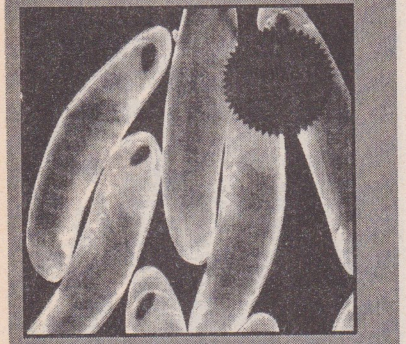


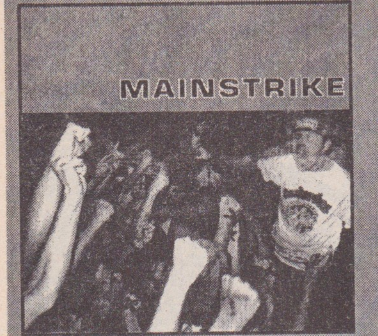
Idiots
Evel Knievel

INNER CONFLICT / konterbande
Which side are you on ?









"Throwing Rocks At Christians" and "We Shit Where We Eat." Decent stuff. (MT)
(Puke'n'Vomit, P.O. Box 3435, Fullerton, CA 92831)

LEGION 666 - "Kiss the Goat" CD

This falls somewhere between Skuld-style European crusty hardcore and blazing 80s speedmetal. Certainly not original, and the "satanic" imagery is more than a little contrived, but I'm on track 8 and I still think this shit rips. Heavy as a bag of Baphomets, and faster than a really fast Satanic dude, if you've got a VENOM back patch, then you need this. (WN)
(Schizophrenic, 50 Fielding Cres, Hamilton Ontario, L8V 2P5, CANADA)

LES BLACK'S AMAZING PINK HOLES – "We're Glad We Are We Are Revisited" CD

I woulda placed this 1984 release in the top 10 of least likely to be reissued: no one cared then and I'd be surprised if anyone would now, tho' perhaps that snazzy Cleveland punk website (www.clepunk.com) mighta helped stir the pot some. Wasn't there a PAGANS connections? Heck I didn't even have this record back in the day, (tho' I did have their Breakfast with the Pink Holes LP). Here ya get the LP plus a big splooge of live circa then, and then some on top of that . This go around I'm hearing a definite early REPLACEMENTS vibe, with the trash rock and the humor and lotsa cover tunes. But they're definitely their own band. Now I'm starting to wonder why these guys weren't a lot bigger band. Maybe cos the guitarist refused to wear diapers… (HY)
(Smogveil, PMB 454, 774 Mays #10, I.V., NV, 89451)

LIQUOR PIGS - "DT's For Jesus" CD

Fourteen beer-fueled obnoxious punk tunes by these grisly PIGS. The LIQUOR PIGS really like the distorted Gibson/Marshall sound. Unfortunately, all the guitars drown out the bass, so you only "feel" the cool bass lines. At times the LIQUOR PIGS sound like a heavier STITCHES and other times like DOA. Pretty good CD. (HM)
(AMP, 92 Kenilworth Ave S., Hamilton, ON L8K 259, CANADA, liquorpigs@hotmail.com)

THE LITTER - "Distortions" LP

......Re-ish 1967 Minneapolis garage record....nice package, nice sound...the music is good, not GREAT .....just good ....quite a few covers as usual ....y'know, shit like "I'm a Man".....why the fuck did every Tom, Dick and Harry garage band cover that fucking song??????????? ....THEY STILL DO!!!!!!!!!!! ....why?.....same thing with "It's All Over Now Baby Blue" by Dr. Roberts ......luckily that one ain't on here, but it might as well be though cuz there's WHO, SMALL FACES and CREAM tunes all over this slab ....Y'know, wait a minute, nobody really needs this record, so fuck it....it sucks....(SW)
(Get Hip, Columbus And Preble Aves, Pittsburgh, PA 15233/http://www.gethip.com)

THE LOCUST - "Flight of the Wounded Locust" EP

Be afraid - be very afraid. Words cannot begin to describe the ferocity of this release. The first side of this slab of clear vinyl starts off with "Gluing carpet to your genitals does not make you a cantaloupe" (yeah!) and never lets up. Combining INFEST-style intensity with their own moog-treated sci-fi hardcore, these bowlcutted nerds rip shit up like no one else. The synth effects answer your age-old question of "What would it sound like if (favorite hardcore band) finally played at the circus?" Totally creepy. The B-side is all creepy ambient noise; some people will like it in a Kid A kinda way. Props must also be given for the badass packaging. (RD)
(GSL, PO Box 178262, San Diego, CA 92177)

MACH KUNG-FU - "Teach a Chick to Dance" LP

Retro party music from Japan. As the title implies, this is frat/surf rock circa 1962 or so and lest you forget, there's a cover of the SONICS' "Psycho". This is pretty faithful, twangin', reverby stuff here but with more balls than yer average suit-wearing, backward-looking band. No distortion found here or bad recording ala GUITARWOLF, these guys could do any of the old fogies proud. For instance, the title track rocks like LINK WRAY on punk rock. Hell, they can even do a charged up blues thing like "Frenzy". And granted, the intros sound better cause' the songs do have the funky Japanese accents, but they still rock! A fine record this. (JY)
(Telstar, PO Box 1123, Hoboken, NJ 07030)

MAD CADDIES – "Rock the Plank" CD

Sounds like typical FAT-core neo-Southern Californian speedy melodica ala GOOD USE FOR A OUT, STRUNG NAME, NO RIDDANCE then the horns come in and it gets all swingy ska-ish and I want to kill. Lord, let me be you avenging angel and rid the world of this evil I see before me. Let the rivers run red with the blood of bowling-shirt clad, pompadoured, eight-ball tattooed human plankton. Don't bring those guns to school kiddies, bring 'em to the Warped Tour next time it slithers through town. (AD)
(Fat)

MAINSTRIKE - "Can You Believe It" EP

This posthumous release looks and sounds amazing. You probably know by now that Holland's MAINSTRIKE played straight edge hardcore. This record is an example of how that music should be done—fast and to the point, and although it's obviously genre music, it's thankfully not packed with clichés. The attractive lyric booklet completes the package. (AM)
(Crucial Response, Kaisersfeld 98, 46047 Oberhausen, GERMANY)

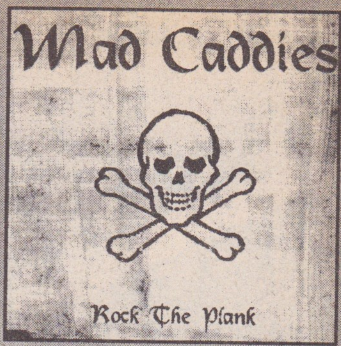
MAN WITHOUT PLAN - "I Feel Badly" CD

It's not that their last record was bad but this one just blows it away. This record has something extra that most pop punk bands don't have and that is energy. Much of this is similar to the last FRACTURE record, especially in the vocal department but it is often a little heavier. At times the songs become faster and slightly similar to PROPAGANDHI and the vocals go from singing to screaming. I have a hard time listening to the whole record though because their cover of "Walking on the Moon" by the POLICE is so good that it becomes the only song that I want to listen to. (PA)
(Creep, PMB 220, 252 E. Market St., West Chester, PA 19382, creeprecords.com)

MANIFESTO JUKEBOX - "Desire" LP

The first comparison that came to mind when I put on this LP was that it reminded me of LEATHERFACE's finest moments. The more I listen, the more I think that MANIFESTO JUKEBOX might be better than LEATHERFACE. The music is dense and powerful, punctuated by catchy but unobtrusive melodies. The vocals lack some of the gravity and gravel of Frankie Stubbs, but they definitely work. There's every chance that MANIFESTO JUKEBOX will be overlooked because they are from Finland instead of some fashionable scene, but I encourage all of you to seek out this top notch release. (AM)

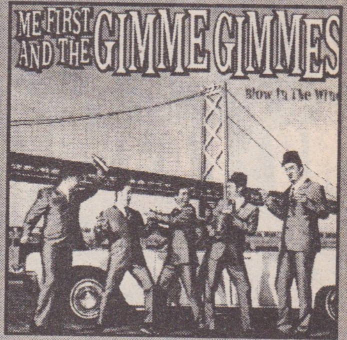
(NABATE, BP 92, 4000 Liege 1, BELGIUM)



ME FIRST & THE GIMMIE GIMMIES - "Blow in the Wind" CD

Alright I'll explain this band for the kids: this is the Fat Wreck all-star bolwing team turned band. They only do AM radio covers and in this case they aren't half bad at it. Now I am by far not a Fat Wreck fan but the RAMONES-like intro they gave the BEACH BOYS "Sloop John B" had me marking out. The BEATLES, DEL SHANNON, CAT STEVENS, TAMMY WYNETTE and the MONKEES as well as others get the GIMMIE-treatment. I'd avoid this album if you don't want to hate your self for liking it. I hang my head in shame. (BM)

(Fat, PO Box, 193690, San Francisco, CA 94119-3690)


ME FIRST AND THE GIMME GIMMES
Blow In The Wind

ME FIRST & THE GIMME GIMMES - "Shannon" EP

What can you say? Mildly amusing punk rock covers of old rock and R&B standards, this time DEL SHANNON. The singer has a nice clear voice that can reach the impossible-eunuch pitch of old Motown songs; the guitar is pleasantly fuzzed out. But how many outings does this one-trick pony have left? (RD)

(BYO, PO Box 67a64, Los Angeles, CA 90067)

M.I.A. – "Lost Boys" 2xLP

You know I always thought M.I.A. was a solid, but otherwise rather forgettable punk band. Lost Boys is a rerelease of their older material: their early comp tracks, tracks from the split Last Rites for Genocide, and their debut EP. Listening to these tracks again, I can see how some people would love their early '80s punk sound, but I still find them just there. You know, a band that I might throw a track onto a homemade comp from, but never really play a whole album of. As far as AT reissues go, this is closer to the FALSE PROPHETS than the essential BGK or AMEBIX. (JF)

(Alternative Tentacles, PO Box 419092, San Francisco, CA 94141)

MICKEY & THE SALTY SEADOGS - "Salt Water And Whiskey" LP

Ahoy lads, trashy limey garage rock from the island of bad teeth brought to you by Mickey Hampshire of THEE HEADCOATS fame. Good stuff here. It reminds me of the PRETTY THINGS and the MIGHTY CEASARS in places. Fans of Billy Childish should definitely pick this up. Avast ye lubbers, and swab me poop deck! (AS)

(Sympathy For The Record Industry (no address), sympathyrecords.com)

MICHAEL PSYCHO
NEVER

MICHAEL PSYCHO - "Never" CD

Great intro track where Michael goes to a studio and deals with a major label producer. Ultimately, Michael proves he has integrity! Yay! Michael wants you to know that he doesn't give a shit if you like his stuff or not, but you can't deny his strong opinions and personality. There's some creative ideas, but the stiff music and heavily sychopated drums and truly angry vocals only amused me for a little bit. Now I'll use this CD to drive away unwanted guests. (HM)

($10 ppd: Black Hole Media, PO Box 160561, Sacramento, CA 95816)

MINDLOCK/SEE YOU IN HELL - split EP

Whoa. So this is a split release between 17 (!!) labels. That's simply crazy. This is worth supporting just by virtue of being the record you can pull out and impress your collector friends. Just think of the conversations it will start! It's also a benefit for the Czech Autonomous Club VRAH. The former are rough, fast hardcore with a obvious political slant. They do make notice of "the best human's invention"—the hardcore gig. Certainly sounds like a band who go all out live. The flip is similar, with the exception that SEE YOU IN HELL aren't shy about slowing it down quite a bit and putting some moodiness on things. Raw, political and uncompromising stuff overall. (TM)

(Hluboka Orba Records, Filip Fuchs, Grohova 39, 602 00 Brno, Czech Republic, orba@seznam.cz)

MINOR THREAT/YOUTH BRIGADE - "Demo" split LP

Fuck yeah! I am seriously getting chills down my spine as I listen to this. Now I love modern hardcore as much as the next guy, but this is what it is all about. This is early hardcore at its absolute finest. These bands need no other introduction other than to point out this is DC's YOUTH BRIGADE. (Not the one from Southern California). The quality on both sides is top notch. And there are even some unreleased songs on the YOUTH BRIGADE side. There is a reason why MINOR THREAT are one of my favorite bands ever. Every time I hear their songs like "In My Eyes" and "Minor Threat" it tweaks something inside of me. I know the whole argument on bootlegs continues to rage on, but when something of this quality comes out it is hard to argue against it. Incredible! (RC)

(Recollect X, no address)

NEGATIVE APPROACH - "Pressure" LP

The Tied Down LP and a live set on one LP. So if you missed the original, the repress, the bootlegs, the CD collection, etc, this is for you. If your collector fanatic, than this is one more bootleg you have to search for. The live set is awesome, but it was released on a live boot LP back in the mid-'90s too. (MW)

(Recollect X, no address)

NERDLINGER
Roadkill Stew

NERDLINGER - "Roadkill Stew" EP

These guys remind me of the REDUCERS SF, melodic working class punk. Imagine nerdy Oisters into roadkill, against schools and wanting to be six years old... it's beautiful. Finally, something to believe in! As a bonus, the recipe for roast dog is on the back cover! Bon Appetit! (HM)
(Simian, 14 Antogher Rd, Roscommon, IRELAND, thumped.com/nerdlinger)

NO GRACE - "Intentions" CD

Time for the burl, the chugga intros (and breakdowns), friends who drifted away, and shouted choruses. Pissed hardcore that mainly draws on the more recent campaigns of the hooded sweatshirt warriors of hardcore, but with tiny elements of past New York and Midwest glory days. In each song the guitar, briefly, takes two steps in front of the rest of NO GRACE and strolls around. Each time was a little tricky and a good listen. (TH)
(Resist, PO Box 372, Newton, NSW AUSTRALIA 20242)

NO PARADE - "Nightsticks and Justice" EP

Great hardcore that takes some influences from the now solidified Tennessee sound. Mix a little COP OUT with TALK IS POISON, throw in some white on black graphics, sing about the injustices of the world....and you got NO PARADE. Their song "Short Leash/Small Cage" kicks ass. (MW)
(Partners In Crime, 4507 N. Gantenbein, Portland, OR 97217)

OHEISVASARA - "Pilaat Huomisen Jo Tänään" EP

Dual female/male vocals holler over 6 fast and intense hardcore tunes from Finland. Very passionate as well as gloomy at times, this is really solid. (SR)
(Novaja Zemlja, Pekantie 26, 58500 Punkaharju, FINLAND, janne@circusofflesh.com)

ORANGES - "900 Miles of Fucking Hell" CD-EP

Best described as art-pop in the manner of say PERE UBU or the EMBARRASSMENT (these comparisons all provided by their press kit, so I don't have to work that hard). But to which I think they sound more like a MOFUNGO. Which basically means they do sneak in off-time riffs and have the vocals pretty distorted under the guise of a "pop" song. Some pretty kooky, obtuse sounding tunes,and there is that NZ-influenced CLEAN (again their press kit) thing going on which is pretty cool. Lots of obtuse riffin' but it all comes together in a tune like "OK Apartment" which is actually sorta catchy as well. Smart and brainy, I'll keep my eyes out on whether they can actually transcend the form. I'll bet they'll probably will. (JY)
(Morphius, PO Box 13474, Baltimore, MD 21203)

THE ORANGES BAND NINE HUNDRED MILES OF FUCKING HELL

PATROL - "Unknown Soldiers" EP

This is old material from a punk rock band that existed between 1981-1983. This band did not get the recognition it deserved in the early eighties, so Intimidation Records has used their first release to document PATROL's career. Any of these songs would have fit in nicely with a NO FUTURE or RIOT CITY "Various Artists" compilation of their day. The six songs are mostly snappy punk numbers coming in a around two minutes per tune. "Pushed" and "Unknown Soldiers" are the best songs on this six song EP. This record is worth having because of it's historical significance. The Unknown Soldiers EP is limited to five hundred copies, so order one now. (BR)
(Intimidation, c/o 7 Viewforth Square, Leven, Fife, Scotland Ky84PQ\
Email: intimidationrecs@blueyonder.co.uk.)

THE PATTERN- "Feverish" EP

The PATTERN, yeah, that's a good name for this East Bay band because they seem very contrived...patterned, fashioned. It bothers me—maybe it's in the unaffected vocals...in any case this band's heart 'n' soul screams straight outta some neo-'60s pop punk garage. The songs are upbeat, even catchy at times, good production, and handclaps. Let's just say these guys are good at what they do and leave it at that. (DL)
(Gold Standard Laboratories, PO Box 12691, Berkeley, CA 94712)

THE PATTERN
-feverish-

PENETRATORS - "Ruff 'n' Tuffys" CDEP

My intuition suggests that these are the selfsame PENETRATORS responsible for the Kings of Basement Rock LP that was released in the '80s and was recently reissued for another generation of listeners, both willing and unwilling. Whoever they are, Ruff 'n' Tuffy's is a four-track EP of loose garage rock that boasts some nice farfisa playing and a singer that suggests Ralph Kramden on Kool-Whip©. Two of the tracks are no-frills covers of otherwise untouchable tunes (the SYNDICATE OF SOUND's "Little Girl" and the MUSIC MACHINE's "Talk Talk"). No address was included, so you're gonna have to stop 'em on the street if you're wanting a copy. (JH)
(no address)

THE PINKOS - "Free as You Want To Be" EP

Two-piece political folk punk. They both sing, and sing together too. This isn't really my thing. (JT)
(Empty, PO Box 12034, Seattle, WA 98102)

THE PINKOS - "Free as You Want To Be" EP

She plays guitar, he plays drums. Why don't they have a bass player? Because, among other equally convincing reasons, "No Doubt has a bass player." It's clear that for their purposes, no additonal rythym section is required. The PINKOS play well-crafted folky "punk" that is political and clear-sighted. Also, they know how to laugh at themselves and do so frequently, which makes for a good time and a good record. (AC)
(Empty, PO Box 12034, Seattle, WA 98102)

PLEASURE SEEKERS - "What A Way To Die/Never Thought You'd Leave Me"

.......A nice re-ish of the 1965 Quatro classic....these two cuts have been turning up for years on various

'60s comps, but Norton does it again with beautiful sound quality and picture sleeve....nice job....oh you kid.....for those of you who ain't hip, the PLEASURE SEEKERS was an all gal thang with a very young Suzi Quatro doing the voice.....the song "What a Way to Die" is punk to the max....it's like "Six Pack" by BLACK FLAG.....seventeen years earlier, and just as hip.....even the MUMMIES dipped their dicks in this one, POISON 13 too.....and countless others....so don't be a fool....have yourself a taste of Suzi Quatro's young pussy.... it tastes GOOD.....(SW)
(Norton, Box 646 Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276/www.nortonrecords.com)

POLYSICS - "Hey! Bob! My Friend!" EP

This is totally crazy new wave synth/ noise with robot voices and the sounds of bubbles popping and chemistry and garage surf guitars in the background. It sounds like it could be the background music in a TV game show for chemistry freaks. It's sort of DEVO, but almost unlistenable. This is just too extreme—too much is going on. (JT)
(Asoam Man, PO Box 35585, Monte Sereno, CA 95030-5585)

POWERBALL - "Opposing Furies" CD

Dude, this is so bad. I can't figure out what they are going for, but they failed, and fucking miserably. Their promo pack (mistake #1) says they've created a hybrid sound that blows down walls. Yeah, walls made of tissue paper. Maybe. They are trying to "make it," that much is obvious, but damn, this just fucking sucks ass. Bad punk songs, bad alt-metal songs, bad ska, I really cannot express how fucking awful this disc is. And while I'm at it, I should bag on the fact they make sure to tell the listener that "Percussion Arrangements by: Chris Knight" (the drummer) and "Bass Guitar Arrangements by: Josh Knight" (the bass player). Big deal, you wrote your own parts, now try writing a good fucking song. Obviously that is a tall order for these fellows, but I figured I would give them some something to strive for. I'm up to track 9 and it just keeps on getting worse...have you guys ever even read this 'zine? Or did you think it was some industry rag that some agent would read and pick you up and shoot you straight to the top. I could go on about how worthless this record is, but there are punk bands who deserve the space. (WN)
(Rat Town, PO Box 50803, Jax Beach, FFL, 32240)

POWERHOUSE - "What Lies Ahead" CD

It looks like Oakland's own POWERHOUSE are back with a new full-length. It seemed they used to play at almost every hardcore show that passed through the Bay Area, then they kind fell off the face of the map. Well here they are, back in all their hardcore glory. I always used to hear about how huge they were on the East Coast, and it is obvious why. Mostly mid-tempo hardcore that charges hard with big riffs and strong production. Think of the old school bands like BREAKDOWN and you will get an idea of what school these guys are coming from. While I generally like my hardcore a little faster, this is definitely a strong release that deserves your attention. (RC)
(Resurrection A.D., PO Box 763, Red Bank, NJ 07701, resurrection-ad.com)

PREJUDICE - "Waiting for the End" CD

Some of the songs bring to my fuzzy mind a less ripping "State Violence, State Control"-era DISCHARGE, while most are fairly standard and less than dynamic growling hardcore punk. One song is a folksy number sung in French that I'd expect to hear at a weekend Renaissance Fair. Plenty of animal rights related sound bites. Observation: in over fifteen years of punk rock hoo haa, I have yet to be offered any sort of hard science arguments against animal testing, only unsettling photographs. (TH)
(Tobacco Shit, 827 Goldbourn, Greenfield Park, QC, J4V 3H4, CANADA)

RED ALERT – "Border Guards" CD

I think this is a greatest hits kinda thing. RED ALERT were one of the bona fide original oi bands back in England back in the day. From Sunderland in the North East (right beside where the brown ale comes from) they've been around forever, in fact according to this they're still recording and playing shows. I was never a huge fan—sure, "SPG" is a cool song and the first album was okay, but I never really got on the boat. Listening to some of the stuff on this it sounds better than I remember it though I'm still not that fussed. Okay. (AD)
(Harry May, PO Box 184, Ashford, Kent, TN24 0ZS, UK)

REMUS & THE ROMULUS NATION - "Casualties of the Drug War" EP

It's so sad to see another record hampered by poor recording. That does not make this a throw away though. The first song on the B-side is also hampered by some horribly off-key vocals but once you get past that this becomes a really good record. This is aggressive, edgy pop punk, similar to what was coming out of the bay area in the late '80s and Florida in the early '90s. The guitar is hidden behind a considerable amount of fuzz, the vocals are half sung, half yelled and the songs are mostly mid tempo, catchy and full of energy. The record also comes with a short news letter from the Humanitarian Action Collective in Memphis. (PA)
(Soul is Cheap, PO Box 11552, Memphis, TN 38111, remusisthebstrd@aol.com)

RESINATORS - "Way Gone/Gotta Go"

Never to be confused with the San Francisco duo of the (almost) same name, the RESINEATORS (who had the name first, but hey...it's not my battle). These dudes are a trio of Illinoisian endomorphs who play simple, non-clichéd garage rock without apologies, mosh-pit breakdowns, or acoustic bridges. "Gotta Go" is a down-and-dirty dirge that runs just long enough for the listener to crack a beer, down its contents, and reach for another (repeat as necessary). A fine and fun debut. (JH)
(Dart Records, PO Box 1843, Fargo, ND 58107, www.yahtzeen.com/dart)

RETARDED/APERS - split CD

RETARDED sounds like early SOCIAL D doing WEASEL tunes in broken English and thick Italian accents. The APERS are the Netherlands' answer to the QUEERS. This really makes me smile not because it's original or even that great but two bands from thousands of miles away appreciating what we have turned our backs on and outgrown. Makes you wish you were just a little less jaded to appreciate it

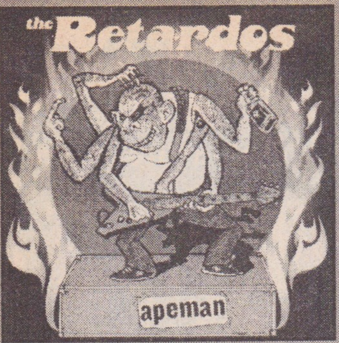
the pleasure seekers

PREJUDICE
Waiting for the end

RED ALERT
BORDER GUARDS

THE RESINATORS

all over again. (BM)
(Wynona, Via, Galta 51 B/ r 16121, Genova, ITALY)

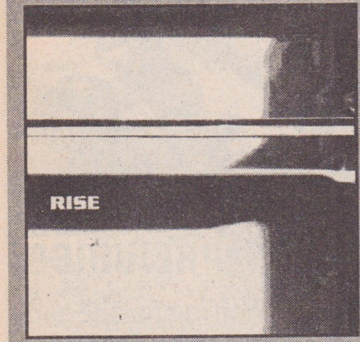


RETARDOS - "Apeman/Rock the Hood"

I'm befuddled. Why the hell do we need more new stoner-rock bands that SUCK? As a semi-subscriber to the sound (when it's not trite and boring), the faddishness is getting maddening, I can only imagine how irritating it is to those who've never bought a HELLACOPTERS record. "Rock the Hood"??? Is that cool? Is it? Oh, yes and enough with the "Retard" band names too OK? Jeez! (RY)
(Glazed, PO Box 82006 Colombus, Ohio 43202)

RHINO WRESTLERS/CHINGALEROS - split 10"

I'm going to Spain in a couple of weeks. I'll be sure to wear all my "woodman shirts", because apparently that's what they like on American girls in those parts. I can't wait to wow 'em with my redneck ways. Anyhow, RHINO WRESTLERS spank out a MOTORHEAD meets DEVIL DOGS thing. CHINGALEROS go for a chaotic and dirty screech in nearly the same vein. Pretty awesome, not life changing, but obviously I'll have some big fun if I'm lucky enough to catch a show over there. (RY)
(Punch, APDO 60167, 28080 Madrid, SPAIN)

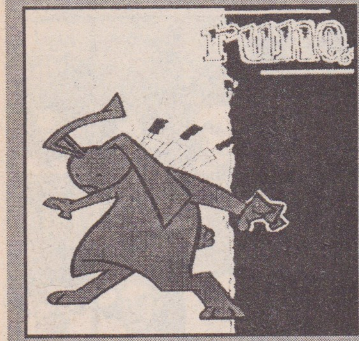


RISE - "Freezer Burn" CD

Punk has many different forms, but let me tell you kids, sounding like Joshua Tree-era U2 isn't one of them. In all truth I should give RISE a little bit more credit for mixing it up. After all, on some songs I hear a definite SIMPLE MINDS influence, plus maybe even a little bit of the JAM (is this how this snuck into the reviewable category?) All in all, Freezer Burn sucks. (JF)
(Boss Tuneage, PO box 19550, London, SW11 1FG, UK)

ROCKET 455 - "Go to Hell" CD

15 songs spanning the Detroit rock combo's less-than-legendary career. The liner notes tell a downer tale of how underrated they were, how ahead of their time(?), and how they never played a show outside the Mid-West. Boo-fucking-hoo, right? They rocked hard in the rawest, and yes, STOOGiest way. They had fans, got some records out. Only thing they suffer from now is lame liner-notes. Just get a hold of the record and let ROCKET 455 speak for themselves. (RY)
(Get Hip, PO Box 666 Cannonsburg, PA 15317)

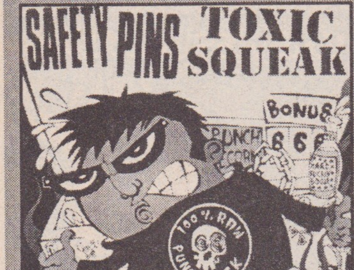


ROPE - "Birdsong" CD

Is it power pop or is it pop punk? Well regardless, the word pop comes up in both of those and that's the key word here. The music has elements of later HÜSKER DU but does seem to lack much of the power, partly because most of the time it is hidden behind the vocals. The vocals themselves are a bit too cleanly sung with lots of pretty back up vocals. The songs are well-played but the vocals make it really wimpy and the record hardly sticks above all the other pop bands. (PA)
(Boss Tuneage, PO Box 19550, London, SWll 1FG, UK, mindbrain@hotmail.com)

RUNE - CD

Woa......The packaging has an almost emo-ish feel to it, and then you put the disc in and you're listening to the CRYPTOPSY demo. Holy shit.....super aggressive death metal but with good lyrics about friendship, religion, etc....Damn good. (MW)
(Crucial Blast, Po Box 364, Hagerstown, MD, 21741)



SAFETY PINS/TOXIC SQUEAK - split EP

Two great Spanish bands. SAFETY PINS have a raw, dirty, fast sound, like playing the RIP OFFS at 45. TOXIC SQUEAK go for an early '80s hardcore sound, that point where everyone was bound to jump over to metal, but people just thought the bands were being funny and were still having a great time. (CK)
(Punch, Apdo. 60167, 28080 Madrid, SPAIN)

SCREAMING LORD STUCH - "Monster Rock" LP

Tunes like "Murder in the Graveyard" and "All Black and Hairy" are closest to BOBBY "Boris" PICKETT's "Monster Mash" in sound and theme, but brass-and-reed backed rockabilly is the main contribution to this curiosity. Formerly of crazed Brit-rockers the SAVAGES, SCREAMING LORD STUCH sings rather sedate rockabilly enervated by screaming ROOT BOY SLIM-like vocals. More interesting than the music is the vocalist's life story, which included a bout against the British Prime Minister. Lovingly pressed on 200 gram vinyl. (SS)
(Munster, P O Box 18107, 28080 Madrid, SPAIN)

SECRETOS DEL CORAZON - "Des Fois il Faut Que j'y Pense" CD EP

Here we have a five song CDEP from this French emo-hardcore outfit. The songs are fairly long, but keep things interesting with plenty to intricate melodies and guitar harmonies. The music stays pretty much in the mid-tempo, epic category, with plenty of loud/soft dynamics. Overall SECRETOS DEL CORAZON reminds me of bands like YOU AND I with their song structure and delivery. The lyrics are sung not only in French and English, but also in German. Being able to translate your lyrics into two different languages definitely shows something. I would surely expect to hear more from these guys in the future. (SP)
(Emergence, c/o Vincent Troplain, 29 rue le nostre, 76000 rouen, FRANCE)

SENSE OF PURPOSE - "A Matter of Respect" CD

Australia's SENSE OF PURPOSE crank out 16 songs of fast hardcore with crisp production that reminds me of TEN YARD FIGHT with a touch more melody. Solid material! (RC)
($8.00ppd. Rely On, PO Box 5030 Hughesdale Vic. AUSTRALIA 31660; senseofpurpose.cjb.net)

SENTIMENTALS - "Our Heroes Forgotten" 2xEP

Decent, under-produced street/brit punk that reminds me of THOSE UNKNOWN. Especially

with themes of "Heroes," a cover of "Johnny Comes Marching Home," and lots of references to "they." Probably best for the oi crowd and that's about it. (RL)
(Headline Line, 7708 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90046, shacked@hotmail.com)

SHEEK THE SHAYK - "Just a Chick" EP

AMAZING vocal impersonation on this one, a cross between Bon Scott and Lemmy. I was all set to rag on 'em, until I realized they're from Oz so it's just the fucking water down there. No, the beer, otherwise how do you account for WET TAXIS? Four songs of the ol' gut-bucket swang-a rama bar-bando-blooza-punka-roll. You can't take it to the prom but you can make out in the alley... (RW)
($5 ppd: Nick Cava c/o Havacone Import, 1901 Turk St. #11, San Francisco, CA 94115)

SICK PLEASURE - "Destroy the Human Race" EP

SICK PLEASURE, rad. This is a reissue of one of my favorite early '80s SF hardcore bands ever. Glad they put this one out. Lead by legendary punk rock lawbreaker, Nikki Sikki, SICK PLEASURE bust out with four from their split LP with cohorts CODE OF HONOR and three from their original 7 incher. Here you get the complete nasty, trashy 'n' crude taste of SF's scummy set. Don't miss out on lyrical mayhem: topics include STDs, speed, and more sick pleasures. If you don't got it, find it. (DL)
(no address)

SIG TRANSIT GLORIA – CD

These guys put out a CD EP a while back that caught my attention so I was glad to see this out. A solid full length of poppy indie punk with keyboards. This reminds me of the ANNIVERSARY without the emo. Maybe it's a keyboard thing, which drive the melodies here. Straight forward and up-tempo but with simple pop vocals and a minimal amount of background vocals. So it's not your layered pop thing. A good change of pace. (RL)
(Johann's Face, PO Box 479164, Chicago, IL 60647,sigtransitgloria.cjb.net)

SKIN OF TEARS – "Out of Line" CD

I didn't know this band was still around. I remember liking their first CD years ago and then I never heard of them again. It turns out they have been putting stuff all along. These guys from Germany crank out some great NOFX type of punk and DOUGHBOYS type of pop punk. Great guitars and a good mix with a couple slow tunes and a couple ska tunes. But the rocking riffing songs with great vocal hooks bring it home. This I dig, I'm surprised Fat doesn't put these guys out over here. (RL)
(Vitaminepillen, Lambertusstr. 20, 52538 Selfkant-Hongen, GERMANY, skin-of-tears.de)

SLUSHI - EP

This sounds like a 7th grade riot grrl band. The girl singer talks in between songs, which is really annoying—she sounds kind of like the girl from SLEATER KINNEY. It sounds insincere and snobby, like they're trying really hard to be NIRVANA or maybe HOLE or maybe BABES IN TOYLAND. (JT)
(The Night of My Accident, no address)

SOUP TOXIC - "The American Style" CD

To these ears, SOUP TOXIC play a strange, half successful mix of SUBHUMANS and English Oi. They have a certain confluence of politics and melody, snotty angry vocals and lots of sing a long choruses. Their sound can get to be a bit too much of the same after a while, but almost any of these songs would round out a hardcore comp nicely. (BG)
(Walked In Line Records, BP04 60840 Breuil Le Sec, FRANCE)

SPITVALVES - "Fine Print at the Bottom" CD

This is better than mediocre—anyone would love these guys live; I'm sure they have all sorts of wacky on stage antics. It's well-executed ska-punk that falls a little short of ska-core, but it's still plenty aggressive. I'm not the biggest fan of this genre, but I know that they're well above their peers. Sounds a bit like JIKER or a sped up THUMPER. (RD)
(PO Box 763, Red Bank, NJ 07701)

STEP SISTER - "Sugar Sweat 8-Track/Second-Hand Smoke" CD

Two records on one CD, or so it appears. I know nothing of STEP SISTER, their origins, pedigree, or plans for the future...in other words, they're getting an honest, prejudice-free listen. First track: sounds good. The singer-ist has a big, booming voice like the guy from NEGATIVE APPROACH, well-suited for making himself heard above the wall of sound he's fronting. They're following a twisted road music-wise: jagged guitars, lurching rhythms, dark lyrical content. I actually quite admire these boys, though their nails-on-chalkboard approach could probably annoy just as easily as inpsire. (JH)
(Smog Veil, 774 Mays #10, PMB 454, Incline Village, NV 89451, smogveil.com)

THE STOOGES - "Declaration of War" LP

Some highlights from the four CD (as I recall) complete Funhouse Sessions release on Rhino. Two songs that didn't show up on Funhouse, the (good) throwaway blues "Slide (Slidin' the Blues)," and "Lost in the Future" (sort of a cross between "Dirt" and the SEEDS' "Faded Picture"), those were the easy picks, plus one alternate take of each of the songs (a strange but not unpleasant experience to hear after so many listens to the released versions) that made the cut (except for "L.A. Blues," if you want to call that a song) but no single version of "Down on the Street" (producer Dan Gallucci adding his DON & the GOODTIMES organ finesse {don't buy the second DON & the GOODTIMES LP, whatever you do, just stick with the one where they cover the SONICS and sound like 'em too, guaranteed best version of "Jolly Green Giant"}. Pardon the length of this review, but we're talking about Important Stuff here. Certainly one of the more interesting of the many recent STOOGES releases. (DD)
(Rhino Handmade, no address)

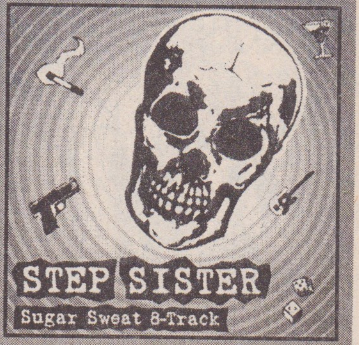
SWAMPASS - "Lipstick Letters/Bastard Park"

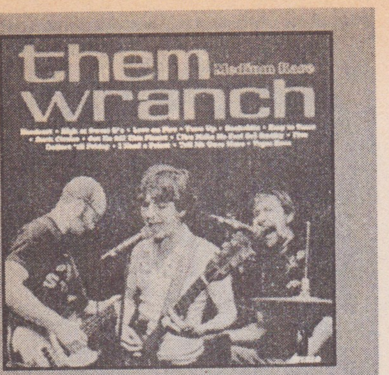
Swanky midwest noise in the tradition of say SCRATCH ACID with slight tinges of JELLO BIAFRA-goes-hick vocals. Combine that with some real irreverent almost FM-rock guitar riffin' and you

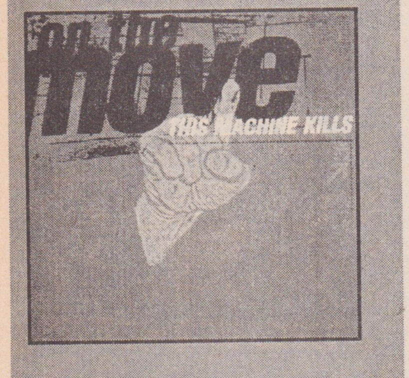
the Sentimentals

SICK PLEASURE
DESTROY THE HUMAN RACE

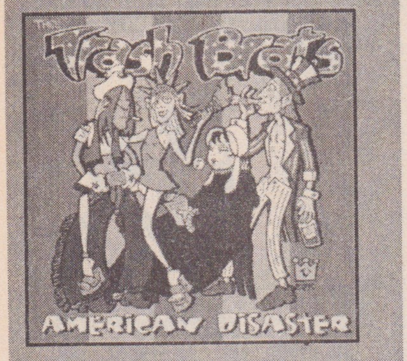
soup toxic the american style







TIP TOPPERS
45



got a minor classic here. Both tunes got me where it counts. Rocks in that twisted midwestern inbred sorta way, which is fine with me. (JY)
(Small Unmarked Bills, 804 Panorama Drive #210. Palantine, IL 60067)

SWARRRM - "Against Again" CD
This Japanese hardcore band has been releasing stuff for a while now, and have certainly polished their delivery, which isn't to say they've gotten mellow! Eleven songs on this disc, clocking in at about thirty minutes or so. Not that those numbers should concern you—generally it flies by, with the uncountable tempo changes and stop/start breaks. There's a certain amount of interplay between the vocalist and guitarist which works well—keeping the tension up. The vocals alternate between screech and guttural moans—not sure if it's the same person (studio trickery?) or an uncredited backup vocalist. Regardless, even when they're somewhat unfocused (see "Illitate") it's quite solid... I bet you could trim a bit here and there, and have a 20 minute, 11 song CD that left no prisoners. (TM)
(Kazuhiro Taniike, 7-1-7 Udezuka-cho, Nagata-Ku, Kobe-City, 653-0036, JAPAN, kapo@dj8.so-net.ne.jp)

SYPHLLOIDS - "Finger Check" CD
Absurd packaging sets the frivolous tone for this six song CD. The clever "It's A Nice Day For A Bath, Hippie" is the best tune and starts the CD off. Then there's a few tunes about those types of girls, a pretty straight version GREG KIHN's "Breakup Song," and finally a tribute to "Christy Canyon." Catchy mid-tempo punk is the flavor of these SYPHLLOIDS. Nothing too special. (HM)
(Etiquette, 12 Antrim Road, Peabody, MA 01960, syphlloids.com)

TEENAGE RAMPAGE - "Plunk Rock" CD
Here you have disposable three chord punk. It puts the "R" in rudimentary. Oh holy fuck, I just read this band's thanks yous and it says "Thanks: God, Jesus Christ (For answering our prayers and making miracles happen)" and then is followed up with "Everything on this record is for fun, it's not meant to offend or influence anyone" That's it. I'm outta here. (DL)
(Amp, no address)

THEE MICHELLE GUN ELEPHANT - "Gear Blues" 2xLP + 45
After hearing so much about this band I was really excited to review this, but unfortunately, its just too groove oriented and long for my tastes. A double LP plus a one sided 7" of tunes that run on average of four minutes a piece really wore me out. I'm really trying to get in to this but it's just not rocking me, though "Killer Beach" is five minutes of heaven—I tell ya, and the 45 has me singing along... I'm not so sure if it's in English. An MC5 influence is apparent but not overwhelming. Maybe I'm just too young to get it. (BM)
(Alive, PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510, alive-totalenergy.com)

THEM RANCH - "Medium Rare" CD
A buncha bar band looking types whose repertoire runs the gamut from country-inspired fare to psychedelic/garage type stuff all performed with a certain, rootsy, yet crazed panache. Unlike the by-the-book guys who study the Pebbles records a little too steadfastly, these guys seem to inhibit the old shit in a spirit that's from somewhere else. They almost remind me of a DEAD MOON with the vibe of say a THOMAS JEFFERSON SLAVE APARTMENTS or something meets the PENETRATORS. The point being that this sounds actually of that era and also not but unselfconsciously so. And their reference points seem to be more psych than garage which is harder to pull off. Not punk rock by any means, but still pretty cool. More than a handful of good tunes here. If you want to do the sixties thing and do something different, check this out. (JY)
(Orange Recordings, oragerecordings.com)

THIS MACHINE KILLS - "On the Move" EP
The title refers to MOVE, an African-American community organization in 1970s Philadelphia, the leader of which was killed by police after years of harassment. "The Revenge of John Africa" is THIS MACHINE KILLS's tribute to community organizers and to political prisoners. The other tracks on this single also give props to people of color who have tightened the bonds of security and trust in their communities against devastating odds. The songs are consistent with last year's split with ENVY—brooding, screamy, pissed, and of course, overtly political, but it feels like musically they've grown more into themselves this time around. Intentionally homespun-looking cover is the EU version; there's a second U.S. cover available. (AC)
(Coalition, Hugo de Grootstraat 25, 2518 Eb Den Haag, NETHERLANDS/El Grito, PO Box 18198, Los Angeles, CA 90018, thismachinekills@dimmak.com)

TIP TOPPERS - "Dance With Me" EP
I didn't think I'd like this given the whole race car driver gimmick and packaging, but boy was I wrong. Hook filled power pop ala the YUM YUMS... actually as it turns out this band has members of the the YUM YUMS and GLUECIFER. Those wacky Norwegians. (BM)
(Sneakers, Algrensv. 9a, 1621 Gressvik, NORWAY, tomerik@moklrgaard.no)

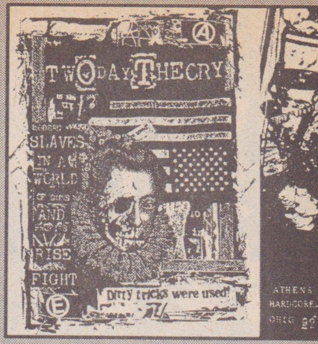
TRASH BRATS - "American Disaster" CD
I had some high hopes for this band. They're from Detroit, they are all glammed up, what else could I ask for? Most songs live up to my expectations, like "Rocket to Heaven" and "Feeding the Mosquitoes". Alas, others do not. "Imitation Generation" sounds like an imitation of BLINK 182 or some other radio-punk band. And lose the ballads, guys. You're not POISON. (DP)
(Storm, PO Box 151, Royal Oak, MI 48068, stormrecords.com)

TREE - "No Regrets No Remorse" CD
This is heavy music with heavy lyrics. The sound is somewhat metal in a HELMET sort of way. The songs are serious, about lost love, alienation, capitalism, pollution and Mumia Abu Jamal, but not depressing in a way that wants to make you kill yourself. Although this is not my usual cup of tea, I real-

ly like this record a lot. (DP)
(Wonderdrug, PO Box 230995, Boston, MA 02123, treemusic.com)

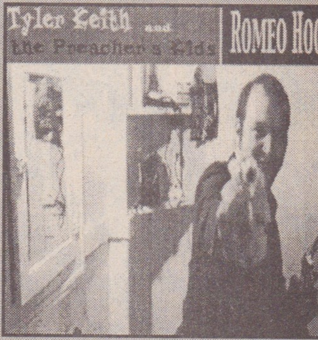
TWO DAY THEORY - "Galadriel's Glass" EP

Poor recording and monotone vocals cripple this record. A mix of growling and yelling are thrown, a little too high in the mix, over some pretty sloppy crust-core with pop hints. The drummer pounds a descent backbone but it sounds like he was recorded at a live show. The guitarist plays some basic hardcore with a few metal riffs thrown in every once in a while but is too low in the mix. A trip back into the studio to clean up the sound and work out the few parts that are a bit off is needed badly. On the other hand the heavy political lyrics are right on track. I know it's cheesy but no matter how many bands sing about racism, sexism and the ills of capitalism, it never gets old. (PA)
(Tree of Woe, 18311 Arch St., Little Rock, AR 72206, treeofwoe88@hotmail.com)



TYLER KEITH & THE PREACHER'S KIDS - "Romeo Hood" CD

I will use this space to answer the questionnaire included in this CD. Nothing, Ray assigned it to me. 107.7 The Bone. Cosmo and MRR. Country, metal and punk. Now I have a few questions of my own. Why do you care? Why did you send this to MRR? Can white boys sing the blues? (DP)
(Louisiana Red Hot, PO Box 53273, New Orleans, LA 70153-3273)

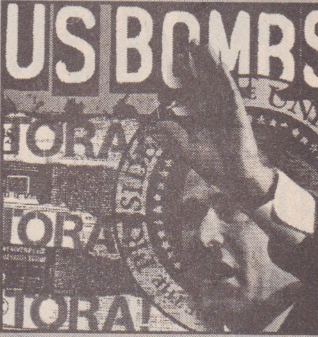

Tyler Keith and the Preacher's Kids
ROMEO HOOD

UNDERTONES - LP

Discos del Oro, yet another Euro label outta the woodwork with reissue in hand, at least plunders the goods of their own side of the Atlantic. (I'm tempted to shout to the others, "Keep yer hands offa the US goods", but you can't get mad at 180 gram vinyl and a gatefold sleeve. While this re-ish is neither 180 gram nor gatefolded, the platter does have a nice feel to it, and the cover does sport a coupla different b+w band photos that weren't on the orig Sire issue. But the songs are the same and there's nothin' really to complain about: pure power punky pop bliss, songs that never overstay their welcome in the 2 to 3 min range, Feargal Sharkey's inimitable chirp, and don't expect a band comparison cuz they were an original, babe. Classic after classic, 14 songs back when the royalties were optimized for 10. The mix on this is really good, sounds a bit meatier than the orig. Liner notes woulda been a nice touch. (HY)
(Discos del Oro, P.O. Box 10398, Madrid SPAIN)

U.S. BOMBS - "Tora, Tora, Tora/Yer Country"

Never been into "the BOMBS" as folks like to call 'em. This single ain't changed my mind none neither. What can I say? Here you got the BOMBS taking the piss out of patriotism. The single is packaged with a photo of Bush as Hitler, and Gore as Satan. The lyrics preach, "Smash fashion, Fascism!" Oh God, why did they give this to me? (DL)
(TKO, 4104 24th St. #103, San Francisco, CA 94114)

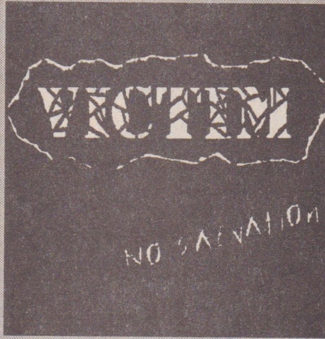


U.S. BOMBS - "Tora, Tora, Tora/Yer Country"

The U.S. Bombs have always produced quality rock and roll. You have to feel sorry for those joyless individuals who can't loosen up enough to appreciate the basic punk rock integrity of the latest Duane Peters vehicle.The singing is right on the money with melodic guitar parts providing lots of hooks. The politics of this 45 could not be more pertinent with the current crop of neo-nazis running the government. This is a good record! (BR)
(TKO, 4104 24th St. #103, San Francisco, CA 94114)

USE TO ABUSE - "It's All About Nothing" CD

USE TO ABUSE push the needle way into the red with all their worst vices exposed. With song titles like, "Surfin' on Alcohol," "Horny and Drunk," "Fuck Me Dead" and "Screwin' Chicks in LA," it's fairly easy to see these guys are taking that sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll thing to the umpteenth level. This over the top, blown out production comes across like some demented German punk interpretation of ZZ TOP. This is 19 tracks of non-stop masturbation. Stroke on boys. (DL)
(Hulk Racorz, Eichendorffstr. 1, 93051 Regensburg, GERMANY)



VICTIM - "No Salvation" EP

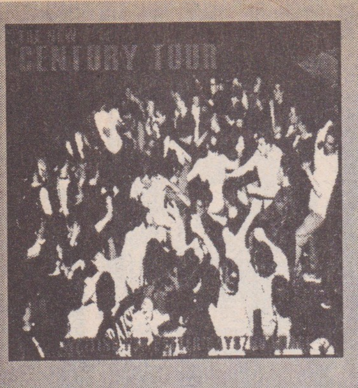
Hmmm.... slow and kinda plodding... if there was a punk rock high school they would be in the same home room as ASBESTOS DEATH. Maybe they would go to parties with DYSTOPIA. Sometimes the dudes from NEUROSIS would come over and shoot the shit, but that was before they started hanging out with those metal dudes and got waaay to into mystical hippie shit... You could do worse, but I'd still rather spend my cash on a burrito. (MT)
(Ministry Of Peace, PMB 121, 4110 SE Hawthorne Blvd, Portland, OR 97214-5246)

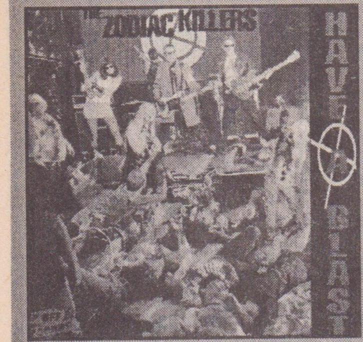
VICTIMS - "Neverendinglasting" LP

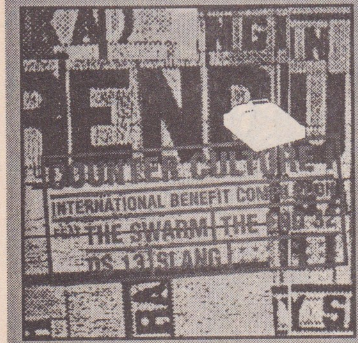
Could someone in Sweden please send me a barrel filled with the water you all drink that causes you to create such fuckin sickly skull crushing punk? Following in a tradition that goes back as far as the Vikings and continues on with a heritage that includes ANTICIMEX, TOTALITAR, WOLFBRIGADE, and SKITSYSTEM—this burly beast has the d-beat firmly in effect, conjuring up the long lost ghosts of such powerhouses as ANTISYSTEM, DISCHARGE (as if you didn't see that coming from a mile away), and a touch of MOTORHEAD. This in your walkman plus a battleaxe in your hand—and your all set to raid some monastery! Hapless monks BEWARE! (MT)
(Yellow Dog, PO Box 55008, 10372 Berlin, GERMANY)

VINDICTIVES - "Hypno-Punko" LP

I've never been huge on this band. I've always lumped them with the QUEERS or CLETUS but with no distinct pluses over the norm, although the covers LPs were good for what they were. So this is a weird concept LP with some of the old-style pop punk mixed in. Pretty much for fans of this group but it is good for that. (RL)
(Coldfront, PO Box 8345, Berkeley, CA 94707, coldfrontrecords.com)







WAITING FOR BETTER DAYS/NO GRACE - "The New Century Tour" EP

WFBD, from France, play what can generically be labeled as emotional hardcore. The heavy guitar and drumming are backed up by catchy bass lines. The vocals consist mostly of screaming with either singing or talking over the break downs that are so classic to the style of music. NO GRACE, from Australia, tend to be a bit heavier and faster. The group chanting, tough-guy vocals and the metal riffs all rate high on the edger meter. Both bands are tight and well recorded. (PA)

(Walked in Line, B.P. 04, 60840 Breuil Le Sex, FRANCE, wilrecords.com)

WOOLWORTHY – "Blasted Into Ashes" CDEP

This Chicago band cranks out some decent power pop punk ala the STEREO and BIG IN JAPAN. Six songs, including an ASEXUALS cover, which seem to be about love and like topics. Basically a good pop release from a well-dressed and suited band. (RL)

(Boss Tuneage, PO Box 19550, London, SW11 1FG, UK, woolworthy@hotmail.com)

WOOLWORTHY – "Sweet Second Place" CD

This CD is a couple of years old (recorded in '98). In fact, I thought it was OK power pop until I heard this band's latest release (also reviewed this month). This is chunky power pop and pop punk with potential. But on the new release, this band delivers the goods. So this is worth getting if you are a pop guy but the new EP is much more developed. (RL)

(Woolworthy, 1923 West Schiller #2F, Chicago, IL 60622, woolworthy@hotmail.com)

ZODIAC KILLERS – "Have a Blast" LP

A new line-up and a new record. The ZODIAC KILLERS are back with 13 snotty as fuck, sneering punk rockin' anthems as you'd expect from a Greg Lowery band (see: SUPERCHARGER, RIPOFFS, etc...) Pardon me while I remove his dick from my mouth, sometimes that makes it hard to be critical of a record. I do have to say this LP is a notch down in it's ferocity from the ZODIAC'S debut full-length attack (sorry Greg). Ross the boss (ex-BRIDES) added something to the band that seems to be missing in the new line-up, but that's coming from a person who thought the BRIDES were one of the best bands to come out of Chicago in a while. Yet, the new female vocals are much better. Ah jesus christ, blah blah blah...enough deconstruction. It's a fucking punk record and it's better than 95% of the bullshit we get at this magazine. Buy it, you won't be disappointed. The first 500 LPs come with a poster personally shot up by the band for all you anti-gun advocates. (AS)

(Rip Off, 581 Maple Ave., San Bruno, CA 94066, www.ripoffrecords.org)

V/A - "Au Pied Du Mur..." LP

This awesome compilation is a benefit for the Anarchist Black Cross, a federation of autonomous groups supporting prisoners and their rights. This record crosses the many sounds of punk from crust to very mellow. Highlights include SIN DIOS, KALASHNIKOV, CRIA CUERVOS, DIE SCHWARZEN SCHAFFE. It comes with a beautifully laid out booklet in different languages about the ABC, political prisoners, and lyrics. A great record and benefit! (SR)

(Maloka, BP 536, 21014 Dijon Cedex, FRANCE, ppd $7)

V/A - AXIOM/CHURCH OF NIHIL/AUTONOMIA split LP

A truly international record that starts out with the now defunct AXIOM, whose songs are not quite as good as their LP, but they still have all of the metalli fury they are famous for. AUTONOMIA, from Peru, are the punkest band on the record, with a simple style that is completely addictive, and great anarchist lyrics. They remind me a bit of old NAKED AGGRESSION. Finland's CHURCH OF NIHIL deliver 4 songs of crusty hardcore with slight metal leanings; driving hardcore with melodic guitar leads all over the place, I'm sold. The record comes with a great newsprint booklet with contributions from all three bands, rounding out a great release. (WN)

(Catchphraze, PO Box 533, Waddell, AZ 85355)

V/A - "Back Seat Love II" LP

.......all-American punk/powerpop....hmmmm....there's a lot of good shit on this comp.....RUBBER CITY REBELS, FLASHCUBES, (American) BOYS, SALVATION ARMY, INVADERS, just to name a few.....total powerpop fag stuff....nice sleeve, nice selection, but the quality is a bit thin....real boot leggy, but not as bad as those dreaded Power Pearls...... for all I know the same cock suckers that put those turds out had their stinky little fingers in this project as well.....who knows what goes on in the secret life of bootlegging....a lot of dick smoking, that be fer sure!!!!!! (SW)

(Total Motherfuckin' Boot, inc.)

V/A - "Barbaric Thrash Demolition Vol. II" EP

Does it really get any better than this these days? Just when you thought the 7" comp was dead, once again 625 whips another rager out and smacks it across your face. Drop the needle son, cause here we go; DISCARGA, ESPERANZA, JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS, LIMP WRIST, and LIFE'S HALT—can you go wrong with that line up? Winner of the best lyrics award go to ESPERANZA for the line that goes "…cause you're a person that treats people shitty/ we're gonna strew your body parts all throughout this city…" (it's about the fucking cops— duh!). Man I'm so fucking stoked that sloppy fast hardcore that is most certainly punk is back in full force—it's about fucking time. Get out the money and send it immediatly to… (MT)

(625 Thrashcore, PO Box 423413, SF, CA 94142-3413)

V/A - "Counter Culture" EP

This is a benefit EP for some Indonesian cause or other, but since we only got a preliminary version of the sleeve, I can't tell you any more than that. It features four thrash bands from various locations, and sounds pretty damn good, so if you're into DS-13, SLANG, the END 32, the SWARM, or Indonesia, you might want to check this out. (AM)

(Coalition Records, Hugo De Grootstraat 25, 2518 EB, Den Haag, NETHERLANDS)

V/A - "Delincuentes" LP

Mostly moody cantares with some solid stompers from Mexican and South American bands of

the Sixties. Heavy hitters such as LOS OVNIS, LOS YAKI, LOS SAICOS, LOS SHAINS and LOS SPEAKERS alongside lesser-known worthies such as LOS BULLDOGS and LOS YETIS. Certain amount of sonic scuzz (you try finding cleaner copies of this stuff, just go ahead and try) does not detract from the enjoyment. (DD)
(Martian, no address)

V/A - "East-Side Sound, Vol. II"

More Los Angeles obscurities dished out from Lee Joseph and the Bacchus Archives. This compilation corrals together a slew of '64-'66 era bands that were honing their craft in the wilds of East Los Angeles, a culturally fertile zone that unfortunately never got a proper mention when the annals of LA rock 'n' roll were being drafted. As faceless as many of these acts (the ATLANTICS, BLENDELLS, MARK & the ESCORTS and CASSINOS, among them) may have been, the cumultive effect works like a charm. High-pitched pre-pubescent garage pop, soul and R&B, as honest and feckless as the best of Back from the Grave or Teenage Shutdown series. Cheap kicks. (JH)
(Dionysus/Bacchus Archives, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)

V/A - "Home of the Brave" CD

An interesting, but incredibly repetitive, mix of US and Australian Hardcore Bands. Basically the feeling I got here is that the purpose of this release is somewhat to equate Australian Hardcore (primarily bands released on this label, Resist) with bands that we know here to be pretty mediocre. Maybe being a straight edge hardcore band from New York means a little more to someone living in Australia. Representing the US are bands like KILL YOUR IDOLS, Oakland's own POWERHOUSE, BREAKDOWN, etc. Some of the Ausies: VOICE OF DISSENT, FRONTSIDE, DEMOLITION HIGHSTYLE, WITHIN BLOOD, ARMS REACH, etc. This is totally not my style, but even if it was, I don't think I would enjoy this. (SP)
(Resist, PO Box 372, Newtown, N.S.W. AUSTRALIA, 2042)

V/A - "Intense Energy" EP

This EP captures a live show that was recorded in Goleta in 2000. While the sound quality of course goes from OK to bad, that's what a live recording is...especially when you're dealing with bands like LIFE'S HALT who generally more in the air or attacking each other than worrying about playing their instruments. 6 Bands all together: WHATEVER IT TAKES, DIEHARD YOUTH, FIELDS OF FIRE, OVER MY DEAD BODY, LIFES HALT and IN CONTROL. Get it or pay $50 for it in 5 years. (MW)
(Camel Clutch, 333 Sunset Dr, Oxnard, CA 93035)

V/A - "A Proper Fucking Punk Album" CD

...Ughh... Ok so I've sorta got mixed feelings about this puppy and "compilations" like it, sure it's got all you favorites from the '80s (the EXPLOITED, the RUTS, ANGELIC UPSTARTS, UK SUBS, STIFF LITTLE FINGERS, etc.) doing songs you've heard before and there all good catchy tunes– but see that's kind of the problem. At this point what's the difference between this and a GRATEFUL DEAD greatest hits CD? Not much, its all nostalgia and looking backwards and I'm not really interested too much in that these days...the more you look backwards, the more likely you are to fall on your face. Good for those of you who need to do their homework I suppose—it's good to know your history, but it's more important to not to get stuck there. (MT)
(Harry May, PO Box 184, Ashford, Kent, TN24 OZS, ENGLAND)

V/A - "Romp" LP

Ok, so once again I love comps, lets just get that out of the way. I mean what better way to find out about the musical happenings in other countries? This here would be a comp that focuses on Swiss punk bands that also happens to be a benefit for an info shop, 'zine, record label, and gig organizing collective based in Luzern. As usual there's the good, the bad and the ugly—just enough of everything to keep all the kids happy and to give a good look into what goes on in the Swiss punk world. Personal faves would be RE-SISTERS, CATCHPOLE, BORN AFTER BAN, LA GRANDE SENSATION DEL KIKKERIKI, UGLY AESTHETICS, and H.U.R.E. You really can't go wrong and hell it is a benefit so get off your ass and order away! (MT)
(Romp Productions, PO Box 6347 Luzern, SWITZERLAND)

V/A – "That Darn Punk" CD

A movie soundtrack that includes LAGWAGON, ATARIS, RANCID, AFI, SWINGIN' UTTERS and VANDALS to name a few. Most of these songs are unreleased to the best of my knowledge or at least half. Mixed with audio from the movie, this is decent. Especially if you are into "name" bands. Not essential but not a waste either. (RL)
(Kung Fu, PO Box 3061, Seal Beach, CA 90740, kungfurecords)

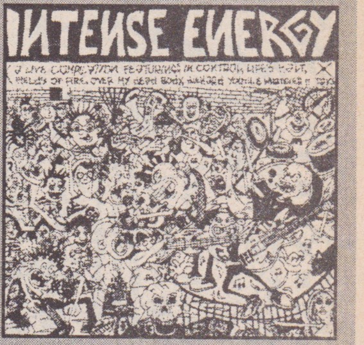
V/A - "Worldwide" CD

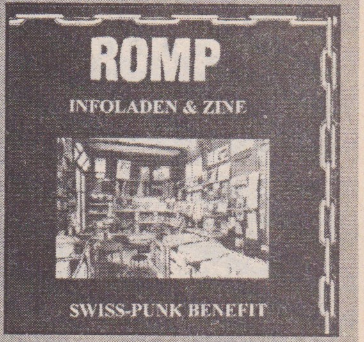
This compilation CD covers bands from coast to coast here in the USA, as well as a few that live outside of our borders. The line-up is strong and it includes HOODS, BREAKDOWN, ABOVE THE WORLD, NJ BLOODLINE, SWORN VENGEANCE, CLENCHED FIST, HELLCREW, DAY OF MOURNING, RYKERS, ALL BETS OFF, FALLOUT, CAST IN STONE, TRUTH, REDLINE, PUNISHMENT, S.E.E.D., DISEPTIKONS, the SCRUBS, BEYOND SORROW, LOWLIFE, ALC, STAMPIN GROUND and QUIBRON. This is all rough-edged hardcore with bruising breakdowns, a touch of metal and solid production. The stand out tracks on here were SWORN VENGANCE, S.E.E.D., STAMPIN GROUND and the HOODS. A great compilation for fans of this style of hardcore. (RC)
(Westcoast Worldwide, 6565 Fordham Way, Sacramento, CA 95831-2219)

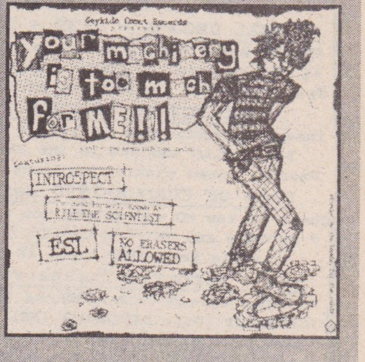
V/A - "Your Machinery Is Too Much For Me!!!" EP

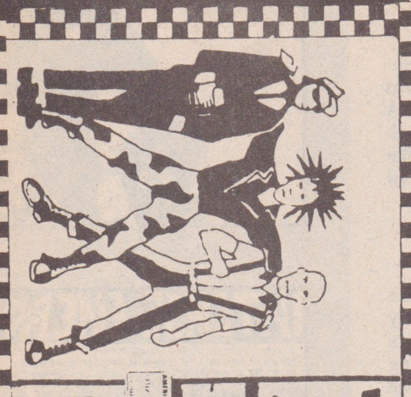
A mix bag on this four band 7". INTROSPECT play straight-up melodic punk. NO ERASERS ALLOWED do the forgettable punk thing. KILL THE SCIENTIST definitely have more than one later era Vinyl Communication release in their collection. Finally ESL play some kick ass punk reminiscent of some bay area stuff from the early '90s, complete with great lyrics. Worth the cash for the ESL sofgs. (JF)
(A Geykid Comet Records, PO Box 3743, Laguna Hills, CA 92564)

HOME OF THE BRAVE









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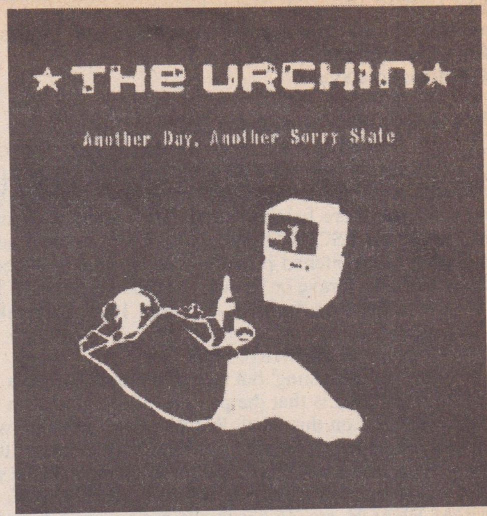
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SOCIETY OF FRIENDS - LP
Insane hardcore that is like a mix between BLACK FLAG and MAN IS THE BASTARD (I swear). Speed picking hardcore brutality.

FACE OF CHANGE-1990 Demo 2xEP
Combo of raw HC and melody not unlike early 7 SECONDS and UNIFORM CHOICE. Raw 4-track style recording keeps it punk.

V/A - Barbaric Thrash Vol II EP
Manic thrash from DISCARGA (Brazil), LIMPWRIST (US), ESPERANZA (US), JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS (Japan) and LIFES HALT (US).

THE REAL ENEMY - EP
Positive, political and fast youth crew from Minneapolis. Their last record.

DEAD END - Debut EP
Ex-OUTLAST kick down some superb fast youth crew with enough melody to keep it catchy. Reminds me of the GORILLA BISCUITS Ep

BREAKFAST - Debut EP
Debut of Tokyo skate thrash. Quirky, off beat manic and fierce! Watch out for em.

WxHxN - The Second Year CD
The 6", Japan Tour Ep, and the 'Ahora Mas Que Nunca' EP, plus some other goodies and surprises!

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STILL AVAILABLE

SPAZZ - Sweatin II CD (almost gone)
CRUCIAL SECTION - LP (repressed!)
PLUTOCRACY - Dankstahz CD
HHH - 2xCD Discography
JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS - EP (repress soon)
CURTAINRAIL/KUNGFU RICK-Split EP
YOUTH ENRAGE - LP (almost gone)
MAJESTIC FOUR - Demo EP
DISCARGA - EP
KUNGFU RICK - CD
Gorymelanoma/Emetic - Split EP
LIE - Debut Ep (found a few left)

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But check the 625 website for a list of other distributors that carry my titles!

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RAMBO - LP
Their live shows are already infamous. Mix FINAL EXIT (Swe) and early MADBALL, throw in some fatigues and a huge mosh pit and you have fucking RAMBO.

DUMBSTRUCK - LP
Ex-RIPCORD fellas playing some Scandanavian inspired hardcore. Reminds me of the first RIPCORD Flexi.

HIGHSCORE - Discography CD
Super fast youth crew from Germany. Contains the LP, EP, comp tracks and the demo. Crucial Response fans will dig....

LIFES HALT/WxHxN - Split LP/CD
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contains the dear jesus lp, trax from 7" splits FALL SILENT,NOOTHGRUSH, and DYSTOPIA; a song on an EBULLITION comp & a unreleased track

MAN IS THE BASTARD
"Mancruel"

deep six #24 CD

material from the split/CAPITAL CASUALTIES remixed, split with BLEEDING RECTUM remastered a unreleased track and

NO COMMENT

deep six #23 12"

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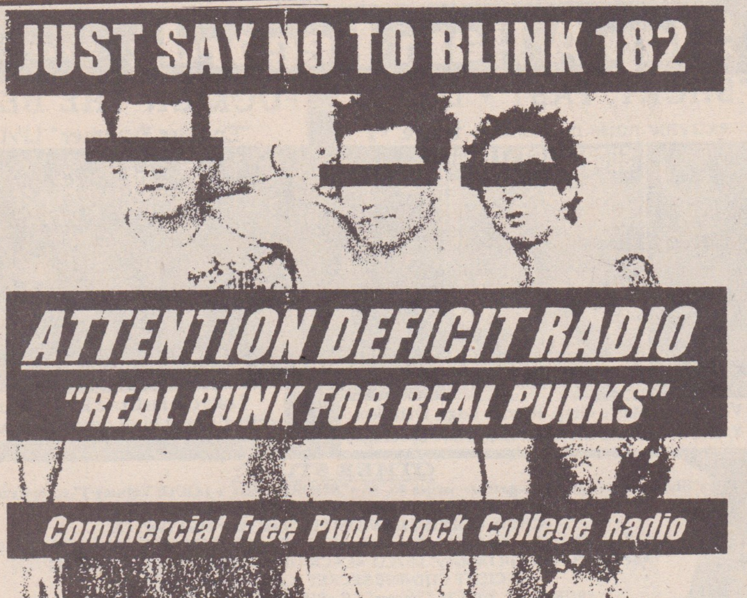

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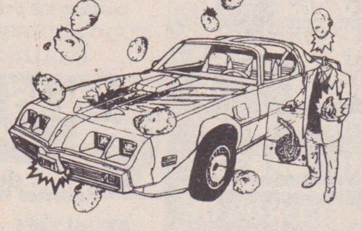

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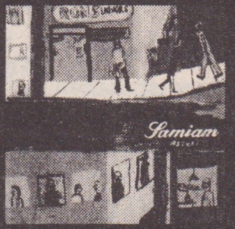

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ZINES

Reviews by: (AC) Arwen Curry, (AR) Aragorn, (KC) Karoline Collins, (MD) Mikel Delgado, (RD) Raphael DiDonato, (GF) Gardner Fusuhara, (HH) Harald Hartmann, (MK) Mark Kessler, (JM) Jeff Mason, (JL) Jennifer L. Mushnick, (NN) Nellie Nelson, (MN) Mimi Nguyen, (CR) Casey Ress, (DS) Denise Scilingo.

Please send your zine in for review. Write down any information you want included in the review; method of printing, number of pages, issue number and post paid price. if you want us to include a foreign post paid price, tell us. If you accept trades, tell us. The only information we will include is what you provide us.

ALL THIS IS MINE #5 / $3 ppd
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - offset - 24 pgs

All This is Mine is, by far, one of my favorite zines that I have been lucky enough to review on multiple occasions. This number is creative, artsy without being pretentious, and seems very true to Sugene's (the editor's) vision of what a zine should be. Each zine has some unique touch to it and some remnant from the author's life. So basically, this zine departs, in style and content from the mass produced approach of other zines covering things like how to bind books, how to write a letter, handmade luggage tags, and various stuff dealing with punk and fringe culture. Well worth your three bucks plus postage. (JL)

1709 University Ave #5 / Berkeley, CA 94703

ARTCORE #15 / £1.50 ppd UK, $3 world
8 1/2 x 12 - offset - 28 pgs

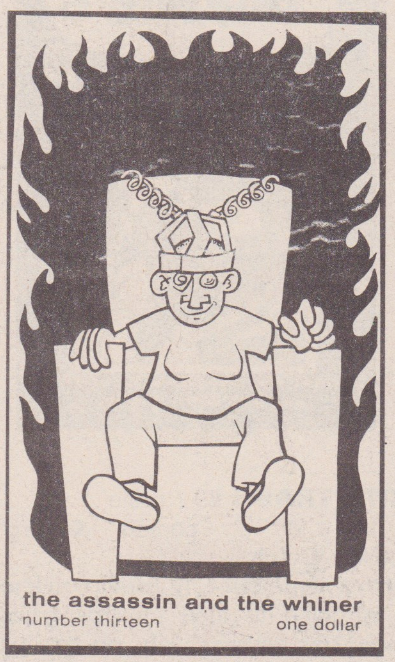
This is the anniversary issue, and it's packed with interviews and pieces on current and old bands, Dillinger Four, Alkaline CH3, Kraut, and a cool interview with Chris(tine) Boarts. Tons of stuff is jammed in here, in tiny font and it takes forever to wade through it, but very enjoyable. (GF)

1 Aberdulais Road / Gabalfa, Cardiff / CF14 2PH Wales UK

THE ASSASSIN AND THE WHINER #13 / $1 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs

I was excited to see another installment of this great comics zine. There's plenty of misery herein - autobiographical tales of despondent alcoholism and sexual abuse - and I appreciated Carrie's gift for illustrated story telling while bumming on her stories. Highly recommended; well worth the dollar. (JM)

PO Box 481051 / LA, CA 90048
asswhine@hotmail.com



BASEMENT JOURNALS #2 / $1?
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 14 pgs

Some of this brief zine I enjoyed and some of it just rubbed me the wrong way. A self-described "personal type" zine, *Basement Journals* includes articles dealing with the author's experience with narcolepsy, being sick, living in a haunted house, and gender/sexual roles. The rant addressing gender and sexual roles seemed to contradict itself in several ways. While the author points out the ways that women are complicit and active in the oppression of other women, she proceeds to condemn women who identify with stereotypical "feminine" style making the old conservative, feminist claim that high heels and makeup are just "the man's" tools, keeping the women down. This analysis completely judges and ignores the ways that women express themselves and negotiate their power in this culture as active, sexual human beings.Though the rest of the content of this zine was pretty thoughtful and honest, this article ruined it for me. (JL)

32 Winonah Ave / Wayne, NJ 07470

BITTER PIE #7 / $2
5 x 7 - copied - 14 pgs

This is a comic zine that comes with a free sticker touting what seems to be the anthem of the zine and its author: "Not Your Bitch." (Now that I've got the sticker, I get to embrace the anthem, as well.) I really like this because every drawing is full of heart and soul. The pictures are complex, full of subtle details that tell interesting anecdotes of their own. In this issue, *Bitter Pie*'s heroine, Charlott, goes to Gent, Belgium to escape her life in San Francisco; she gets really drunk and rejected for sex, then goes to Paris with the man who rejected her to see *Tom Waits*! I really hope this story is based somewhat on the author's real life because while I wish it was me who saw Tom Waits in Paris, I would gain much comfort in knowing this girl was there in my place. There's also a realistically depressing tale included about Charlott getting chased and hit off her bike by a crazy and yet typical asshole in a car, complete with social commentary on the dismal job served by the police in the U.S., which flows into the following page where the commentary expands to discuss capitalism and all its corporate baseless glory. (AW)

1943 Mission St / San Francisco, CA 94103

BITTER PIE #8 / $2
5 x 7 - copied - 16 pgs
Yet again, a comic zine with a free "Not Your Bitch" sticker. In this issue, Charlott gets a miserable and boring job working for some despicable dot.com company. Loads of smart commentary comes through the written story line, as well as in every detail of the pictures. Worth reading again and again. (AW)
1943 Mission St / San Francisco, CA 94103

BULLSHEET #5 / $1.50 ppd or trade
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 28 pgs
Kinda small and simple, *Bullsheet* at least covers bands I've never heard of - Shorthanded, locals Fun 100 ("crappy... always will be"), Witness Protection Program, and some "shocking" Christian band. Also included is a decent rant on a trend that needs to die - yes, mullets, give it up already. (*Bullsheet* is pro-mullet, nearly reverential.) The editor claims this is mostly being read by folks in his town who don't know what zines are. I found it to be on the better side of average. (JM)
2846 Evergreen St / Abbotsford, BC / V2T 2S1 / Canada

BiTTER PiE
No.7
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FREE STiCKER!
$2 ppd

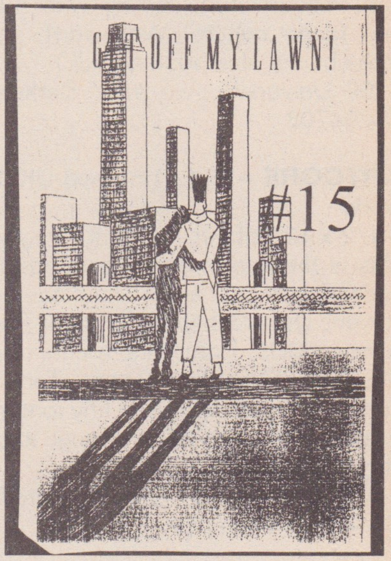
CHIPS 'N' COOKIES #0 / 20 ff
8 1/4 x 11 1/2 - offset - 27 pgs. - French
Lamenting the closing of squats and other community organizations in their area, the editors of this new fanzine are attempting to do something positive with it. Though they don't seem overtly "political" in their musical leanings (interviews with the B Movie Rats, RFTC, Sin City Six, etc.), these folks have their hearts in the right place, and put out a fine-looking tribute to rock 'n' roll (mostly American, but with plenty of props to their countrymen). I especially liked the Andre Williams interview. Hope they keep up the good work. (AC)
Remue Méninges / 52 Bld André Sautel / 17000 La Rochelle / France

Get BenT!
#8
$2.00
In This Issue: The END of Sid and Dex!
(and we MEAN it this time)

CITY TRASH #9 / trade
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 44 pgs - English/Dutch
With a name like *City Trash*, you know it is going to lean towards garage rock. Has reviews, info on the local scene, and a interview with the Apemen. Unfortunately for me, the Apemen interview is in Dutch. Overall this issue is in English for those of us who don't speak any Dutch.
(DS)
Biezenveld 48 / 7943 MC Meppel / Holland

D.I.Y. "HOW TO" GUIDE / $3?
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 48 pgs
A great resource - I'm all into zines like this, sharing of skills, empowering and enabling self-sufficiency and all that. However, some of this is so punk-centric, that there's not much in here that I think I would use. I know there are people out there who haven't learned silkscreening or want to start a pirate radio station, or want to scam photocopies. But how many of us are really going to make bombs? My dream D.I.Y. guide would teach me how to build alternative energy sources, do home repairs, fix my turntable, get free cable, and bake a cake (it helps for making bombs). But in the meantime, we can learn about starting a record label and making patches. (MD)
Crimethinc - Urban Pirates / 201 N Cedar St / Greensboro, NC 27401

FSHUT STONCA #8 / $4
8 x 6 - copied - 92 pgs - Polish
Hardcore, grindcore— that is how I would best describe this zine. It is packed with interviews and articles on mostly Polish bands including Apatia, Wierszie, Dismond plus others. There are also lots of record, zine and gig reviews. The highlight of the zine is an article of a band's tour in Rumania which in my mind would be like the Sex Pistols touring Texas twenty-two years ago. Anyway a good zine worth checking out if the language doesn't frighten one away. (HH)
Rafat Grodzicki / Stoneczna 79 / 38200 Jasto / Poland



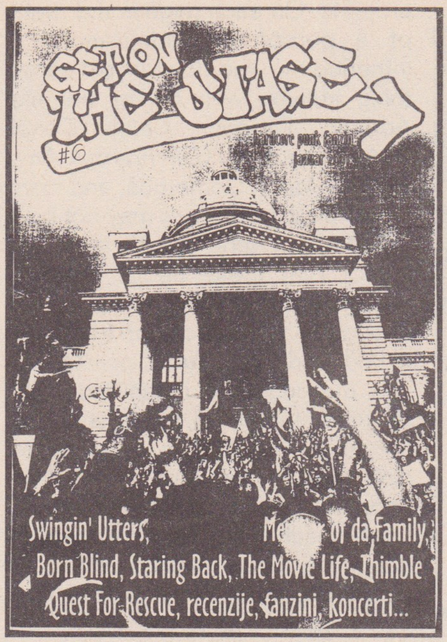
GET BENT #8 / $2.50
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - offset - 28 pgs
In this installment of the comic *Get Bent*, the main characters wind up in hell. Never having read the previous issues, I really don't think I missed much. There were some amusing moments though. The editor promises a new storyline for the next issue which sounds pretty interesting. But

as for this issue, I really don't have many positive things to say. (DS)
PO Box 7273 / York, PA 17404

GET ON THE STAGE #6 / $3
8 x 6 - offset - 84 pgs - Serb-croatian
I have been waiting all month to review this hardcore zine from Serbia. Yeah, this zine proves punk can take a licking and keep on ticking. Fuck War!!! Alright some of the bands interviewed include Boy Sets Fire, Swingin Utters, Member Of Da Family (Belgrade hardcore), Thimble and Born Blind. There are also record, zine and gig reviews plus plenty of ads. Yeah, it is a hard to read language, even when in the Latin script, but get off your ass and support a scene that has been bombed with radioactive waste. (HH)
Vladimir Orescanin / Aleksandra Stojanovica 9 / 22300 Stara Pazova / Yugoslavia
stagezin@yahoo.com

GO GUERRILLA #2 / free
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 44 pgs.
Go Guerrilla, the fanzine, was spawned from Go Guerrilla, the multimedia show, performed last year in an attempt by the editor to revive Buffalo's fractured artist/activist community. It sounds like the group of friends assembled had quite a year, and approached making the zine clearly invigorated. Much of the zine focuses on various nuances of the Buffalo scene, but there's plenty for the out-of-town schmo as well, like interviews with Seth Tobocman, Rich Mackin, and other manipulators of the common media. (AC)
PO Box 995 / Buffalo, NY 14213

HANGING LIKE A HEX #15 / $2
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 92 pgs
Typical hardcore zine that I can't actually consider a zine because it's got a fancy full color cover, expensive looking print job, and lots of full page record label ads. Interviews with Euphone, Inkling, Turmoil, Poison the Well, All Else Failed, Anodyne, Embodyment, and Cursive. Lots of record reviews, a couple of book reviews, and a few columns. The theme of this issue is on death and dying which comes up in the intro and a few of the columns. Unfortunately the columns are brief and much of the writing is poorly developed as if written very hastily. Most strikingly underdeveloped is the first column which is some boy's go-nowhere attempt at clarifying his "spiritual faith" in hardline. He's adamant in stating that he's not offering a "defense" of hardline, but the only point I felt able to pull from his writing was such a defense, albeit a weak and pathetic one. Even more confusing for me was that he devotes an entire paragraph of his short piece to stating his willingness to engage in dialogue with anyone who doesn't understand his views, but unlike the other columnists, he doesn't even offer an email address for correspondence. Go figure. Maybe if you're a huge fanatic about one of the bands interviewed, you'll find this worth your two bucks. (AW)
201 Maple Ln / N Syracuse, NY 13212

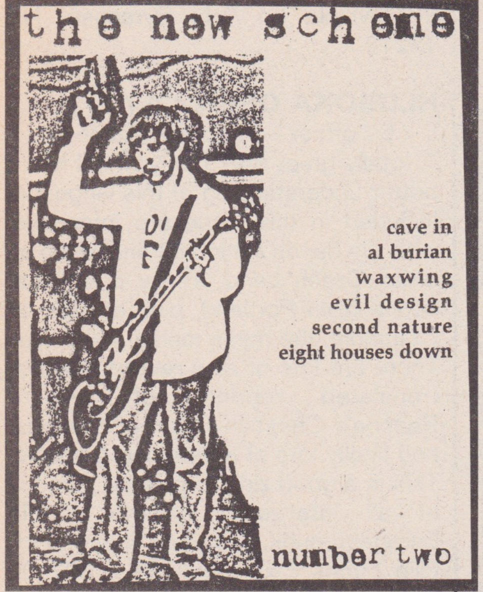

GET ON THE STAGE
#6
hardcore punk fanzin
Swingin' Utters, of da Family,
Born Blind, Staring Back, The Movie Life, Thimble
Quest For Rescue, recenzije, fanzini, koncerti...

HLUBOKA ORBA #21 / $4
8 x 6 - offset - 104 pgs - Czech
A totally great zine, I only wish I had a better understanding of this language. Included in this issue are interviews with the bands Antichrist and Mliko an older Czech band. There is a great scene from Portland, plus articles on Columbia, the mass media and drugs. There are lots of new record reviews, translated reprints of Skipard Reason's Christian's Corner columns, and finally lots of interesting graphics. This is a good zine to pick up if one is at all interested in the middle European punk, anarchist scene. (HH)
Filip Fuchs / Grohova 39 / 602 00 Brno / Czech Rep
orba@seznam.cz

HODGEPODGE #7 / $4 US, $6 world ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 100 pgs
It must be a heck of a job for the small editorial staff (two people?) to get this monster out. In mostly tiny print you get articles or interviews about a variety of liberal/ radical causes. I especially enjoyed Dave Grenier's history of the IWW, the talk with the stripper who helped unionize her job, and the interview with the Prison Moratorium Project. Also there's information on the shittiness of the Gap, student activism, the Dineh of Big Mountain, Chomsky, Anti-Product, etc. There's a fawning interview with "indie" rocker Mark Kozelek, *who does commercials for the Gap* - what the fuck??? They put this dude on the cover even! Overall this is very well done and there is a ton of material to peruse and organizations to contact. (JM)
114 Anderson Pl Apt #10 / Buffalo, NY 14222 / cestpodge@aol.com

INFECTION #2 / $2 ppd
8 1/2x 11 - copied - 32 pgs
Totally great and articulate fanzine from our crazy Canuck neighbors. I don't like 'em, you don't like 'em, but fact of the matter is they cover grindcore like no other. Interviews with Tear

It Up, G.S.M. and Grief, among others. Clean layout and a good sense of humor about the scene. (RD)
PO Box 43542 / 1531 Bayview Ave / Toronto, ON M4G 3B5 / Canada



THE NEW SCHEME #2 $2 ppd US, $4 ppd world
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 56 pgs
Pretty straight-forward music mag. Interviews with Cave In, Al Burian, Waxwing, Second Nature, and Eight Houses Down. It's got the columns, the record reviews etc, but none of it seemed to have very much passion. There is a lot of work here, and some of it is interesting... it just seemed like the amount of mechanical work outweighed the mental part. (GF)
PO Box 19873 / Boulder, CO 80308

OX #42 / $6
11 x 8 - offset - 156 pgs - German
Another thick action packed issue of this long running German zine. The cover is devoted to Rocket From The Crypt. There are plenty of interviews including The Donnas, Petrograd, Dropkick Murphys, Antiseen, Propagandhi, Woggles, Hellacopters, etc... There are also loads of record reviews, and cool ads. And finally the whole damn package comes with it's usual free CD sampler. I always find this zine a fun and informative read. (HH)
PO Box 102225 / 42766 Haan / Germany
www.punkrawk.com

PEOPS #1 / $4 US, $5 World
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - offset - 48 pgs.
Peops is one of Fly's (you know, Fly: she draws people with two faces and doesn't pay rent) newest and best projects. On each page is a drawing of a person Fly admires or is intrigued by, who does or did something striking with his or her life. Adrienne Droogas, Cindy (*Doris*), Dick Lucas, Erika (*Girl Frenzy*), Amyl Nitrate, Aaron Cometbus, and many other folks you may or may not have heard of are here. What's important is not that these peops are well known, but that they have lived well enough to tell a story or two when asked, and this is full of great ones. The drawings are much more like sketches than Fly's comic style, but they're willing to go in whatever direction they have to, to reveal the peop in the person being drawn. Under each one is a short caption about the person, and around their silhouette, their story is told first-person in little tiny letters. Not too many of these were made, which had something to do with their glamorous, brightly printed covers, so don't count on getting a copy of *Peops* right away. But if I were you, I'd try. (AC)
PO Box 1318 Cooper Stn / New York City, NY 10276

PLASTIC NEWSLETTER #12 / $1
11 x 8 - offset - 4 pgs - Polish
There are interviews with the bands Rudo and West Bay bandana thrashers What Happens Next. And there is a page and a half of record reviews. (HH)
PO Box 42 / 95201 Pabianice 3 / Poland
hatecore@poczta.wp.pl

POLAR BEAR VIXEN # 27 / $2
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 60 pgs
This zine is 98% about wrestling and 2% about Bruce Campbell of Evil Dead. The wrestling they mainly cover is Lucha Libre, Mexican wrestling. Also includes a short SHORT interview with Evan Dorkin. Has some interesting stories about a wrestling photographer and biographies about much loved Mexican wrestlers. An entertaining read. (DS)
1515 N Ainsworth St #14 / Portland, Oregon 97217

RAD PARTY #26 / $2
4 x 6 - copied - 92 pgs. - French
Stéphane starts this one off retrospecting about the last ten years of *Rad Party*, pretty impressive indeed. The zine is cute and compact as usual, with Stéphane's signature high contrast art on the cover. He even included a *Rad Party* 2001 calendar! And his prolific style, incorporating comments on punk rock new and old into the context of his daily life, along with some pontificating about the state of things punk, is edifying to the extent that I read French. But I gotta say, I'm totally turned off by a really sexist cartoon stuck right in the middle of the fanzine (girlfriend makes too much noise during sex, so gets her head chopped off while still getting fucked). Aargh. What the fuck? (AC)
Rad Party/Small Budget Productions / B.P. No.07 / 78110 Le Vesinet Cedex / France

HLUBOKÁORBA
cena 35 Kč
číslo 21

RANT #18 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 16 pgs
I'm flipping through the zine and right there staring at me on page four is a picture of that fucking asswipe Bryan Kemper. Maybe you know him from the organization he founded, Rock For Life? Think of him as a hipper version of Randall Terry (you know, the fella from Operation Rescue). As *Profane Existence*'s cover once exclaimed—mandatory retroactive abortion for fuckers like this. How and when did punk come to this—this isn't a threat. Put your money to some better use—

like a burrito. I'm going out, somebody hold my calls... (MT)
316 Demotte Hall BSU / Muncie, IN 47306

RAZORCAKE #1 / $3
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 80 pgs
For a minute I thought this was some sort of Fat Wreck Chords production - six Fat ads and an interview with Fat Mike and Erin, who run Fat (there's also a picture of Floyd within). But no, it's actually a creation of some scorned ex-Flipsiders, who probably appreciate the money that Fat put up for this product very much thank you. All in all, a decent music rag. The columns at the beginning left a little to be desired, but the interviews and variety of music were decent. Interviews feature The Causey Way, The Gossip, Selby Tigers and Youth Brigade. There are a buttload of reviews, plus many ads for a few record labels. The experience of the people working on this shows. I have no doubt we'll be seeing a lot more of this one. (MD)
PO Box 42124 / Los Angeles, CA 90042
razorcake.com

THE RIGHT PATH #12 / $2 / $3 World
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 40 pgs
Hardcore is his game and Josh Lyons is his name—and while I could give two shits about bands like the Nerve Agents, Boys Sets Fire or Bane (sorry they're just not my cup of tea)—this puppy is well put together and definitely a good read for you folx who do. Josh has a real genuine passion for this sort of stuff and it shows in everything from the interviews to the layout. A few pages of columns and a slew of reviews round it off. Solid. (MT)
830 Meigs St / Rochester, NY 14620
trp14607@yahoo.com

ROCK 'N' ROLL HIGH SCHOOL #1/ $1.50
8 1/2 x 7 - copied - 28 pgs
I swear there is a Christian zine with the same name from Illinois, but luckily this is not that zine. However, this zine has a pretty funny story about the editor's band playing a Christian youthfest, while not being even remotely a Christian punk band. Sadly, the zine kinda went downhill from there. Stories about why the editor doesn't like to brush his teeth and lots of stories about smokin' weed. Not a total loss but this zine could of been better. (DS)
PO Box C-11 / New Rochelle, NY 10804

SWANKHOLE
ISSUE [04]
1998 to 2000
FANZINE
Talking about Ninjas and teeth with:
PUNCH PEOPLE!
$1.00
what's
Seeing and Meeting
VANILLA ICE

ROCK N ROLL PURGATORY #4 / $2
8 x 7 - copied - 52 pgs
Kinda strange reviewing these domestic zines, but stranger yet reviewing one from Ohio considering I recently discovered the Cleveland Confidential CD. Guess it is my secret connection to the Midwest. Anyway this zine has a rockabilly side to it with interviews of Rocket 350 and Cave Catt Sammy. But there is also a punk side including interviews with The Rotters and Sixer. There is also an interesting interview with the pro dominatrix Mistress Persephone. And finally lots of new music reviews. Overall a fun and easy reading zine. (HH)
PO Box 3055 / Kent, OH 44240

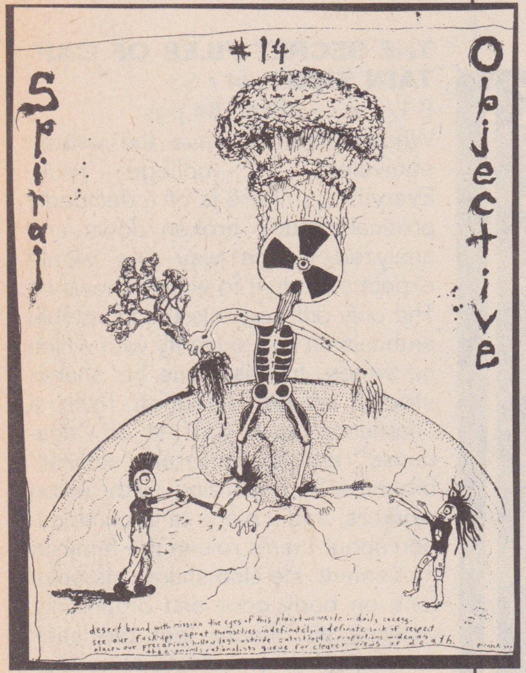
RAD PARTY
N 26

SCENERY #13 / $1 ppd
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 28 pgs
Stories about being in Spain. Simple day to day stuff, along with some pretty cool drawings of buildings and people. Still, for what I would consider pretty interesting material, this left me a little bored. (GF)
PO Box 251766 / Little Rock, AR 72225

THE SECRET FILES OF CAPTAIN SISSY #4 / $3
8 1/2 x 7 - offset- 64 pgs
Whoa! Here we have the written equivalent of college rock. Everything in here is of a decidedly political nature, broken down and analyzed in the way one would expect a student to write a thesis in. The only difference is the incredible enthusiasm and sincerity with which he writes. In this issue he shares stories of his evolution from a "hardcore/ punk kid" to an "academic" and finally to an "activist/ organizer", organizing with union workers, and a piece of circumlocution about men's role in the feminist movement. He also shares his opinions on body odor and organizing, outlying his theory that the stink coming off of anarchists at various demonstrations functions as an obstacle to cross cultural, multiracial organizing. I would argue that the "experience"attitude white organizers "bring" to their coalition building movements is far more repulsive than any stink could ever be. But there's a lot of interesting writing in here that's well worth reading, my disagreement with his opinions aside. (CR)
307 Wedgewood Dr / Portage, MI 49024
captainsissy@girlswirl.net

SLINGSHOT #71 / $1
11 x 17 - offset - 20 pgs
Slingshot is the vital hub of the Bay Area political and anarchist scene. This issue has writings on your standard anarcho zine fare - environmental racism, pirate radio, updates on imprisoned anarchists, global warming, body image, US domination of South America. A lot of the articles read like college essays, although I did enjoy the critique of the flyers for "Buy Nothing Day" which suggest things like "quitting your job"

without recognizing the reality of those of us without trust funds. While I think that *Slingshot* is an important part of the anarchist movement, I question if it's just preaching to the converted or if the "movement" is actually reaching out to the masses (or does it prefer being for those in the know?). If it is, then more power to it, we need that. The last page has a calendar of local events - Critical Mass, May Day events, Mumia march, etc. (MD)
3124 Shattuck Ave / Berkeley, CA 94705



SPIRAL OBJECTIVE #14 / $3
Part zine chock full of columns and opinions of the anarcho green variety and quite a few of the "what hardcore means to me sort," part giant record distro catalog. Overall a good read and probably the best thing I've read all month, as far as zines go. Good stuff so send them the cash flow—besides, they put out a Swallowing Shit record so you know they're good people. (MT)
PO Box 26014 / 116 Sherbrook St / Winnipeg, MB REC 4K9 / Canada

STAND APART #4 / free
8 1/2x 11 - copied - 1 pg
Damn, this guy fits a lot of early '80s punk aggression and ethos into only one two-sided newsletter. Totally awesome, straightforward punk rock worship, quoting old hardcore icons and spouting off about scene bullshit. This guy seems awesome; he's looking for help with distribution. I highly recommend you contact this fanzine. (RD)
Stijn / Stuifzandstraa 8 / 3900 Overpelt / Belgium

SWANKHOLE #4 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 20pgs
New Yawk zine with interviews with the Lizzies and articles about the Vietnam War, hanging out with Vanilla Ice, show reviews and more. Not the most amazing thing I've ever read but parts made me giggle. Send him a buck—it won't hurt. (MT)
6 Belden Rd. / Carmel, NY 10512

TIGHT PANTS #8 / $2
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 52 pgs
Always one of my favorites, this issue of *Tight Pants*, does not disappoint. Madeline's love of sticky sweet cereal is reflected in the style of her writing, light, full of flavor, but pretty much void of anything good for you. No politics, no preaching, just some really great, often funny, always entertaining little stories about her life. Sandwiched between the stories about work, dating, and Ivy League college nonsense, are cute illustrations, plenty of punk subrefrences, (including an uncommon fixation on "Cut the Crap") and some pretty unnecessary nudie photos. The best part of the entire zine though, is her thoughtful inclusion of the review section as a tear out separate section, allowing me to throw it away without having to even read it. Send away for it, write a letter and demand more. (CR)
2208 N. 72nd St / Wauwatosa, WI 53213

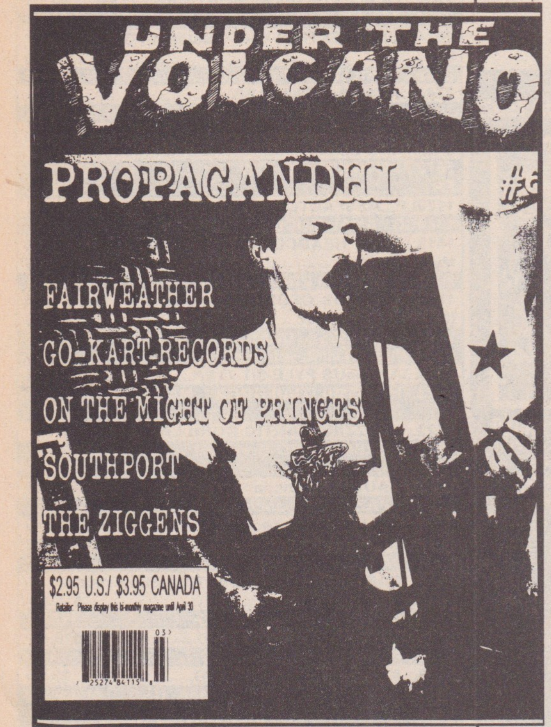
Febraury-March 2001, Issue #1, $
Rock'n'Roll High School
The touching story of one boy's quest to find love, companionship and acceptance in the cruel, cold world of public education

UNDER THE VOLCANO #60 / $3
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 72 pgs
As always, *Under the Volcano*, cuts right to music without wasting any time on letters, articles, or other, non-music related writing. In this article are interviews Propagandhi, Go Kart Records, Southport, The Ziggens, and a few others. A pretty great read for anyone into music zines. (CR)
PO Box 236 / Nesconset, NY 11767

UPRISING! #10 / $1 ppd or 3 stamps
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 30 pgs
This here's a free Toledo rag in typical free-paper promo-puff-piece style. I learned which bands "Kevin Lyman himself confirmed" would appear on the next Warped tour. The one column opines "there's nothing more pathetic than a 45 year old man with a mohawk" and that we should "get real" as he has - "I am old enough to reap a bit of the respect and power that comes [sic] with advancing years..." Whatever, eat shit you loser. The puffiest of all the pieces profiles a local club and reads like any shitty chamber of commerce guide. The Fairlaines and the Eyeliners are interviewed, and for sure there are reviews and ads. Space considerations prevent me from making fun of this anymore. Oh, there is a decent comic and a condemned punk house tale that are worth reading if you get a free one. (JM)
PO Box 2251 / Monroe, MI 48161

VENDETTA #13 / $1 or trade
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
A pretty cool zine featuring mostly record reviews, but also with some hilarious shit, like the "Fun With Priests" section where he prank calls a priest in the middle of the night to complain about the demon in his box of Lucky Charms. And the diary of the authors evening fucked up on a concoction of cough syrup, ammonia, and lighter fluid is fucking classic. But mostly it's reviews. (RC)
PO Box 41001 / R PO Markham / Winnipeg, MB / R3T 5T1 / Canada

WAR AGAINST THE IDIOTS #18 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs.
Why haven't I read this before now? Yes, I think I've seen it around, but missing eighteen issues? I have to get out more, no question. Liam has developed a visually simple style; not sloppy and full of unnecessary crap, not sterile, not loaded up with pointless graphics. His writing? See above. Actually, I enjoyed this a lot; he shares a lot of my tastes in music and books (though like many people my respect for Vonnegut has dwindled with age). This issue's themes are radios and trains, so the pages are strewn with train clip art and stories by his pals about trainhopping, drinking Carlo Rossi, and Santa Cruz. Oh wait, maybe the Carlo Rossi was someone else's story... While I feel like I've lived through some of this before, it seems honest and new. Liam's attempts at cynicism don't convince me, which I have to say is a very nice thing. (AC)
1731 Cleveland St / Evanston, IL 60202



more listings

BROWN ROT #7 / $1, stamps or trade
Earnest, but I just couldn't get into the health food and poetry approach. Lots of info on genetically modified food.
PO Box 6626 / Boise, ID 83707-0626

GET OFF MY LAWN! #15 / $1 ppd?
A travel journal that maybe would interest the editor's friends.
PMB 141 / 7107 S Yale / Tulsa, OK 74136

HOPEWELL #1 $1 ppd
Stories about buying a house and being a punk over 30.
2915 Kenmore Ave / Dayton, OH 45420

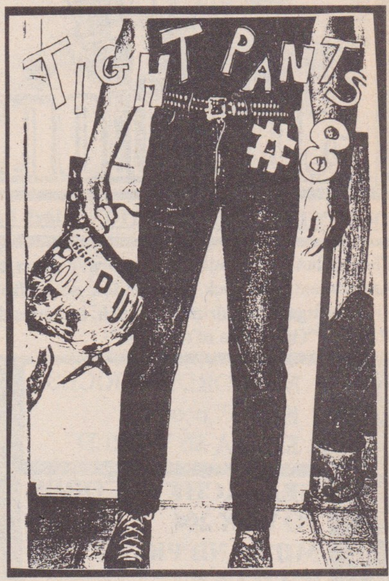
NAMELESS SHAME #2 / $1
Skate zine from Texas that used the word "bitch" and referred to "fat" people enough to make me not want to read it, but I did and still felt pretty let down. Oh well.
8510 Flower Meadow / Dallas, TX 75243

NEUS SUBJEX #31, 32 and 33 / one stamp each
Long-running staple with musings, rants, and interview with Le Shok and other wave/punk coverage.
PO Box 18051 / Fairfield, OH 45018-0051

REAL BOSS HOSS #1 / $2
A bitter old (I assume) man (again, I assume) reflecting on all the fakes and posers in the trash rock scene. Obviously essential.
PO Box 701 / Downey, CA 90241

SCREAMS FROM THE BALCONY #2 / $1
This zine dedicated to "hardcore punk, politics, and fun" includes an interview with Bread and Water, zine reviews, an article about the meaning of anarchism, and female piracy. Overall, pretty brief and straightforward.
37196 RPO Way / New Brunswick, NJ 08901

SPARE CHANGE #9 / $1
A lengthy interview with the Rent Boys, a nasty interview with Blag Dahlia, lots of reviews of zines and music make up this mostly music-oriented zine from Chattanooga, Tennessee.
PO Box 6023 / Chattanooga, TN 37401



DUNK AND PISS #2 / stamp or trade
A story about Canada, vintage video games, some quotes and personal stories. Not much of substance here.
11 Alger Dr / Rochester, NY 14624

SPIDDER #4 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 14 pgs
Some fiction, some poetry, some personal stories, some cartoons. All pretty good, but the cartoons were my favorite.
223 Ford Court Apt #3 / Auburn, AL / 36830

PARADISE NOISE #7 / $2
Fourteen page photocopied zine from France, with short but fun-to-tread-interviews with Kill The Man Who Questions, Slang, and a bunch of metal bands. Also, an article on Elephantiasis Scroti. You figure that one out.
Cammal David / La Grande Bastide / Route de Pertuis / 84460 Cheval-Blanc / France

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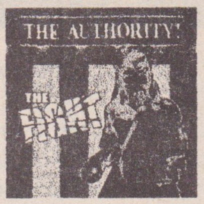

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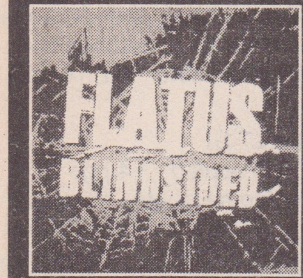

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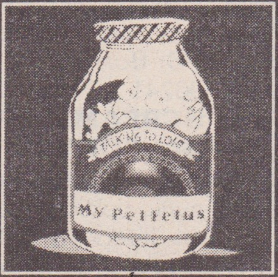

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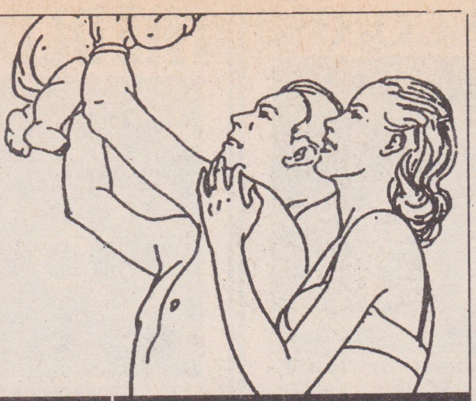

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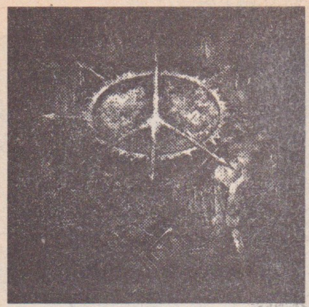

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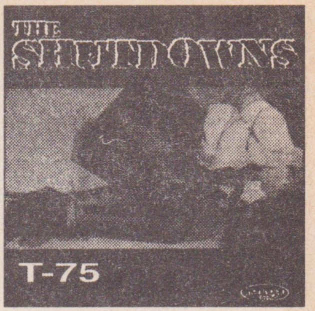

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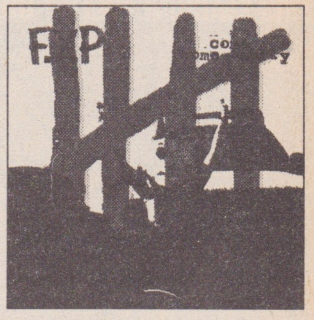

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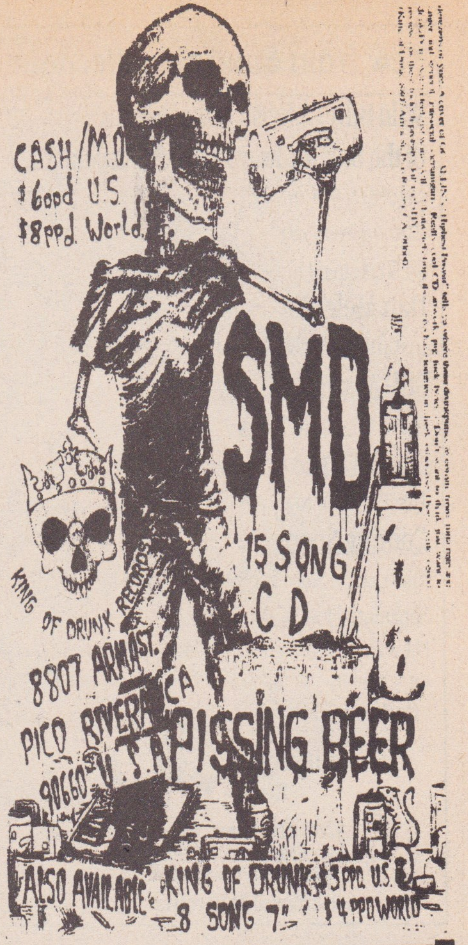

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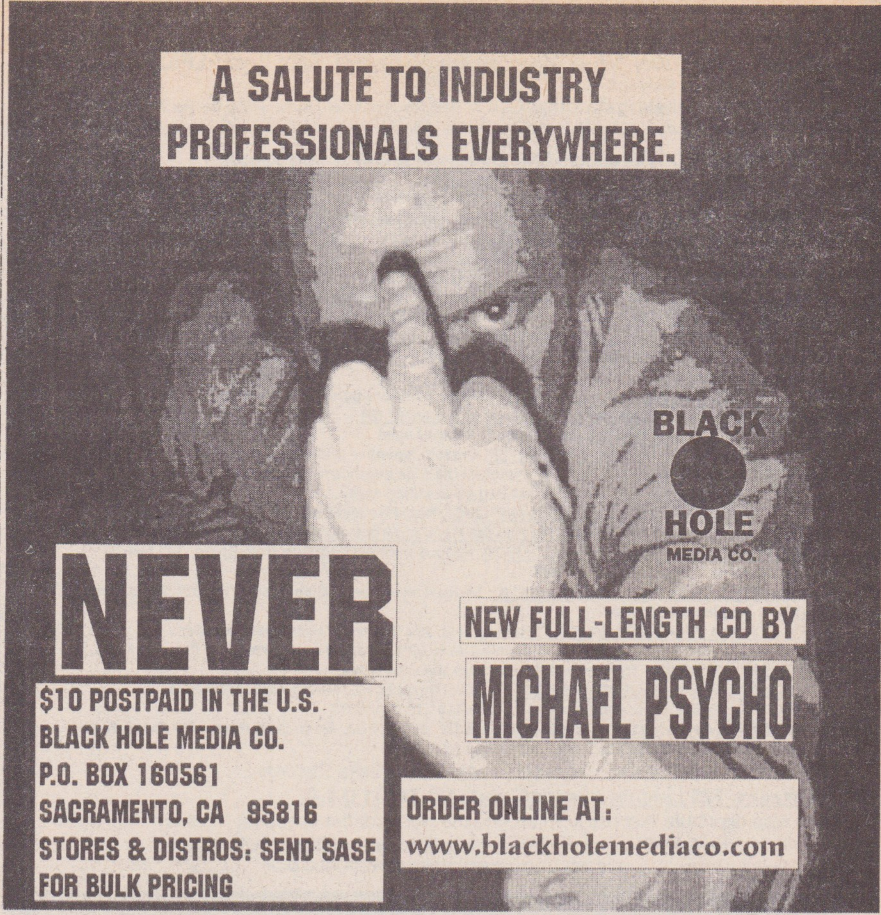
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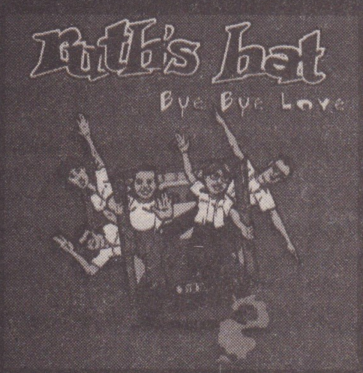

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Friday, June 29	London, Ontario - Call The Office
Saturday, June 30	Brantford, Ontario - Masonic Temple Hall
Monday, July 2	Hamilton, Ontario (also w/The VAPIDS) - Venue TBA
Tuesday, July 3	Sudbury, Ontario - Venue TBA
Wednesday, July 4	Thunder Bay, Ontario - Venue TBA
Thursday, July 5	Winnipeg, Manitoba - Venue TBA
Friday, July 6	Saskatoon, Saskatchewan - Venue TBA
Saturday, July 7	Calgary, Alberta - The Calgary Multicultural Center
Sunday, July 8	Edmonton, Alberta - Sweet Rocks
Monday, July 9	Invermere, British Columbia - Invermere Comm. Hall
Tuesday, July 10	Salmon Arm, British Columbia - Venue TBA
Wednesday, July 11	Vancouver, British Columbia - The Pickadilly Bar
Thursday, July 12	Longview, Washington (also w/ The Potatomen)- Bumper's
Friday, July 13	Portland, Oregon (also w/ The Potatomen) - Venue TBA
Saturday, July 14	San Francisco, California (also w/ The Potatomen)
Sunday, July 15	LA area, California - Venue TBA
Tuesday, July 17	Denver, Colorado - The Cat
Wednesday, July 18	TBA
Thursday, July 19	Columbia, Missouri - Venue TBA
Friday, July 20	Chicago, Illinois - TBA

99% of these shows are ALL AGES. Some venues are subject to change.
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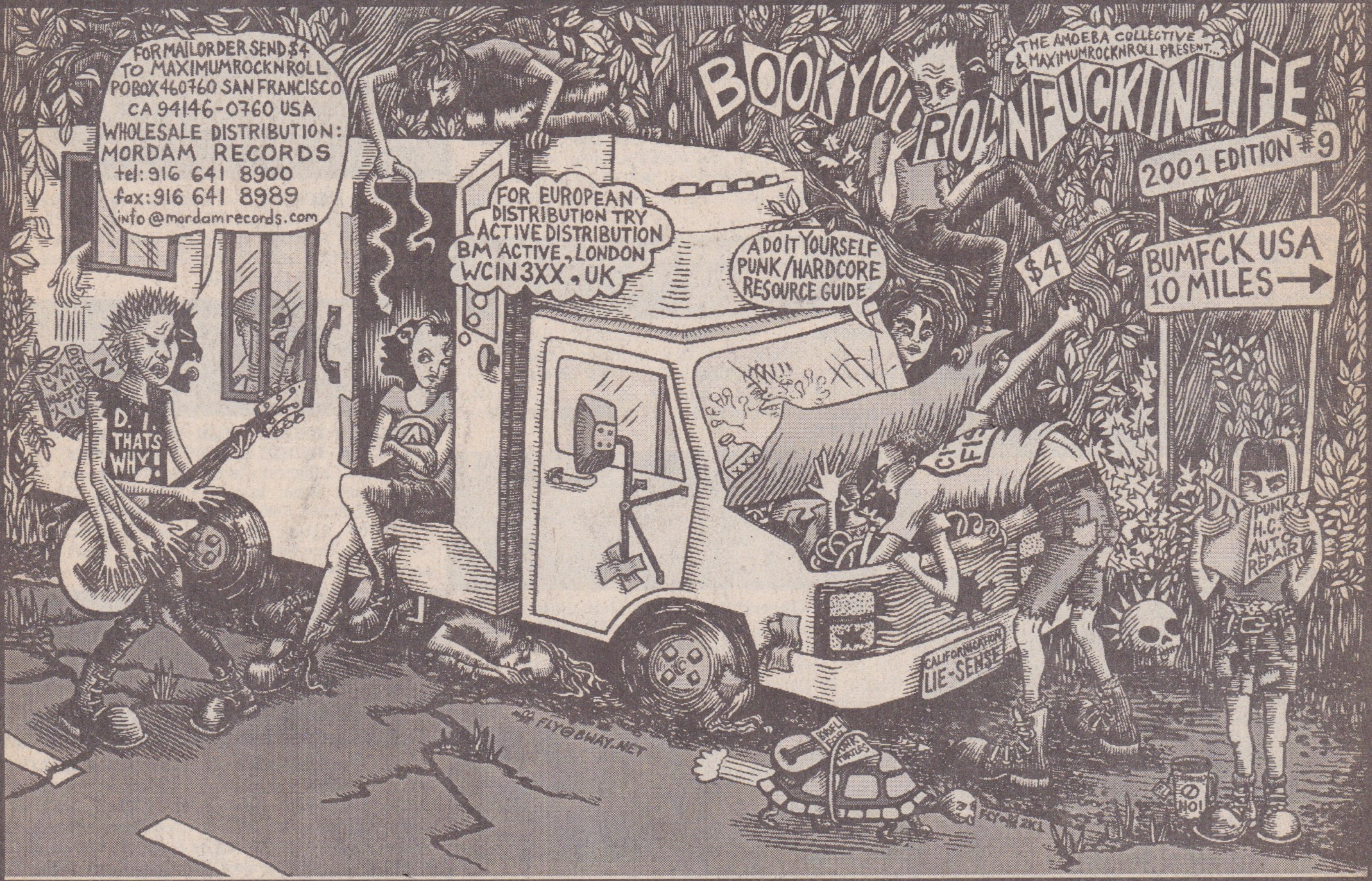
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